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**GREEK ~~MEDICINE~~**  
**THE JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER**  
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Presented to Hon. John Hawley  
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Washington, D.C.,  
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April 6, 1907.





# The Iliad of Homer

To which is added an Appendix containing

Poems selected from Twenty-six

Languages all Translated

BY

EDGAR ALFRED TIBBETTS

*John F. Johnson*



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

*The Gorham Press*

1907

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## PREFACE.

It is proposed in this new translation of Homer's *Iliad* to follow the original text as nearly as practicable in rhymed verse. With this object in view, and since neither a paraphrase nor an imitation has been intended, the versification has been almost invariably subordinated to accuracy of translation. It is hoped that the meter selected, the historical epic measure of the Germanic languages, that of the *Nibelungen Lied* and *Gudrun*, will be found adequate to express the narrative flow, rapidity and simplicity of the hexameter.

EDGAR ALFRED TIBBETTS.

Washington, D. C.



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## BOOK I.

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### THE PLAGUE. THE WRATH.

O Goddess, sing Pelides\* Achilles' baneful ire,  
Which brought on the Achaians ten thousand sorrows dire,  
And many strong souls of heroes sent down to Hades'  
sway;

Themselves to all the birds and the dogs became a prey,  
Since first, in anger parting (it was the will of Jove), 5  
The king of men, Atrides, and divine Achilles strove.

Who of the gods incited to strife these rulers twain?  
The son of Zeus and Leto. For with the king amain  
Enraged, upon the army he sent a sickness dire;—  
The people failed and perished, infected by its fire, 10  
Because Atrides Chryses, the priest, had held in scorn  
When to the rapid vessels of th' Achaians his course was  
borne,—

A priceless ransom bearing to loose his daughter's bands,—  
With garlands of far-darting Apollo in his hands  
(Hung from a golden sceptre); th' Achaians all he  
prayed, 15  
But most the two Atridæ whom all the folk obeyed:

\*The Greek patronymics in *des* were used as a sort of  
surname and mean *son of* or *descendant of*; thus, Pelides  
means, son of Peleus; Atrides, son of Atreus; but Aiak-  
ides, descendant of Aiakos.



"Attidæ and ye others, well-greaved Achaian bands,  
May the gods who hold Olympus bestow upon you  
hands

To ruin Priam's city and homeward safe to fare;  
But free my cherished daughter and take the price I  
bear, 20

Thus reverencing far-darting Apollo, Zeus's son."

Then all the other Achaians said that 't were better  
done

To hold the priest in honour and take the splendid prize;—  
Yet this was nowise pleasing in Agamemnon's eyes,  
Who evilly dismissed him—a menace on his lips: 25

"Old man, let me not meet you among these hollow  
ships;

For if to-day you linger, or to-morrow here shall see,  
The scepter and the garland of the god no shield shall be.  
But her I will not ransom till age upon her come;—  
Far from her native country, within my Argive home, 30  
She at the loom shall labour, her hands my bed adorn.  
But go, nor rouse my anger, that safe be your return."

He spoke; the ancient, fearing, obeyed the stern decree  
And silent sought the shore of the many-sounding sea,  
Then prayed, when he had wandered afar upon the shore, 35  
A prayer to King Apollo whom well-haired Leto bore.  
"Hear me, with bow of silver, who watch o'er Chrysa's  
land,

Who rule o'er sacred Killa and Tenedos command,  
Smintheus! If e'er a temple, grateful to you, I raised,  
And there the thighs well-fattened of goats and bullocks  
blazed, 40

Accomplish what I pray you, master of hopes and fears,  
Avenge me on the Danaans with arrows for my tears."

He praying, spoke, and Phœbus Apollo heard his claim  
And left the Olympian summits, his heart with ire aflame,  
With bow upon his shoulders and quiver arching o'er;—45  
The shafts clanged on the shoulders of him who angered  
sore,

While he was moving onward; like to the night he came,  
Then sat far from the vessels and shot a shaft of flame;  
And dire the sounding clangour rose from its silvery bow.

Swift dogs and mules infected first felt the fatal blow, 50  
 But next a pointed arrow to man himself he turned,  
 And thick the pyres with corpses ever in radiance burned.

Nine days among the army the shafts divine were  
 loosed,

The tenth, to meet in council Achilles called the host;  
 For white-armed Hera moved him and urged the host to  
 call; 55

She sorrowed for the Danaans because she saw them fall.  
 But when the noise and tumult of gathering were re-  
 pressed,

Among them swift Achilles rose and the throng addressed:

"Atrides, it beseems us, across the wandering sea,  
 To turn our faces homeward if threatened death we  
 flee. 60

Since thus amid th' Achaians disease and warfare rage,  
 Let us consult some augur, consult some priestly sage,  
 Or one who deals in visions (for dreams from Zeus tran-  
 spire),

Who may unfold the cause of Phœbus Apollo's ire; 65  
 If he is wroth by failure of hecatomb or prayer,  
 Or if steam of goats or lambkins may turn to us his care  
 To ward off this destruction which strengthens while it  
 goes."

This said, he sat. Then Kalchas, the son of Thestor,  
 rose,

By far the best of augurs, the present well he knew, 70  
 And well the past and future were laid before his view;  
 He led th' Achaian vessels the sea to Ilion drave  
 By secrets of foreknowledge Phœbus Apollo gave.

With friendly accents speaking, to him replied the seer:

"You order me, Achilles, O man to Zeus most dear, 75  
 The anger of far-darting King Apollo to unfold.

That will I say, but promise and let an oath be told  
 That you will give protection fairly with words and hands;  
 For I redoubt his anger, who rules the Argive bands,  
 And whom th' Achaians bow to. A king is mightier  
 far 80

Than is a private person when clashing passions jar;  
 For, though his wrath a season may seem to pass away,

He hides it in his bosom till, on some fitting day,  
 He may perfect his vengeance. But speak, if you will  
 save."

Then answered fleet Achilles, "Tell boldly what you  
 have 85

Of message sent from heaven. I by Apollo swear,  
 Beloved of Zeus, inspiring the oracles you bear  
 The Danaans, that, while living and while the earth I  
 view,

None, by the hollow vessels, shall lay harsh hands on you,  
 Not one of all the Danaans, though it Atrides be; 90  
 By far the best and bravest of the Achaians he."

Emboldened, then, the blameless diviner answered  
 now:

"'Tis not that he reproaches for hecatomb or vow,  
 Yet for his priest dishonoured by Agamemnon's scorn,  
 Who loosened not his daughter nor took the ransom  
 borne. 95

For this Apollo plagued you and still will smite amain,  
 Nor yet of your destruction the heavy fates restrain,  
 Till to her cherished father, unransomed and unbought,  
 You give his bright-eyed daughter, and till, to Chrysa  
 brought,

You offer in his honour a sacred hecatomb; 100  
 Then he, appeased and softened, may mitigate your  
 doom."

This said, he sat. The hero, Atrides, touched by pain,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon among them rose again;  
 His heart was full of anger, his eyes, like sparkling fire,  
 And, evilly eying Kalchas, the first, he voiced his ire: 105

"Augur of evils, never you spoke fair words to me,  
 But always showed rejoicing in evil prophecy.  
 No good word spoke you ever, no word of cheerfulness;  
 And now, Heaven's message bearing, the Danaans you  
 address,

And say, that by Apollo these heavy griefs were laid, 110  
 Because I scorned the ransom for Chryses' daughter paid;  
 Since much I wish to keep her, in Argos, by my side,  
 Preferred to Klytemnestra, my lawful-wedded bride;  
 And, measured with the matron, she nowise lesser stands,

In form, in mind, in stature and the labours of her hands. 115

But I will give back freely, if better that shall be,—  
I'd rather save the people than their destruction see;  
But have, without delaying, a gift for me prepared,  
Lest I, of all the Argives, remain without reward;  
For that were not beseeeming. Turn thither, all, your  
cares, 120

For now the gift allotted to me another bears."

Then fleet, divine Achilles him in reply addressed:  
"Most glorious Atrides, of all the greediest,  
How shall the generous-minded Achaians give to you,  
Since all the joint possessions remain so poor and few? 125  
Of what the cities yielded each man received his store,  
And it would shame the people to part the spoils once  
more.

But now release the maiden and thus the god obey,  
And you th' Achaians triple and fourfold will repay,  
If some time Zeus shall grant us the glory to destroy, 130  
Amid her hoarded treasures, the well-walled city, Troy."

To him in making answer King Agamemnon said:  
"Not thus, though strong and godlike, Achilles, be  
misled,  
Since you shall not deceive me and you shall not per-  
suade.

Or do you wish and order me to release this maid, 135  
While you retain your booty, while I am reft of mine?  
But if the great Achaians another gift assign,  
See that its worth be equal, for if not such they bear,  
A gift from you or Ajax or Odysseus will I tear;  
And let him writhe in anger to whom I come again; 140  
But, to these things returning, we will consult again.  
Yet now a deep-black vessel draw to the sea divine,  
The hecatomb place on her and rowers fit assign;  
Embark the bright-cheeked maiden herself, Chryseis fair,  
And let some noble leader the vessel's guidance bear,—145  
Idomeneus or Ajax, Odysseus great or you,  
Most terrible Pelides, to make the offering due,  
That thus on us Apollo look with propitious eye."

But, gazing on him grimly, fleet Achilles made reply:

" Shame-clad as with a garment, with mind accursed by  
greed, 150

Who of th' Achaïans freely will give your accents heed,  
For you a message carry or strive with men in war?—  
To fight the Trojan spearmen I came not from afar,  
For me they never injured, nor plundered herds nor  
fields,

Where Phthia, nurse of heroes, abundant fruitage  
yields, 155

Parted by shadowy mountains and by the echoing sea;  
Yet you, O vilely shameless, we followed generously,  
For your behoof, dog-visaged, demanding vengeance due  
From those of Troy who injured both Menelaos and you;  
But this you have forgotten, for this no more you care, 160  
Yet threaten to your treasures my hard-won spoil to bear,  
For which I toiled and laboured, and th' Achaïans' chil-  
dren gave.

And not a booty equal to yours shall e'er I have  
Whenever the Achaïans well-peopled Troy have gained,  
Though of these heavy combats the most my hands sus-  
tained; 165

Yet when the spoil was parted yours was the greater far,  
And I went to my vessels with little, worn by war.

But now I go to Phthia, far better, through the foam,  
To guide my curve-bowed vessels back on their pathway  
home;

And, when I am dishonoured, though here you long re-  
main, 170

I think that little glory or wealth your force will gain."

Then to him Agamemnon, the king of men, replied:

" Fly then, if moved by weakness or urged by sullen pride;  
And I will never ask you here in my cause to move,  
Others will do me honour, and most, all-knowing Jove. 175  
You are by me most hated of the kings, Zeus-nurtured,  
here,

For e'er to you are discord and wars and strifes most dear;  
Though you in strength are mighty, a god gave that, I  
trow,—

Home, then, with your companions and with your vessels,  
go,—

Rule o'er your Myrmidonians, I care not what you do, 180  
 I do not heed your anger, but threaten this to you:  
 Since thus from me Chryseis Phœbus Apollo tore,  
 I will with my companions and with my ship restore,  
 But I fair-cheeked Briseis, though to your tent I go,  
 The gift the people gave you, will take, that you may  
 know 185

How much my power is greater, and that none else shall  
 dare  
 To boast himself my equal, his might with mine com-  
 pare."

He spoke; pain struck Pelides, and, in his shaggy  
 breast,

Thoughts of uncertain import for dubious action pressed;  
 Whether, his keen blade drawing, he from its sheath  
 should bare, 190

And part the throng before him and slay Atrides there,  
 Or cast restraint on frenzy and grief and ire control.  
 While in his doubt he lingered, convulsed in mind and  
 soul,

His mighty sword unsheathing, Athena came from  
 heaven,  
 Sent forth by white-armed Hera, whose love to both was  
 given. 195

She stood behind Pelides and seized his yellow hair,  
 To him alone appearing, no other saw her there,  
 Achilles, in confusion, turned, and to him was known  
 At once Athena Pallas, and dire her two eyes shone.  
 He then addressed the goddess with winged words  
 amain: 200

"Child of Zeus ægis-bearing, why come you here again?  
 That you the outrage given by Agamemnon view?  
 But this I tell you plainly, and time will prove it true,  
 I think: his death comes quickly, borne onward by his  
 pride."

To him the fierce-eyed goddess, Athena, then re-  
 plied: 205

"I come to still your anger, if you will hear, from heaven,  
 Sent forth by white-armed Hera whose love to both is given.  
 But come, cease from your warring, nor sword in hand be  
 borne,

Yet utter your reproaches in stinging words of scorn.  
 For this I tell you plainly, and time shall prove it true: 210  
 That thrice these splendid presents shall be assigned to  
 you

For this affront; but hearken, and be my words obeyed."

Then fleet-of-foot Achilles in answer to her said:

" 'Tis well and seemly, goddess, your mandates to obey,  
 'Tis better far, though reason is thrall'd by anger's  
 sway. 215

The gods to him will listen who bows at their command."

Then on the hilt of silver he laid his heavy hand,  
 And back within its scabbard he thrust his mighty sword,  
 Thus heeding and obeying Pallas Athena's word.  
 But she went to Olympus, within the high abodes 220  
 Of Zeus, the ægis-bearing, among the other gods.

Achilles then Atreides with harsher words addressed,  
 Not yet his wrath abated nor ceased within his breast:

"Sunk deep in drunken slumber, eyes with a dog's  
 well paired,

A deer's heart in your bosom, for fear of life you dared 225  
 Never to arm for battle beside the folk arrayed,  
 Nor with th' Achaian nobles go into ambushade.

In truth, it is far better, in th' Achaians' wide-spread  
 bands,

To take from him his booty who boldly you withstands.  
 King who devour your people, you rule men's basest  
 caste, 230

Or, failing this, Atreides, such insult were your last.

But now I tell you plainly, and a mighty oath I swear  
 Upon this staff which never shall leaves nor branches  
 bear;

Since erst, among the mountains, the mangled trunk it  
 left,

'Twill bloom not, for the metal its bark and foliage reft. 235

Now by th' Achaian judges that staff in hand is borne.

Who watch o'er Zeus's justice; let that great oath be  
 sworn:

Whene'er to call Achilles all th' Achaians' sons desire  
 (And you can bring no succour, whate'er your grief or  
 ire),—

When many, falling, perish by Hektor slaying-men, 240  
 Then you, with inward fury, shall tear your soul in vain,  
 Since to the best Achaian you gave not honour due."

Pelides spoke; his scepter upon the earth he threw  
 (With golden studs disparted)—and sat. Atrides' rage  
 Burned on. Then rose up Nestor, persuasive-speaking  
 sage, 245

The Pylians' clear-voiced spokesman, whose gracious  
 accents rung,

And speech more sweet than honey flowed gently from  
 his tongue.

(With whom two generations of men had known decline,  
 Before this, born and nurtured in Pylos, the divine;  
 The third one now obeyed him); he spoke in accents  
 bland: 250

"Ye gods, what great misfortune befalls th' Achaian  
 land!

Priam and Priam's children will feel abundant joy,  
 And much will laugh in spirit the other men of Troy,  
 When they learn of your contention in all these frenzied  
 jars

(Who tower in Danaan councils and who excel in  
 wars). 255

Yet listen; both are younger in years than those I know;  
 With braver men than you are I wandered long ago;  
 Nor did they prize me lightly. Ne'er have I seen such  
 men

As Dryas and Pirithoos, nor shall I see again  
 Kaineus and Polyphemos, Exadios, like a god, 260  
 [The son of Aigeus, Theseus, who like th' immortals  
 showed.]

These men were best and strongest to whom earth nur-  
 ture brought,—

Were mightiest of mortals and with the mightiest fought;  
 The mountain-dwelling centaurs grandly they overcame—  
 With such I dwelt in converse when I from Pylos came 265  
 Far from my land; they called me, and I for them waged  
 war,

But none of living mortals might such a conflict bear.



They listened to my counsels and turned their minds  
to me;

Now you, like them, obey me, for that would better be.  
Nor you\*, though high and noble, lay hand upon the  
slave, 270

But leave, since for his present th' Achaïans' children  
gave;

Nor you fresh wrath, Pelides, to this contention bring,  
Since not of equal honour with a scepter-bearing king,  
To whom high Zeus gave glory. Though strength su-  
preme you sway,

And goddess-born, yet better is he whom more obey. 275  
Atrides, quench your anger; your wrath, I pray you, bar  
From Achilles, great defense of th' Achaïans in evil war."

To him King Agamemnon his answer thus addressed:  
"All that which you have spoken, old man, is seemliest.

But this man clearly wishes to be above us all, 280  
O'er all to hold dominion and all the rest enthrall,

To give to all his precepts,—you cannot, then persuade.  
Him if the gods eternal a man of war has made,  
Do they, by this, permit him to voice affronts and pride?"

Then, interrupting quickly, divine Achilles cried: 285

"Timid and worthless, truly, would I by men be named,  
If in all things I yielded to what your pride proclaimed;  
Enforce your will on others, you shall not rule o'er me,  
No more to you, I pledge you, shall my obedience be.

Another thing I tell you, this in your bosom bear, 290  
Never for any maiden shall my hands strike in war

For you or for another, since you this gift took back;  
What other goods are lying in my ship swift and black  
You shall not take. Attempt it, and let the people here  
Know that your black blood quickly will flow around  
my spear." 295

While thus the two contended with words from angry  
lips,

They rose and loosed the council held by th' Achaïan ships.  
Pelides then his quarters and vessels equal-wrought,  
With his loved friend, Patroklos, and their companions,  
sought.

\*Agamemnon.

A swift ship then Atrides drew to the Ocean's wave, 300  
 The hecatomb placed on her and twenty oarsmen gave,  
 Fair-cheeked Chryseis leading, to her a place assigned;—  
~~Odysseus~~ went as chieftain, a leader deft of mind.

While they, the ship ascending, sailed on the humid  
 tide,

Atrides called the people and ordered purified. 305  
 They made their lustrum, casting their defilement in  
 the foam,

Accomplished to Apollo a perfect hecatomb  
 Of bulls and goats on altars on barren ocean's shore;  
 The odour rose to heaven which whirling smoke-wreaths  
 bore.

While thus the army laboured; great Agamemnon's  
 ire 310

Conced not, which first Achilles menaced with hostile fire.  
 Yet he at once Takhybios and Eurybates addressed,  
 Who were his sacred heralds and helpers manifest.

"Go where Pelides' quarters, the great Achilles',  
 stand,

And lead fair-cheeked Briseis, taking her by the hand, 315  
 And, if he will not give her, myself will seize by force,  
 Going with many vassals; and that will be far worse."

This said, he sent them forward, speaking imperiously,  
 And loath they trod the shores of the ever-barren sea;  
 When to the tents and vessels of the Myrmidons they  
 went, 320

They found Pelides resting by his black ship and tent;  
 And when Achilles saw them, 'twas not in joyful mood;  
 But they, abashed and fearful, before the monarch stood;  
 In no wise they addressed him nor into questions broke.  
 Yet he divined their purpose and thus the twain be-  
 spoke: 325

"Hail, heralds, whom the errands of Zeus and men  
 engage,

Come nearer; you I blame not, but Agamemnon's rage;  
 He sent you here to ravish Briseis from my hearth.  
 But come, divine Patroklos, and lead the maiden forth,  
 Give to these two to lead her, and be they witness  
 then 330

Before the happy godheads, as well as mortal men,  
 Before this king malignant, if ever need of me,  
 To ward off from the others disgraceful death, shall be;—  
 He runs and raves in frenzy, knows not the wrong or right,  
 Nor how, beside their vessels, th' Achaïans safe may  
 fight." 335

Thus spoke he, and Patroklos his comrade dear obeyed.  
 And, from the tent, Briseis, the fair-cheeked girl conveyed,

And gave; they to th' Achaïan vessels again returned;  
 Unwilling she went with them while secret sorrow burned.  
 But now Achilles, weeping, apart his footsteps bore 340  
 And sat far from his comrades upon the gray sea's shore,  
 Viewing the boundless ocean; full many a prayer he  
 prayed,

His hands in supplication stretched for his mother's aid.

"Mother, what time you bore me, and Fate brief life  
 bestowed,

Olympian Zeus, high-thundering, to me high honour  
 owed; 345

And now he honours little, for Atrides shame prepares;  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon my ravished present bears."

Thus spoke he, worn by weeping; the words his  
 mother told,

Sitting in ocean's caverns beside her father old.

Swift from the hoary ocean like whirling mist she  
 swept, 350

And took her seat before him, in silence, while he wept;  
 Then, with her hand caressing, her thought in words  
 expressed:

"My child, why this lamenting? What grief throbs  
 in your breast?

Speak, hide not in your spirit,—that both of us may  
 know."

Then fleet-of-foot Achilles said, sighing deep with  
 woe: 355

"You know it; why this story—well-known to you—  
 declare?

We went to sacred Thebè, Eetion's city fair;—

That we destroyed and brought here the products of our  
toil;

Among themselves th' Achaïans divided well the spoil,  
And in Atreides' portion fair-cheeked Chryseis placed. 360  
But Chryses, then, far-darting Apollo's sacred priest  
Came to the rapid vessels of th' Achaïans brazen-dressed,  
A priceless ransom bearing to loose his daughter's bands,  
With garlands of far-darting Apollo in his hands  
(Hung from a golden scepter); th' Achaïans all he  
prayed— 365

But most the two Atreidæ,—whom all the folk obeyed.  
The rest of the Achaïans auspicious answer made—  
To hold the priest in honour and take the splendid prize.  
Yet this was nowise pleasing in Agamemnon's eyes,  
Who evilly dismissed him and menaces preferred. 370  
The priest returned in anger, his prayers Apollo heard,  
For him he loved full dearly. An evil shaft he sent  
On th' Argives, and the people in throngs to Hades went;  
Through all the wide encampment of the Achaïans fell  
The shafts. The wise seer told us Apollo's oracle; 375  
Then I the first exhorted to pacify the god;

But anger seized Atreides; rising at once, he showed  
His mind in words of menace, accomplished to his thought.  
Her the quick-eyed Achaïans' swift ship to Chrysa  
brought,

Bearing the god a present; but lately from my tent, 380  
The sacred heralds, leading the maid Briseis, went,  
Whom the sons of the Achaïans in honour gave to me.  
Yet lend your child assistance, if you an aid may be;  
Going to high Olympus, implore great Zeus to heed,  
If ever to him grateful, either in word or deed. 385  
Oft in your father's mansions I've heard you make the  
boast

To Zeus in dark clouds shrouded, that of th' immortal  
host,

You only his degrading ruin to ward were fain,  
When all the other Olympians would in firm bonds re-  
strain,

Hera and eke Posidon, Pallas Athena, too.— 390

You, to the Titan going, goddess, from fetters drew,  
And called to great Olympus the hundred-handed thrall,  
Whom gods have named Briareus, all men Aigaion call  
(For he in force was greater than ever was his sire).

He sat down by Kronion, proud of his glory dire; 395  
The happy gods feared greatly and strove no more to bind.  
Now, sit by him, embracing his knees, call that to mind,  
That he may wish the Trojan's refuge and aid to be,  
And push th' Achaians backward upon the ships and sea  
In slaughter, that the scourgings of the king all under-  
go; 400

And Atreides Agamemnon, wide-ruling, too, may know  
His loss, when he dishonoured the Achaians' first and  
best."

To him her answer Thetis, with falling tears, addressed:  
"Alas, my child! Why fear you, bearing for evil fate!  
Would that beside the vessels tearless and glad you  
sate! 405

Since death impends before you to make your life most  
brief,

You are now beyond all others short-lived and marked  
by grief:

I bore you in my mansions with evil fate and woe.—  
To Zeus, in thunder joying, to Olympus clad in snow.  
I go to tell this story,—it may be, grace obtain. 410  
But, sit by your swift vessels and there in peace remain,  
Be-wroth with the Achaians, but from all war abstain.  
For yesterday to Ocean, where the blameless Aithiops  
dwell,

Zeus went to grace a banquet, and all the gods as well;  
The twelfth day to Olympus he will turn his footsteps  
home. 415

Then I will go to meet him within his brass-floored dome,  
And then, his knees embracing, I think I may persuade."

This said, she went, but left him wroth for the well-  
zoned maid

Whom they by force had taken.—Odysseus now had come  
To Chrysa, bearing with him the sacred hecatomb. 420  
And when they entered safely the harbour deep and wide,  
Placed in the sable vessel, they laid their sails aside,

Took down the shrouds, and quickly they stowed the  
mast away,

And, by the rowers driven, the ship came to her bay.  
With care they tied their cables and cast their anchors  
o'er, 425

Then landed from the vessel upon the ocean's shore;  
And for far-darting Phoebus the hecatomb brought there;  
And from the ocean vessel came forth Chryseis fair.

Her to the altar leading, Odysseus, wiliest,  
Gave to her cherished father and thus the priest ad-  
dressed: 430

"Chryses, from Agamemnon, the king of men, I come  
To lead to you your daughter, a sacred hecatomb  
To sacrifice to Phoebus for the Danaans, and the god  
To placate, who the Argives smites now with baleful rod."

Thus saying, he the maiden gave to the waiting peer, 435  
Who with deep-felt rejoicings received his daughter dear;  
The hecatomb resplendent they, for the god, in haste,  
Around the well-built altar in order duly placed,  
Their hands in water cleansing, the barley meal dis-  
played. 440

His hands for them uplifting, with fervour Chryses  
prayed:

"Hear, god with bow of silver, who watch o'er Chrysa's  
land,

Who rule o'er sacred Killa and Tenedos command;  
Before this, once you heard me, with grace my prayer re-  
ceived,

And, for my honour, greatly th' Achaian people  
grieved; 445

Yet once again accomplish my hope to you expressed,  
Remove now from the Danaans this unbecoming pest."

Thus spoke he, supplicating, Phoebus Apollo heard.—  
But when they prayed and scattered the barley meal  
prepared,

They drew the victims' heads back and killed and flayed  
withal, 450

The thighs they next disparted and covered with the rail,  
Doubling,—then placed upon them raw lumps in ordered  
line.

The old man burned on split-wood and poured on sparkling wine;

Young men, beside him standing, the spits five-branching turned,—

The viscera they tasted when well the thighs were burned, 455

The rest cut into pieces, transfix'd with spits, as due,  
And carefully they roasted and then the whole withdrew,  
And made the banquet ready, when they from labour ceased,

And ate; the soul desired naught after the equal feast.

But when they felt the pleasure of drink and feasting pall, 460

Youths crown'd with wine the beakers and portions gave to all,

But poured the first in goblets,\* then passed the wine along,—

They soothed the angered godhead the livelong day with song;—

The youths of the Achaians the graceful song preferred,  
Extolling Hekaergos;† and he with pleasure heard. 465

But when the sun departed, and darkness o'er them crept,  
Besides the vessel's cables they stretched themselves and slept,

And when rose-fingered Eos, child of the Morn, appeared,  
To th' Achaians' wide-spread army the sable vessel steered;

Apollo Hekaergos gave to them favouring gales. 470

Their mast they now erected and spread their snowy sails;

The wind fill'd well the mainsail, so that the purple wave,  
Around the ship's keel rushing, a mighty clamour gave;  
And she ran through the billows and made the passage home.

But when they to th' Achaians' wide-spreading host had come, 475

\*For a libation.

†The far-working—an epithet of Apollo.

High up their sable vessel upon the sands they drew,  
 And put long shores beneath her to hold erect and true,  
 Then they dispersed, directing to ships and tents their  
 path.—

But fleet-of-foot Achilles abated not his wrath;  
 The Zeus-born son of Peleus by his swift vessels sate 480  
 And ne'er went to the council, which makes men famed  
 and great,

Never to war; yet withered his heart in waste and wear,—  
 Remaining thus, he longed for the shout and thrill of war.

But when the twelfth day brightened before Aurora's  
 flame,  
 The gods, who live forever, to high Olympus came, 485  
 Zeus first, but all together. Thetis did not forget  
 Her son's desires but, rising from Ocean's billows wet,  
 To Olympus and great heaven came with the early dawn,  
 And Kronides, wide-thundering, she found from all with-  
 drawn,

Seated on cleft Olympus, where the highest summits  
 stand. 490

She sat before him, seizing his knees with her left hand,  
 Below his chin her right hand she brought to aid her pleas,  
 And, suppliant, addressed him, the King, Zeus Kronides.

"O Father Zeus, if ever I aided you in heaven  
 By word or deed, then to me let this my prayer be  
 given; 495

Honour my son, whose life is the shortest fixed by fate,  
 Whom now King Agamemnon insults with pride and hate;  
 Taking his portion from him, he now enjoys the prize.  
 But let your hand avenge him, Olympian Zeus All-wise;  
 So long let victory hover about the Trojan name, 500  
 Till th' Achaïans give him honour and thus enhance his  
 fame."

Thus spoke she, yet cloud-gathering Zeus her no  
 answer bare,  
 But silent sat while Thetis clung to his knees in prayer,—  
 Thus, holding them full firmly, she spoke to him again:  
 "Give me your promise surely and nod or thence ab-  
 stain; 505



(You have no fear before you) that I may clearly see  
How much 'mid all the godheads I shall dishonoured be."

But to her, sighing deeply, cloud-gathering Zeus replied:  
" Ill work! Since thus you urge me to clash with Hera's  
pride,

Since with her words reproachful my peace she incom-  
modes 510

And vexes with her quarrels among th' immortal gods,

And says I help the Trojans and in battle interfere.

But now depart, delay not, lest Hera see you here.

By me this shall be cared for till all accomplished be.

And I will nod in promise, that you may trust in me; 515

For, with me and th' immortals, the mightiest sign this  
bears,

Revoked not by my wishes, and no deception wears;

That is accomplished ever for which my head I nod."

With black brows lowered Kronion to her the favour  
showed;

The King's ambrosial tresses a passing tremor took 520

Upon his head immortal, and great Olympus shook.

They counseled thus and parted; she then leaped from  
the hight

Into the sea's abysses, from Olympus shining bright;

But Zeus went to his mansions. And all the gods in turn

Rose from their seats to honour and grace their sire's  
return; 555

And no one dared to linger when his approach was known,

But all stood up before him. Thus he sat upon his throne:

And Hera, seeing, knew that in counsel he had whiled

With silver-footed Thetis, the ocean ancient's child.

She then with sharp reproaches to Zeus Kronion said: 530

" Who of the gods, Sly-Minded, with you in secret  
plead ?

'Tis pleasant to you ever, no thought to me revealed,

To work your plans by secrets and mysteries concealed;

You never tell me freely what you in spirit hide."

To her at once the Father of gods and men replied: 535

" Hera, think not and hope not all my designs to see,

For they to you were riddles, though you my consort be.

What things for you are fitting no one shall sooner hear,  
 No one of men below us, no god in heaven near;  
 But what I wish to think of when from the gods I go,—540  
 Ask nothing of such secrets nor further seek to know."

To him then ox-eyed Hera, august, her answer made:  
 "Most dreadful son of Kronos, what words were those  
 you said?"

Never before I asked you nor of your plans inquired.  
 In quietude you pondered whatever your heart de-  
 sired. 545

But now I fear me greatly that you may be beguiled  
 By silver-footed Thetis, the ocean ancient's child.  
 Early she sat beside you and clasped your knees in  
 prayer;

I think you promised surely to Achilles honour fair:  
 To strike, beside their vessels, full many Achaians  
 dead." 550

To her, in making answer, Zeus cloud-compelling said:  
 "Perverse, you aye suspect me, nor do I from you hide;  
 But naught your schemes will prosper, yet greater space  
 divide

You from my trust and favour; for you, 'twill harder be,  
 If thus, a grateful pleasure it will afford to me. 555

But listen to my orders and sit in silence there,  
 No god upon Olympus to you will succour bear,  
 Approaching near, when on you my matchless hands are  
 laid."

Thus spoke he; ox-eyed Hera, august, with fear obeyed  
 And took her seat in silence, bending her stubborn  
 will. 560

The heavenly godheads murmured in Zeus's mansions  
 still.

To them art-famed Hephaistos began to speak his best,  
 A balm to white-armed Hera's, his cherished mother's  
 breast:

"Such bane will bring destruction and woes as yet  
 unborne,  
 If you for mortal battles by deathless wrath are torn, 565  
 And to the gods bring tumult; no pleasure will there be  
 In banquet-hall nor feasting; when ill wins victory.

My mother I admonish, and she herself well knows,  
 No more my cherished father's, great Zeus's, will to oppose,  
 Lest he again reproach her and turn our feast to ill. 570  
 But if th' Olympian lightener to cast us out shall will,  
 His thought will be accomplished, for he is mightier far.  
 But you with gentle accents a milder mood prepare.  
 And then, at once, th' Olympian will grant the calm we  
 crave."

Thus spoke he and, uprising, the double beaker  
 gave 575  
 To the hands of his dear mother and with these words  
 addressed:

"Bear with your grief, my mother, sustain it, though  
 distressed,  
 Lest, dear one, I behold you beaten before my eyes;  
 When I can help in nothing, though wrung by agonies.  
 'Tis hard against th' Olympian with hostile force to  
 stand. 580

When once before I struggled to guard you from his hand,  
 Seized by the foot, he threw me far from the house divine.  
 All day I fell, borne onward, but, with the day's decline,  
 I fell in island Lemnos; and little life remained;  
 But there at once the Sintians raised me and enter-  
 tained." 585

Thus spoke he; white-armed Hera, the goddess,  
 smiled, relieved,  
 And, smiling, from her offspring's hard hand the cup  
 received.

Then, to the right hand going, for all the gods he poured,  
 Drawing the dulcet nectar out of the crater's hoard.  
 And ceaseless shouts of laughter by the happy gods were  
 given, 590  
 As they saw Hephaistos hasting through the palaces of  
 heaven.

Thus all the day they reveled till the sun sank in the  
 west,  
 And naught the soul found wanting to grace the equal  
 feast,  
 Naught of the beauteous cithern which for Apollo rang,  
 And nothing of the Muses who with changing voices  
 sang. 595

But when the sun's fire splendid descended to the deep,  
 Each one went to his mansion to find repose in sleep,  
 Where lame, renowned Hephaistos for each a house  
     designed,  
 And wrought out his conceptions with a well-discerning  
     mind.  
 Olympian Zeus, the lightener, went to his own bed  
     where 600  
 Of old he slept in quiet when sweet sleep found him there;  
 Going there, he slept, and Hera, the gold-throned, slum-  
     bered near.

## BOOK II.

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 THE VISION. BOIOTIA.

The other gods immortal and men who horses keep  
 Slept all the hours of darkness, but Zeus had no sweet  
     sleep;  
 But thought how, to Achilles, due honour he might pay,  
 How many of the Achaïans by their vessels he might slay.  
 And while in thought he pondered it seemed the best  
     design 5  
 To send to Agamemnon a Vision full malign;  
 To that his thoughts addressing, winged words fell from  
     his lips:  
 "Go hence, destructive Vision, to th' Achaïans' rapid  
     ships,  
 Seek Atrides Agamemnon's quarters beside the strand,  
 Announce to him distinctly all things as I command. 10  
 Tell him to arm th' Achaïans, long-haired, and all employ;  
 For now to him 'tis given to take wide-streeted Troy;  
 For the gods who hold Olympus no longer discord tears,  
 But all have changed their purpose, subdued by Hera's  
     prayers;  
 And for the Trojan people are many woes prepared." 15  
 He said; the Vision started when it the order heard.

And to the rapid vessels of th' Achaians quickly went,  
 To Atreides Agamemnon and found him in his tent  
 In slumber, and around him ambrosial sleep was thrown;  
 Above his head it hovered, like Nestor, Neleus' son, 20  
 And whom, among the elders, Atreides deemed the best;  
 Resembling him, the Vision divine the king addressed:

"Sleep you, O son of Atreus, horse-tamer, fierce in war?

It seems not a man of counsel unbroken sleep to share,  
 To whom the folk are given, who rules so great a care: 25  
 Now listen to me quickly; Jove's messenger to you  
 I come; though he is distant, he shields and pities, too.  
 He bids you arm th' Achaians, long-haired, and all  
 employ;

For now to you 'tis given to take wide-streeted Troy;  
 For the gods who hold Olympus no longer discord  
 tears, 30

But all have changed their purpose, subdued by Hera's  
 prayers;  
 And, o'er the Trojans hanging, are ills by Zeus de-  
 signed.

And let not Lethe seize you, but keep this in your mind,  
 When sweetly soothing Slumber deprives you of her care."

Thus speaking, it departed and left the monarch  
 there, 35

Thinking of what the future would bring to disarray.  
 He fondly hoped to capture Priam's city on that day,  
 He did not know the counsels designed by Zeus all-wise,  
 Who soon would bring confusion with weighty woes and  
 sighs.

On Trojans and on Danaans in battles stoutly gained. 40  
 He woke from sleep; but round him the voice divine  
 remained.

He sat erect and put on his tunic fair and new,  
 Soft in its folds, and round him his ample mantle threw;  
 Beneath his feet bright-shining bound his fair sandals  
 fast,

His silver-studded falchion next 'neath his shoulders  
 cast. 45

He took his father's scepter, forever undecayed,

And with it sought the vessels of th' Achaïans, brazen-clad.

And now the goddess Eos scaled great Olympus' hight,  
To Zeus and all th' immortals, announcing coming light;  
The king enjoined the heralds, whose piercing voices blare,

To summon to a council th' Achaïans with long hair;  
They heralded the council, which then convened in haste.

The council of the elders, great-minded, first was placed.

Beside the ship of Nestor, the monarch Pylos-brad;  
And he,\* who called together, with prudent counsel led.

"Hear, friends, a godlike Vision in sleep came to mine eyes,

Amid the night ambrosial; its nature, form and size  
Resemblance most to Nestor, the man divine, possessed.  
Above my head it hovered, to me these words addressed:  
Sleep you, O son of Atreus, horse-tamer, fierce in war?

It seems not a man of counsel unbroken sleep to share,  
To whom the folk are given, who rule so great a care.  
Now listen to me quickly; Jove's messenger to you  
I come; though he is distant, he shields and pities, too.  
He bids you arm th' Achaïans, long-haired, and all employ;

For now to you 'tis given to take wide-streets Troy;  
For the gods who hold Olympus no longer discord tears,  
But all have changed their purpose, subdued by Hera's prayers;

And, o'er the Trojans hanging, are ill by Zeus designed.  
This, when you wake, forget not but guard it in your mind."

Thus saying, it, flying, left me, and sweet sleep fled afar.  
But come, let us th' Achaïans incite and arm for war.

I first with words will tempt them, so far as prudence lie,  
And bid them with the vessels of many banks to fly;  
But you from divers stations with cogent words oppose."

\*Agamemnon.

Thus saying, himself he seated. Among them Nestor  
 rose,  
 The king who, ruling Pylos, a sandy realm possessed;  
 And he, their weal desiring, harangued them and addressed:

“O friends, ye Argive leaders and who dominion hold,  
 If another of th’ Achaïans had of this vision told, 80  
 I would have called it falsehood and shunned the specious  
 snare;

But now he saw who boasts him the Achaïans’ best by far.  
 So come, let us assemble th’ Achaïans’ sons for war.”

He said and from the council to wend his way began;  
 The sceptered monarchs, rising, obeyed the leader’s  
 plan, 85  
 And the people hastened forward. As the tribes of  
 swarming bees

Come from a cleft rock ever with new activities,  
 And spread in flying clusters upon the flowers of spring,  
 Now here, now there they gather and fly on vagrant wing.  
 Thus many nations, coming from vessel and from tent 90  
 Before the low shore, ordered in troops, to council went;  
 Among them Rumour wandered, the burning voice of  
 Fame,

Zeus’ messenger, and urged them, and they together came  
 The council surged in tumult, the earth beneath them  
 groaned,

Pressed by the weight of people whose noise confused  
 and stunned; 95

The clamour of nine heralds repressed each ill-timed  
 word,

That the voices of the monarchs, Zeus-nurtured, might be  
 heard.

With moil the folk were seated and kept in forced repose,  
 And when they ceased their tumult, King Agamemnon  
 rose,

Holding aloft the scepter which Hephaistos, labouring,  
 wrought, 100

And Hephaistos Zeus Kronion, the King, a present  
 brought;

But Zeus gave it to Hermes who keen-eyed Argus killed;

King Hermes gave to Pelops, in driving horses skilled;  
 Then Pelops gave to Atreus, his people's guide and stay,  
 And Atreus, dying, left it to flock-rich Thyestes' sway; 105  
 Again, Thyestes left it in Agamemnon's hand,  
 Full many an island province and all Argos to command.  
 Supported by this scepter, he to the Argives said:

"O friends, ye Danaan heroes, servants of Ares dread,  
 Zeus Kronides full firmly has bound me in a snare,— 110  
 The harsh one, who once promised, and confirmation  
     bare,

That I should ruin Ilion well-walled and thence return;  
 But now he weaves deception and orders me to turn  
 To Argos without glory, since many found death with  
     me.

But this to Zeus prepotent a source of joy will be; 115  
 Ere now to many cities he brought their fatal hour,  
 And others yet will ruin, for his is mightiest power.  
 Yet this disgrace the future to coming men will bear,—  
 Tell how the great Achaians waged unsuccessful war,  
 And fought a weaker people, but could in naught sub-  
     due. 120

For if the Achaians and Trojans desired a treaty true,  
 And the Trojans all were numbered—who by their  
     hearths remain,—

And we of the Achaians were ranged in groups of ten,  
 Should we each ten a Trojan the wine to pour assign,  
 Many a group were lacking a man to pour the wine. 125  
 So much a greater number th' Achaian people tell  
 Than the unaided Trojans who within the city dwell;  
 But allies from many cities, spear-wielding men, come  
     now,

Who strive with me full strongly, nor will their force  
     allow

Me, though I wish, to ruin well-peopled Ilion. 130  
 Already, in their circuit, nine years of Zeus have gone,  
 The vessels' wood has rotted, the cordage, loosened, falls,  
 Our wives and tender children sit waiting in our halls.  
 We leave the work unfinished which hither turned our  
     way;

But come, as I have spoken, let all of us obey; 135



For flight to our loved country let us the ships employ;  
Not yet to us 'tis given to take wide-streeted Troy."

Thus spoke he; in all bosoms the secret soul he stirred,  
Even among the masses around who had not heard.

The crowd heaved like long billows, upon th' Icarian  
sea

Impelled by Euros, Notos, from Jove's clouds rushing  
free.

Or, as when rising Zephyr moves the deep field of grain,  
In rapid flight descending, and the ears bow in his train;  
Thus was all the throng in motion. They rushed with  
sounding cry

To the ships, and, from their trampling, a dust cloud  
mounted high;

They called to one another to seize the ships in line,  
And draw them from their stations down to the sea-divine.  
They cleaned the holds; the shout of the home-bound  
rose to heaven;

They took away the shorings beneath the vessels driven.  
Though Fate denied, the Argives a quick return had  
blessed,

If Hera to Athena had not these words addressed:

"O gods, Unconquered, daughter of aegis-bearing  
Jove,

Do thus the Argives homeward fly to the earth they love?  
To Priam and the Trojans do they leave—a boast and  
joy—

The beauteous Argive Helen, for whom, besieging  
Troy,

Full many Achaians perished far from their native land?  
But go now to the brass-clad Achaian people's band;  
With gentle accents speaking, each, every man restrain,  
Nor let their rocking vessels be drawn down to the main."

Thus spoke she, and Athena, fierce-eyed, her words  
obeyed.

Leaving the Olympian summits, her flying path she made;  
[Swift to the rapid vessels of th' Achaians her flight de-  
clined],

There she found Odysseus standing, equal to Zeus in  
mind;

Untouched his sable vessel, well-banked; he stood apart,  
 Since pain with her oppression swept o'er his mind and  
 heart; 165

Then, standing close beside him, fierce-eyed Athena said:

"Odysseus many-planning, Laertiades Zeus-bred,  
 Thus to your cherished country, thus homeward do you fly  
 In your ships with many benches falling tumultuously?  
 To Priam and the Trojans do you leave—a boast and  
 joy— 170

The beauteous Argive Helen, for whom, besieging Troy,  
 Full many Achaians perished far from their native land?  
 But go at once, and stop not, to th' Achaian people's band;  
 With gentle accents speaking, each, every man restrain,  
 Nor let their rocking vessels be drawn down to the  
 main." 175

Thus spoke she; comprehending the words the goddess  
 spoke,

He ran, threw off his mantle, which straight a herald took,  
 The Ithacan his comrade, Eurybates by name.

But himself to Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, came  
 And took th' ancestral scepter, forever undecayed, 180  
 And with it sought the vessels of th' Achaians brazen-clad.

Whatever king or noble he met with in his course,  
 Greeting, he halted near him and held by mild discourse:

"Strange man! It does not fit you to seem by fear  
 distressed,—

But you yourself be seated and help to seat the rest. 185  
 The purpose of Atrides you do not know aright;  
 He tempts you now, but quickly th' Achaians' sons will  
 smite.

All did not, in the council, hark to his varied tones;  
 Take care lest he in anger injure th' Achaians' sons.  
 And mighty is the anger of this Zeus-nurtured king, 190  
 And Zeus all-knowing loves him, and Zeus is honour's  
 spring."

But when he met a common who shouted in the crowd,  
 He struck him with the scepter and rated him aloud:

"Unhappy man!—Sit quiet and list while others speak,  
 Others who are your betters, for you are base and  
 weak; 195

Neither in war nor council do you of worth appear.  
 Nor are all the Achaïans rulers and monarchs here.  
 The rule of many is evil; one monarch let there be,  
 One king whom wise Kronion has given sovereignty,  
 [Scepter and equal justice, that he your king may be]." 200

Thus, like a monarch ruling, the host he swayed amain,  
 And they from tents and vessels to council rushed again  
 With tumult, as the billows crash on the lofty shore  
 Of the many-sounding ocean, and the deeps in answer  
 roar.

The others now were seated and in their seats at rest 205  
 Loud-tongued Thersites only with empty clamour pressed.  
 Whose mind, of shameful speeches, contained abundant  
 springs,

Idly, but not with decency, to chide and mock at kings,  
 Yet what might serve the laughter of the Argives to bring  
 on.

Basest among the warriors, he came to Ilion. 210  
 Now he was bandy-legged, and in one foot was lame;  
 His round and crooked shoulders over his bosom came.  
 Above, his head was pointed, and scant hairs on it grew.  
 Most hostile to Achilles and to Odysseus, too,  
 For both he chid and sharply unseemingly words pre-  
 ferred 215

To god-like Agamemnon; yet him th' Achaïans heard  
 While all-consuming anger in every mind prevailed;  
 Now, while he clamoured greatly, Agamemnon he as-  
 sailed:

"Atrides, what is wanting and what is now your care?  
 Your tents are full of metal and many women fair, 220  
 Whom you th' Achaïans granted when we a town o'er-  
 threw.

Do you for gold yet hunger someone will bring to you?  
 Some of the charger-taming Trojans from Ilion  
 Will give the gold you ask for in ransom for his son,  
 Whom I or whom another of th' Achaïans have led in  
 chains; 225

Or, it may be, some maiden your jealous love detains.—  
 Upon th' Achaïans evils no ruler brings with fame.—

Achaian women, cowards, reproaches to your name,—  
No more Achaians!—Homeward with our vessels let us  
fare,

And leave him here a-cooking the gifts which he would  
bear; 230

That, whether we assist him or not, he plainly see,  
Who now has scorned Achilles—a far better man than he.  
For he the gift possesses himself in rapine tore.—

Yet anger in the bosom of Achilles burns no more,  
But in his mind the impulse of his rage is stilled and  
passed; 235

If 't were not so, Atrides, this outrage were your last."

Thus chiding Agamemnon, the pastor of his folk,  
Thersites said; but quickly divine Odysseus spoke  
And gazed upon him grimly, speaking with utterance  
dure:

"Thersites idly-babbling, though a clear-voiced or-  
ator, 240

Be still, and seek not singly with kings to disagree.  
For I think no viler mortal among these men may be,  
Who with the two Atridæ were borne to Ilion.  
For which you should not speak to the kings as you have  
done,

And offer your reproaches and watch for a return. 245  
We know in nowise clearly how these affairs will turn,  
Whether th' Achaians fare homeward by good or evil way,  
[Now Atrides Agamemnon, the people's guide and stay.  
You sat upbraiding boldly, since many a present gave  
To him the Danaan heroes, while you with scoffing  
brave.] 250

But now I tell you plainly, and time will prove it true,  
If still I meet you raving, as now it seems you do,  
May then from his strong shoulders Odysseus' head be  
riven,

Nor me the name of father of Telemachos be given,  
Unless I seize upon you and from you your vestments  
tear, 255

Your tunic and your mantle which for your shame you  
wear,

And loosen you, complaining, to seek the rapid ships,

Driving you from the council with ignominious stripes."

This said, he, with the scepter, smote back and shoulders broad;

Thersites writhed in anguish while copious tear-drops flowed. 260

Where struck the golden scepter a bloody tumour showed  
Upon his back, but silent he kept his seat in fear;

Pain-racked, he gazed in stupor and wiped away a tear.  
The people, though they pitied, a theme for laughter made,

And each looked to his neighbor and thus his thoughts conveyed: 265

"Ye gods, ten thousand blessings Odysseus brings  
from far,

Devising useful counsels and waging skillful war;

And now among the Argives has done by far his best,  
Since he this foul reviler's reproaches has suppressed.

Not for awhile, 'tis certain, his mind will feel the stings, 270  
With contumelious speeches, to mock and scoff at kings."

Thus spoke the crowd; Odysseus, city-destroyer,  
stood,

Holding the scepter; (by him fierce-eyed Athena showed  
In aspect like a herald and the people's noise repressed  
That the sons of the Achaians, the last as well as best 275  
Should hear what words were spoken and well the counsel heed,)

But he, their weal desiring, addressed them all and said:

"Atrides, King, th' Achaians now seem to wish the first,  
Among word-speaking mortals to make the last and  
worst;

They do not keep the promise which once they freely gave, 280

When they came here from Argos, that nurse of horses  
brave,

To return when they had conquered the well-walled Ilion.

But now, like tender children or widows, they bemoan

Their fate with one another and wish for their return.

Yet, truly, it is shameful to go back thus forlorn. 285

Though, one, who from his consort a short month must  
remain,

Bears ill the many-benched vessel which wintry storms  
detain,

And the angry sea whose billows rise round him far and  
near.

The ninth year, in its rolling, has found us waiting here.

Thus, I fret not when th' Achaïans by their curve-bowed  
ships are grieved; 290

'Tis shameful long to linger or return with hope deceived.

Bear up, friends, wait a season, and time full soon will  
show

If Kalchas, in divining, told us the false or no.

For well we know; all witness the wonder of that day,  
(Except those whom the Keres\* of death have borne  
away), 295

When once th' Achaïan vessels gathered by Aulis' shore,  
And to Priam and the Trojans a weight of evils bore;

We on the sacred altars, which round a spring were made,  
Our hecatombs all perfect for the immortals laid

Beneath a beauteous plane-tree, whence limpid water  
flowed; 300

Then came a mighty wonder; a dreadful dragon glowed  
With dark-red back—th' Olympian himself sent it to  
light—

And, darting from the altar, rushed to the plane-tree  
dight.

There were eight tender sparrows which in the top bough  
hung,

Hid in the leaves, the ninth was the mother who bore  
the young. 305

But he devoured them, wailing in pitiable fear;

And the mother flew about him, mourning her offspring  
dear;

His folds her wing encircling, he seized her while she cried,  
Devoured the sparrow's young ones and the mother bird  
beside.

But was famous through the godhead who had the marvel  
shown, 310

For the son of wily Kronos transformed him there to  
stone;

\*Fates.

And we stood by and wondered at such a mark of doom  
 Since the marvels of th' immortals had graced our hecatomb.

At once the augur Kalchas the oracle laid bare:  
 'Why do ye stand in silence, Achaians with long hair, 315  
 Since all-wise Zeus this wonder of power has here displayed,

Long ere it be accomplished, whose glory ne'er shall fade?  
 As the snake devoured eight fledglings and the bird itself  
 beside,

And the ninth one was the mother who bore the young  
 which died;

Thus we so many summers the works of war shall  
 make, 320

But, on the tenth, the city with spacious streets will take.'

Thus spoke he in his wisdom, and now we reach the end.  
 But come, well-greaved Achaians, here let us all attend  
 Till Priam's mighty city in our possession lies."

Thus spoke he, and the Argives sent up resounding  
 cries 325

(The shout of the Achaians round the ships in echoes ran),  
 Approving much the counsel of Odysseus, godlike man.  
 But next Gerenian Nestor, the horseman, rose and said:

"Ye gods, as though addressing children your speech  
 has sped,—

Tender and weak, who never the works of war upbore. 330  
 But where go now our compacts, and where the oaths  
 we swore?

In fire our plans would vanish, the cares by men achieved,  
 Our unalloyed libations, the right hands we believed!  
 In vain with words we struggle, we find no succour near.  
 Though many days have passed us since we have waited  
 here. 335

Atrides, now, as erstwhile, to constant plans give heed,  
 And to well-stricken battles the valiant Argives lead;  
 Let those Achaians perish, if one or two or three,  
 Who weave their plots in secret (but fulfilment will not be)  
 To bend their steps to Argos before events shall show 340  
 Whether Zeus ægis-bearing has promised false or no.

I tell you that Kronion prepotent gave consent  
 That day, when on the rapid vessels the Argives went;  
 Bearing the Trojans slaughter and Keres o'er the wave,  
 Lightning upon the right hand, auspicious signs he  
 gave. 345

Wherefore let no one hasten the homeward path to keep,  
 Before he with some Trojan's imprisoned consort sleep,  
 Avenging thus the outrage to Helen and her woe.  
 But if any one wish greatly back to his home to go,  
 Let him seize on his vessel, well-banked for oars and  
 black, 350

That sooner than the others his death and fate he track.  
 But, king, yourself consider and heed the counsel well,  
 Nor be these words rejected which I have yet to tell;  
 Assign, O Agamemnon, to clan and tribe each man,  
 So tribe may aid the tribe, and clan support the clan. 355  
 If this you do adroitly, and the Achaians list to you,  
 You shall know the worthless leaders and the worthless  
 people, too,

And who of them are valiant, for each will fight alone,  
 And know if by Heaven's order you take not Ilion,  
 Or by the people's vileness and want of skill displayed." 360

In answer Agamemnon, the monarch, to him said:  
 "Once more, old man, the council of th' Achaians you  
 subdue;

Would that to me Zeus Father, Athen', Apollo, too,  
 Ten counsellors so skillful for the Achaians gave!  
 Thus soon should fall before me King Priam's city  
 brave, 365

Seized by our hands, and, captive, to her foundations riven.  
 But Kronion aegis-bearing sorrows to me has given,  
 Who to me endless quarrels and grave contentions bare,  
 For I and great Achilles strove o'er a maiden fair,  
 With angry words contending, but I began the wrath; 370  
 Yet if we join in counsel, no more delay of scath  
 Shall benefit the Trojans, though brief the time to bar.  
 Now go at once to dinner, that we prepare for war;  
 Let each man whet his spear well, brace well his shield as  
 meet,



And fodder well his horses who speed with flying feet, 375  
 And, viewing well his chariot, prepare for strife the car,  
 Since we through all the daytime must toil in hated war.  
 For there will be no respite, how short soe'er it be,  
 Till night, in coming, lessens the men's ferocity.

The shield-straps round men's bosoms shall drip with  
 flowing sweat, 380

The hand which clasps the spear-shaft grow weak by toil  
 beset,

The horse shall sweat in drawing the polished car amain.  
 And I, apart from battle, will note whoe'er would fain  
 Stay by the curve-bowed vessels, and he most certainly  
 Shall not have power thereafter the dogs and birds to  
 flee." 385

Thus he; the Argives shouted as the wave the high  
 cliff shocks,

Driven by flying Notos upon the beetling rocks;  
 But the waves forsake it never, though the many winds  
 which blow

Urge the whirling waters ever in eternal ebb and flow.  
 They rose, rushed to the vessels, dispersing near and  
 far, 390

Built fires amid their quarters and took their dinner there.  
 An offering to the godheads, born to eternal life,  
 Each made and prayed deliverance from death and Ares'  
 strife.

A five-year ox well-fattened great Agamemnon hight,  
 The king of men, to offer to Zeus of boundless might; 395  
 The chiefs of all th' Achaïans he called for counseling,  
 And first of all called Nestor, then Idomeneus, the King,  
 But next the two Ajaces with Tydeus' son were joined,  
 The sixth one was Odysseus, equal to Zeus in mind.  
 But to him came unsummoned Menelaos, strong in  
 war, 400

For in his mind he knew well what toils his brother bare.  
 They now the ox encircled and the barley-meal displayed;  
 'Mid them great Agamemnon, in supplication said:

"High Zeus, the greatest, gathering dark clouds, the  
 air your home,

Let us not see the sunset and let not darkness come, 405  
 Ere I cast prone before me King Priam's burning hall,  
 And hostile fires enkindle so gate and roof-tree fall,  
 And cleave the breast-plate, broken by brass, on Hektor's  
 breast;

While many of his companions, prone in the dust oppressed,

Around him lie and, gnashing, bite at the bloody sod." 410

Thus spoke he; but Kronion gave not the fatal nod,  
 Yet he received the offering and gave unenvied toil.  
 When they had prayed devoutly and cast the barley-meal,  
 They drew the victim's head back and killed and flayed  
 withal,

The thighs they next disparted and covered with the  
 caul, 415

Doubling,—then placed upon them raw lumps in order  
 borne,

And burned the whole on split-wood, from which the  
 leaves were shorn;

The viscera transfixing, above the fire they turned;  
 And tasted them to try them when well the thighs were  
 burned,

The rest cut into pieces, transfixed with spits, as due, 420  
 And carefully they roasted and from the fire withdrew.

They made the banquet ready, when they from labour  
 ceased,

And ate; the soul desired naught after the equal feast.  
 But when the pleasure taken in meat and drink was gone,  
 To them Gerenian Nestor, the horseman, thus begun: 425

"Atrides most illustrious, Agamemnon, king of men,  
 Let us no longer parley, let us no more abstain  
 From finishing the labour which God puts in our hands.  
 But come and let the heralds call th' Achaïans, brass-clad  
 bands

To the vessels; through th' Achaïans, wide army let us  
 go, 430

That we enkindle sooner the flames of Ares so."

He said, nor was neglectful Agamemnon, king of men;  
 At once the clear-voiced heralds he bade proclaim again  
 A call to war and battle for th' Achaïans with long hair.

And they proclaimed, and quickly the army gathered  
there. 435

And those around Attrides, the Zeus-bred kings of fame,  
Ran, in their stations parted; with them Athena came,  
Holding the priceless aegis, deathless and ever young;  
A hundred golden tassels upon its borders hung,  
Well-woven all, a hundred oxen each one would buy. 440  
She rushed through the Achaians, glaring with furious  
eye,

And urged them on; and courage to the heart of each  
one bare,

That all might battle bravely and wage unceasing war.  
War thus became more pleasing, then, to that exiled band,  
Than to go in hollow vessels to their dear fatherland. 445

And as the fire destroying the boundless forest sears  
Upon the mountain's summits, and afar its gleam ap-  
pears;

Thus the flash from the bright metal of the moving  
warriors given,

All-splendid in its radiance, rose through the air to  
heaven.

As many as the birds of the many flying clans 450  
Of geese or cranes or flocks of long-necked and noisy  
swans,

Who dwell in Asian meadows or by Kayster's springs,  
Now here, now there they circle, exulting on their wings,  
Or light beside the river while their clangour fills the  
earth;

E'en thus the many nations from ships and tents  
poured forth 455

To the plain which skirts Skamander. The nether  
earth again

Flung back the sound terrific of the tramp of horse and  
men.

A countless number stood in Skamander's flowery meads,  
As many as the blossoms and the leaves which springtime  
breeds.

And as the many nations of troops of swarming  
flies, 460

Which round the peopled sheepfold in time of spring arise,

And when milk wets the milk-pails; so many Achaians  
stood  
In the plain against the Trojans, all-fierce to shed their  
blood.

These were as when the herdsmen their flocks of goats  
wide-spread  
Divide with ease and surely when mingled in the  
mead; 465  
Thus here and there the chieftains the ordered ranks  
reviewed

Before the fight; and with them King Agamemnon stood;  
His eyes and head like Zeus's, whom thunder pleases best,  
In belted waist like Ares, like Posidon in his breast.  
As mightily the bullock stands over all the herd, 470  
And is above the oxen there gathered much preferred;  
So Zeus that day Atrides a high distinction lent,  
Made excellent 'mid many, 'mid heroes, eminent.

Now tell to me, O Muses, who share th' Olympian  
hall  
(For you are sacred godheads, are present and know  
all, 475  
While we hear only rumour and know not to aver),  
Who were the Danaan leaders and who the rulers were.  
I could not tell their numbers, could not their names  
define,  
If ten tongues were my portion, if e'en ten mouths were  
mine,  
A voice by toil unbroken, a brazen heart for use, 480  
Unless, Olympian Muses, of aegis-bearing Zeus  
The daughters, fain you tell me how many to Ilion came.  
Thus may I the vessel's rulers and all the ships proclaim.

### THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

Peneleos and Litos the Boeotians  
Ruled; Arkesilaos and Klonios 485  
And Prothoenor ruled with them o'er those  
Who dwelt in Hyria and in rocky Aulis,  
Schoinos and Skolos and Eteonos, dowered  
With many a highland forest, Thespia

- And Graia and Mykalessos spreading-wide,— 490  
 Who dwelt round Harma, Erythrai, Ilesios,  
 And those who held Eleon and Peteon  
 And Hyla and Okalea and Medeon,  
 The well-built city, Kopai and Eutressis  
 And Thisbè, of many doves, and those who dwelt 495  
 In Koronia and grassy Haliartos;—  
 Who held Plataia, and those who dwelt in Glissa,—  
 Who Hypothebai held, the well-built city,  
 Divine Onchestos and the beauteous grove  
 Of great Posidon; those who Arnè held 500  
 Of many vines, who held Midia and  
 Nissa divine and, last of all, Anthedon.  
 These came with fifty ships, in each embarked  
 A hundred and a score Boeotian youths.  
 Those who dwelt within Aspledon and Minyeon 505  
 Orchomenos,—these ruled Askalaphos  
 And Ialmenos, the sons of Ares, whom  
 Astyochè in the house of Aktor bore,  
 Azides (modest maid, to th' upper rooms  
 Ascending), to strong Ares bore; but her 510  
 He met in secret. Thirty hollow ships  
 In order went with them.  
 The Phokeans ruled  
 Epistrophos and Schedios, the sons  
 Of great-souled Iphitos Naubolides; 515  
 Who Kyparissos held and rocky Python,  
 Krissa divine and Panopeus and Daulis,  
 Anemoria, Hyampolis who dwelt near,  
 Who by the sacred stream Kephissos dwelt,  
 Who held Lilalia, near Kephissos' springs: 520  
 These followed on with forty sable ships.  
 They\* kept the Phokeans in their ordered ranks,  
 Who near the Boeotians, on the left were armed.  
 Fleet Ajax, Oileus' son, the Lokrians led  
 (Less, not so great as Ajax Telamon, 525  
 Yet less by far; true, he was small and wore  
 A linen corselet, but with spear surpassed  
 In skill the Hellens all and all th' Achaians),  
 Who dwelt in Kynos and Kalliaros  
 \*Epistrophos and Schedios.

In Opois and in Bessa, Skarpha and  
 Augeia pleasant, Tarpha, Thronion  
 And by the currents of Boagrios;  
 Him followed forty sable vessels of  
 The Lokrians who dwelt beyond Euboia  
 Divine.

Th' Abantes, breathing strength, who held  
 Euboia, Chalkis and Eiretria  
 And Histiaia many-vined, Kerinthos  
 By the sea, a lofty city of Zeus;—  
 Who held Karystos and who dwelt in Styra:  
 These Elephenor led, of Ares' line,  
 Son of Chalkodon, chief of the great-souled  
 Abantes. Him followed the Abantes fleet  
 Who backward combed their hair, good spearmen all,  
 And who desired, with ashen spears protruded,  
 To break the breastplates on their foemen's breasts;  
 Him forty sable vessels followed there.

And those who held Athenai, well-built city,  
 Magnanimous Erechtheus' state; him once  
 Athena nourished, daughter of Zeus (whom Earth,  
 The fruitful, bore), and placed him then in Athens,  
 In her own rich temple; there the youths  
 Of Athens her propitiate with bulls  
 And lambs, while pass the years revolving. These,  
 Again, Menestheus, the son of Peteus, led.  
 No man on earth was born the peer of him  
 To marshal horse for war, or men shield-bearing  
 (Nestor alone with him compared, for he  
 Was elder-born); him fifty black ships followed.

And Ajax led twelve ships from Salamis.  
 [And, leading, stood where stood th' Athenian  
 phalanx].

And those who Argos held and Tiryns walled,  
 Hermionè and Asinè emplaced  
 In the deep gulf, and Trozen and Eionai  
 And Epidaurus, rich in vines, and those  
 Achaian youths who held Aigina and  
 Mases; these Diomedes led, strong man

Of war, and Sthenelos, the cherished son  
 Of Kapaneus renowned; Euryalos,  
 The third, a godlike man, the son of King  
 Mekisteus, son of Talaion,  
 Went with them, and Diomedes, strong in war,  
 Led all; and him black vessels eighty followed.

And those who held Mukenai, well-built city,  
 And wealthy Korinthos and well-built Kleonai,  
 Who held Ornai and Araithyrea 575

Pleasant, and Sikyon, where once Adrastus  
 Ruled, who dwelt in Hyperesia and  
 High Gonoessa, and who held Pellenè  
 And dwelt round Aigios, and who dwelt in all  
 Aigialos and round wide Helikè: 580

Their ships King Agamemnon ruled,  
 Th' Atrides; him, meanwhile, by far the most  
 And best of warriors followed; himself put on  
 The shining brass, exulting in the glory,  
 Because he shone above all other heroes 585  
 For he was best and led more men by far.

And those who held the land of Lakedaimon,  
 Enclosed by mountains cavernous, and Pharis  
 And Sparta, Messè, rich in doves, and those  
 Who held Brusiai, and Augiai pleasant, 590  
 And Amyklai and Helos, seaside city,  
 And those who dwelt in Laa, and dwelt about

Oitylos: Menelaos, strong in war,  
 His\* brother, ruled their sixty ships; but they  
 Were armed apart. 'Mid them he went himself, 595  
 Confiding in his own transcendent zeal,  
 Exhorting them to war; and most desired  
 To avenge the outrages and the woes of Helen.

And those who dwelt in Pylos and Arenè  
 Pleasant and Thryos, ford of the Alpeios, 600  
 And well-built Aipy and Kyparisseis,  
 And who inhabited Amphigenia

And Pteleon and Dorion and Helos,  
 ('Twas here the Muses, meeting Thamyris,  
 The Thrakian him deprived of song, as from 605  
 Oichalia he came, from Eurytos,

\*Agamemnon's

Th' Oichalian; for he asserted, boasting,  
 That he would conquer if the Muses, daughters  
 Of aegis-bearing Zeus, should sing; and they,  
 In anger, made him blind and took away 610  
 His song divine and caused him to forget  
 His art of striking on the dulcet cithern):  
 Gerenian Nestor, horseman, ruled o'er these;  
 With him went ninety hollow ships in order.

Those who Arkadia held beneath Kyllenè's 615  
 High mount, near by the tomb of Aipyros,  
 Where are the men who combat in close fight;

Who dwelt in Pheneos and Orchomenos,  
 Of many sheep, and Rhipè and Stratiè,  
 And windy Enispè, Tegea who held 620  
 And loved Mantinea, and those who held

Stymphelos and dwelt in Parrhasiè;  
 Their sixty ships Anchaïos' son ruled o'er,  
 King Agapenor; in each ship there sailed  
 Full many Arkadian men well skilled in war. 625

Himself, the king of men, great Agamemnon  
 Atrides gave to them well-bankèd ships  
 To cross the wine-dark sea; since they knew not  
 The ocean's works. Who held Bouprasion.  
 And sacred Elis, and as many as 630

The fields of Hyrminè and Myrsinos  
 Extremest and the rock Olenia  
 And Alision contained: four rulers were  
 To them; and ten swift ships followed each chief,  
 And many Epeians embarked on them. But some 635

Amphimachos and Thalpios led; one, son  
 Of Kteatos, and one, of Eurytos  
 Aktorides; and some Amarynkides,  
 Diore mighty, ruled; but Polyxinos,  
 Like to a god, the fourth part ruled, the son 640  
 Of King Agasthenes Augeides.

Those from Doulichion and the sacred isles  
 Of the Echinades, which lie beyond  
 The sea, near Elis, were led by Meges  
 Phyleus' son, equal to Ares; Phyleus was 645



His sire, the horseman loved by Zeus, who once  
 Had left Doulichion angered with his sire;  
 Him forty sable vessels followed there.

But next Odysseus led the Kephallens  
 Great-minded; Ithakè who held and shady 650  
 Neritos, and inhabited Krokylea  
 And rugged Aigilips, and those who held  
 Zakynthos, and who dwelt in Samos, and  
 Who held the continent and dwelt upon  
 Th' objacent earth: o'er these Odysseus ruled 655  
 Equal to Zeus in counsel; him twelve ships,  
 With prows red-painted, followed.

But Thoas,  
 Andraimon's son, th' Aitolians led who dwelt  
 In Pleuron, Olenos, Pylenè, Chalkis,  
 Beside the sea, and rocky Kalydon 660  
 (For then no more the sons of great-souled Oineus  
 Were; himself was dead, and yellow-haired  
 Meleager, too, was dead); to him in all  
 'Twas given to rule th' Aitolians; and, meantime,  
 Him forty black ships followed.

But the Kretans 665  
 Idomeneus, famed with the spear, led on,  
 Who Knosos held and Gortyn walled and Lyktos,  
 Miletos and Lykastos white and Phaistos  
 And Rhytion, all well-peopled towns, and others 670  
 Who dwelt within the hundred Kretan cities:  
 These ruled Idomeneus, famed with the spear,  
 And Merion, equal to Enyalios  
 Destroying men; these eighty black ships followed.  
 Tlepolemos, the Heraklides, brave  
 And great led forth from Rhodes nine ships of Rhod-  
 ians 675

Magnanimous, arranged threefold, who dwelt  
 In Lindos, Ielysos and white Kamiros.  
 Of these, spear-famed Tlepolemos was chief;  
 Astyochia bore him to the might\*  
 Of Hercules; her Hercules had led 680  
 From the Selleis River when many cities  
 Of the youth, Zeus-nurtured, he destroyed. While now  
 \*Hercules himself.

Tlepolemos was nourished in the halls  
 Well-built, he slew the cherished uncle of  
 His sire:—Likymnios, then growing old, 685  
 A scion of Ares. . . Speedily he built  
 Him ships, assembling many people there,  
 And fled upon the sea, for the other sons  
 And grandsons of the might of Hercules  
 Made threats, and, in his wanderings, he came 690  
 To Rhodes, enduring woes. These\* dwelt distinct,  
 Divided in three tribes, yet loved by Zeus,  
 Who ~~rules~~ <sup>rules</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> or gods and men. [On them Kronion  
 Rained enormous riches.]

Nireus, next,  
 Three equal ships from Symæ led, Nireus, 695  
 Son of Aglaia and Charopos:  
 The king,—Nireus, the fairest man of all  
 The Danaans, who went to Ilion,  
 Except Pelides; yet was weak in war,  
 And few the people were who followed him 700

Those who held Nisyros and Krapathos and Kasos  
 And Kos, the city of Eurypylos,  
 And th' isles of Kalydnai: of these Phidippos  
 And Antippos were chief, two sons were they  
 Of Theseos, the Heraklidian king; 705  
 Their thirty hollow ships in order went.

But now, again, as many as inhabited  
 Pelasgian Argos, and who dwelt in Halos,  
 In Alope, in Trechias, and who Phthia  
 Held and Hellas having beauteous women; 710  
 Were called Achajans, Hellens, Myrmidons;  
 Their fifty ships Achilles ruled, but they  
 Had lost remembrance of ill-echoing war;  
 For none ~~there was~~ <sup>there was</sup> to lead them in the ranks.  
 Divine Achilles, best of foot, lay in 715  
 The ships in anger for the maid well-haired,  
 Briseis, whom he took from out Lyrnessos,  
 Suffering many labours when he razed

\*The Rhodians.

Lyrnessos and the walls of Thebè, and  
 O'erthrew both Mynes and Epistrophos 720  
 Renowned in war, sons of Evenos, King  
 Selepiades; now, for her he, grieving, lay,  
 But soon to rouse.

But Phylakè who held  
 And flowery Pyrasos, Demeter's field  
 Divine, and Iton, mother of sheep, and Antron 725  
 By the sea and grassy Pteleon;  
 Warlike Protesilaos guided these  
 While yet he lived, but now the black earth held him.

His wife was left in Phylakè to tear  
 Her cheeks, his house was left half built; for him 730  
 A Dardan killed when from his ship he leapt,  
 Of all th' Achaians first by far. But these  
 Were not without a leader, though their chief  
 They longed for; them Podarkes ruled, a scion  
 Of Ares, son of Iphiklos, the son 735

Of Phylakos of many sheep; he was  
 A cousin of great-souled Protesilaos,  
 Younger by birth; elder and greater was  
 Protesilaos, hero bold. No chief  
 The people lacked, but they desired him much, 740  
 For he was true. Him\* forty black ships followed.

And those who dwelt in Pherai, by the lake  
 Boibeis, Boibè, Glaphyrai and Iaolkos  
 Well-built: their ships eleven ruled Admetos'  
 Cherished son, Eumelos, whom Alkestis, 745  
 The best of women, bore Admetos; she,  
 The fairest one of Pelias' daughters fair.

And those who in Methonè dwelt and in  
 Thaumakia, and Meliboia held and rough  
 Olizon: Philoktetes, knowing well 750  
 The bow, their seven ships ruled; and fifty rowers  
 In each embarked, all knowing well the bow  
 And mightily to war. Yet he in the isle  
 Divine of Lemnos lay, where him the sons  
 Of the Achaians had left, and suffered pains 755  
 Unspeakable and laboured from the wound  
 Of the pernicious hydra; there he lay

\*Podarkes.

In pain; but soon the Argives, by their ships,  
 Would recollect King Philoktetes. These\*  
 Were not without a guide, but still desired 760  
 Their chief; yet Medon ordered them, the spurious  
 Son of high Oileus whom Rhena bore  
 To great Oileus, city-destroyer dire.

And those who Triikka held and mountainous  
 Ithomè and who held Oichalia, 765  
 The city of Oichalian Eurytos:  
 Asklepios' two sons led these, two good  
 Physicians, Machaon and Podaliros;  
 And with them thirty hollow vessels went,  
 Enranked as due.

And those who held Ormenion, 770  
 And those who held the spring of Hyperia,  
 Who held Asterion and the summit white  
 Of Titanos: Eurypylos ruled these,  
 Euaimon's glorious son; and forty hollow  
 Vessels followed him.

Who held Argissa 775  
 And in Gyrtonè dwelt and Orthè and  
 Elonè and Oloosson, city white:  
 Polypoites, strong in war, was chief of these,—  
 The son of great Pirithoos, the son  
 Of Zeus immortal (to Pirithoos 780  
 Renowned Hippodamia bore him on  
 That day when on the hairy centaurs he†  
 Had vengeance; them from Pelion he pushed  
 And to th' Aithikai drove), nor he alone,  
 With him Leonteus was, a scion of Ares, 785  
 The son of great Koronos, the Kainides;  
 These thirty sable vessels followed there.

Guneus from Kypbos two and twenty vessels  
 Led; and him the Enienes followed then,  
 And the Peraiboi, strong in war, who round 790  
 Dodonè frigid placed their homes, who tilled  
 The fields by pleasant Titaresios

\*The followers of Philoktetes. †Pirithoos.

Which sends fair-flowing water to Peneios;  
*This* does not mix with silver-eddy  
 Peneios, but, like oil, it flows above, 795  
 For *that* is part of Styx's water of  
 The mighty oath.

The chief of the Magnetes  
 Was Prothoos, Tenthredon's son; and those  
 Who dwelt by leafy Pelion and Peneios:  
 Fleet Prothoos led these; and him two score 800  
 Black vessels followed.

These the chiefs and leaders  
 Of the Danaans were. But tell, O Muse,  
 What man, of those th' Atridæ led, was best,  
 What horses were the best.

By far the best  
 Of steeds were Pheretiades' mares and whom 805  
 Eumelos drove, swift as the birds, alike  
 In hair, in age; in back, true to a line;  
 And silver-bowed Apollo bred them in  
 Perea; both were mares and scattered fear  
 In war.

And Ajax Telamon was far 810  
 The best of men while yet Achilles raged;  
 For he\* was mightiest far, as were the steeds  
 Who bore Pelides blameless. Yet he lay  
 Hard by his curve-bowed ocean ships, incensed  
 At Agamemnon, pastor of the folk, 815  
 Atrides; and his vassals all beside  
 The ocean's shore enjoyed the discus, or  
 They flung the javelin or they drew the bow;  
 Their horses by the chariots stood, each one,  
 And ate the lotus or the parsley grown 820  
 In swamps; the well-wrapped chariots of the kings  
 Lay in the tents; but they desired their chief,  
 Ares-beloved, and wandered here and there  
 Amid the host, but went not forth to war.

But the others went as if the world were swept 825  
 By flame; the earth beneath groaned as when  
 Zeus, pleased with thundering, rages in his wrath

\*Achilles.

And smites the ground around Typhoeus, 'mid  
 The Arimi, where, they say, Typhoeus has  
 His bed; thus mightily the earth groaned 'neath 830  
 Their passing feet, as quick they crossed the plain.

But to the Trojans wind-swift Iris came,  
 A messenger from aegis-bearing Zeus,  
 With dolorous message. Then they called a council  
 At Priam's gates, and young and old assembled 835  
 And, standing near, swift Iris said to them,  
 She made her voice sound like Polites' voice,  
 Priam's son's who stood, the Trojans' sentinel,  
 Confiding in his fleetness, on the top  
 Of old Aisyetes' tomb to note the time 840  
 When from their ships th' Achaians should rush;—like  
 him

In form, swift Iris said:

"O ancient, ever  
 To you are many joyous tidings borne,  
 As once in peace; but war inevitable  
 Has come. Full often have I been among 845  
 The battles of men, but never saw I such,  
 Nor so great a multitude; for to the plain  
 They come in number like the leaves or sands,  
 Coming to battle round about the city.  
 But, Hektor, most I counsel to do thus: 850  
 Many allies are in the city great  
 Of Priam, many tongues are spoken by  
 These men who dwell in distant lands; of these  
 Let him be chief who rules o'er them; let him  
 Be leader and command his countrymen." 855

Thus spoke she; Hektor did not slight her words,  
 But loosed the council quickly and rushed to arms.  
 Then all the gates were opened and from them  
 The people rushed, both horse and foot, and great  
 The tumult rose.

There stands before the city 860  
 A certain lofty hill; upon the plain  
 It stands alone, and one may compass it;  
 Men call this Batieia, but th' immortals,  
 The tomb of fleet Myrina; there the Trojans

And their allies their ordered ranks arranged. 865

Great helmet-glancing Hektor, son of Priam,  
The Trojans led; with him by far the most  
And strongest folk were armed, prompt with the spear.

Æneas ruled the Dardans; strenuous son  
He of Anchises; Aphroditè bore 870

Him to Anchises (in the woody passes  
Of Ide the goddess with a mortal lay);  
Alone he ruled not, with him ranked Antenor's  
Two sons, Archelochos and Akamas,  
Both knowing well all war.

What Trojans in 875

Zeleia dwelt beneath the lowest foot  
Of Ida, rich and drinking water from  
The black Aisopos: these Lykaon's son,  
Glorious Pandar ruled, on whom Apollo  
Himself bestowed the bow, a gift divine. 880

And those who Adrastia held and held  
The city Apaisos and Pityia and  
The mountain high, Teria; o'er these ruled  
Adrastos, Amphios, too, who wore a linen  
Cuirass, two sons of Merops of Perkotè, 885  
Who knew all auguries and told them not  
To go to man-destroying war; but they  
Obeyed not, for the Keres of black death  
Drove on.

And those who dwelt around Perkotè  
And Praktion, and those who Sestos held 890

Abydos and divine Arisba; these  
Asios ruled, Hyrtakides, a prince  
Of men; Asios Hyrtakides, his great  
And fiery horses bore him from Arisba  
And from the river Selleis.

Hippochoos 895

Led on the tribes Pelasgian, ready with  
The spear, who dwelt in fertile-soiled Larissa;  
Pylaïos and Hippochoos ruled these; two scions  
Of Mars, and were sons of Pelasgian Lethos,  
Teutamides.

But Akamas and hero 900

Piroos the Thrakians led, as many as  
Strong-flowing Hellespont contained.

Euphemos

Ruled o'er the warlike Kikones; the son  
Of Troizen, Keades; Zeus-nurtured he.

Pyraichmes the Paionians led; renowned 905  
Were they in archery, from Amydon  
Afar, from Axios broadly-flowing, Axios,  
Whose water fairest is that moistens earth.

Pylaimenes' strong heart from th' Eneti  
The Paphlagonians led (hence come the race 910  
Of savage mules) and those who held Kytoros  
And dwelt round Sesamos, and by the river  
Parthenios dwelt in their renowned abodes,  
And Kromna held, Aigialos and high  
Erythini.

But Odios and Epistrophos 915  
Ruled o'er the Halizoni of Alybè,  
Far distant, where the source of silver is.

The Mysians Chromis ruled and Ennomos,  
The augur; yet by auguries he 'scaped  
Not his black fate, but fell before the hand 920  
Of fleet Aiakides\* beside the river,  
Wherein he\* slew Trojans and many more.

The Phrygians Phorkys ruled, and ruled with him  
Askanios, from far Askania;  
Desirous they of war.

But Antiphos 925  
And Mesthles guided the Maionians, sons  
Of Talaimenes, sprung from the Gygean lake;  
They guided the Maionians born 'neath Tmolos.

And Nastes led the Karians barbarous-tongued,  
Who held Miletos and the leafy mount 930  
Of Phthiron and Maiander's currents and  
The lofty peaks of Mykalè; these led  
Amphimachos and Nastes famed sons of  
Nomion; even as a girl with garb  
Of gold he went to war, in folly, but this 935  
\*Achilles.



Did not repel his bitter fate; he fell  
 Beneath the hands of fleet Aiakides,  
 Beside the river, and fierce Achilles took  
 The gold.

Famed Glaukos and Sarpedon ruled  
 The Lykians, from far Lykia and eddying Xanthos. 940

### BOOK III.

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THE TREATY. THE VIEW FROM THE WALL. THE  
 SINGLE COMBAT OF PARIS AND MENELAOS.

But when they all were ordered beneath their leaders  
 there,  
 With clang and din the Trojans marched, like the birds  
 of air;  
 Thus does the cranes' loud clangour the placid skies  
 deform,  
 When they fly from the winter and from the boundless  
 storm;  
 Above the streams of Ocean they fly with clamour  
 great, 5  
 And bear to pigmy nations slaughter and ruthless fate;  
 Borne forth in early morning, for evil strife they lour.—  
 But, th' Achaïans all marched onward in silence, breath-  
 ing power,  
 With all their mind desiring one another to assist.—

As on the mountain's summits Notos pours forth a  
 mist 10  
 Ungrateful to the shepherds, better for thieves than night;  
 And one sees but the distance marked by a pebble's  
 flight;  
 Thus from their passing footsteps the dust-cloud rose  
 again,  
 As, borne in rapid motion, they crossed the boundless  
 plain.

But when the hosts approaching the hostile forces  
 neared, 15

Godlike in beauty, Paris in the Trojan front appeared,  
 Having upon his shoulders curved bow and panther's hide  
 And sword; he brandished proudly two brass-tipped  
 spears beside,

Provoking all the bravest of the Achaians there  
 To fight in hostile combat and savage strife to dare. 20

When Menelaos saw him—beloved by Mars his fame—  
 Going before the army, with ample strides he came  
 Rejoicing like a lion whom, urged by hunger's stings,  
 The horned stag or wild goat a bulky carcass brings;  
 And savagely he gorges though, rising in his view, 25  
 Swift dogs may rush upon him, and generous youth  
 pursue:

Thus Menelaos gladdened at seeing with his eyes  
 Paris divine, while hoping t'avenge his injuries;  
 At once out of his chariot enmailed to earth he leapt.

When godlike Paris knew that the foremost ranks he\*  
 kept, 30

His heart sank in his bosom and, seized by terror great,  
 He mingled with his comrades, thus to escape his fate.  
 As when, in mountain passes, one chances on a snake  
 And suddenly leaps backwards while his members tremors  
 shake,

And, turning back his footsteps, all pale his cheeks  
 appear, 35

Thus hid among the army of the proud Trojans near,  
 Fearing the son of Atreus, Paris, of godlike form.

But Hektor, seeing, chid him with words harsh and  
 deform:

"Ill-Paris, formed the fairest, erotic, false beside,  
 Would that no day had borne you or that unwed you  
 died! 40

This could I wish; more utile by far such fate would fall,  
 Than thus to be dishonoured and a disgrace to all.

They mock you with their laughter, th' Achaians with  
 long hair,

And call you a great champion, for you in form are fair,  
 Your mind contains no vigour nor native force entailed. 45  
 Being thus, with ocean vessels upon the sea you sailed.

\*Menelaos.

And, gathering meet companions, saw many a foreign shore,

And from a land far distant a beauteous woman bore,—

A wife for virile warriors, great sorrow to your sire

And all your folk and city, to foes a gladness dire, 50

To you yourself dishonour.—And do you flee the strife

With Mars-loved Menelaos and keep his beauteous wife?

The cithern will not aid you, nor Venus' gifts and smiles,

Your hair and form of beauty, when you the dust defiles.

Well are the Trojans timid since you such pollution

brought, 55

Or a cloak of stone had thrall'd you\* for the evils you

have wrought!"

To him responded Paris, fair with a godhead's bloom:

"Hektor you chide in measure, not past the bounds of

doom;

Like to an ax is ever your high unconquered heart,

Which by a man directed, the ship's beam hews with

art, 60

And aids the forceful impulse a human power impressed;

Such is the heart intrepid you harbour in your breast.

But let not your reproaches the gifts immortal blame,

The boon of love and loving which from golden Venus

came;

Not are to be rejected the gifts the godheads make. 65

What they give to the chosen no other hand can take.

But if you wish me singly the war and strife to rue,

Have all the Trojans seated and all th' Achaïans, too;

Then Mars-loved Menelaos and me between them call

To wage the war for Helen and the possessions all; 70

Whoever from the contest of strength a victor come,

Let him take all the riches and lead the woman home;

Then you the boon of friendship and treaties may em-

ploy

That you may safely dwell in the fertile fields of Troy;

And let them go to Argos which pastures coursers rare, 75

And to their land, Achaïa, the nurse of women fair."

Thus he; and Hektor greatly rejoiced his words to hear,

And, going in between them, the middle of his spear

†The Trojans had stoned you.

He held and stayed the Trojans; and they were halted there.

On him their shafts directed th' Achaïans with long hair, 80

And aimed at him their arrows, and stones at him they flung.

Then called King Agamemnon with voice which loudly rung:

"Achaïan youths, O Argives, cast not, I bid you stay! Hektor with glancing helmet stands here some word to say."

Thus he; and they were silent all suddenly and broke 85  
Away from strife and warring; to both sides Hektor spoke:

"Hear me, well-greaved Achaïans, and you of Trojan name,

I tell the words of Paris, from whom contention came.

He bids the other Trojans and all th' Achaïan race,

Upon earth all-sustaining, their beauteous arms to place 90

Himself and Menelaos, Mars-loved, 'mid you to call

To wage the war for Helen and the possessions all;

Whoever from the contest of strength a victor come,

Let him take all the treasures and lead the woman home;

The rest may treat of friendship and oaths sincere may swear." 95

Thus spoke he; and, attentive, all stood in silence there.

To them, then, Menelaos strenuous in war, rejoined:

"Hear me now, for this sorrow lies heaviest on my mind;

The Argives and the Trojans, I think, will soon decide,

Since many ills you suffered on mine or Paris' side. 100

Which of us two may find death and fate, here let him die,

The rest may meet in judgment and settle speedily.

But bear two lambs for offering,—a white, a black one bring,

For Earth and Sun; another we will bear for Zeus, the King.

Lead forth the might of Priam, that he the oaths may take 105

(Since his sons are proud and faithless), so none Zeus  
oaths may break.

And young men's counsels ever like air-waves rise and  
fall,

The old view past and future to choose the best of all."

Thus he; Achaians and Trojans joyed at the words  
he bare,

Hoping to end the sorrows of miserable war. 110

They left behind their coursers, but they themselves went  
forth

And loosened arms and armour and laid them on the  
earth

All closely piled together, so the space around was small.

But Hektor to the city two heralds sent withal,

To bring in haste the lambkins and Priam's self to call. 115

King Agamemnon ordered Talthybios to go  
Thence to the hollow vessels and bring the lambkins two;  
Nor did he refuse obedience to Agamemnon's hest.—

Now Iris with a message to white-armed Helen pressed,  
Her sister-in-law resembling, the fair Laodikè, 120  
Wife of King Helikaon (son of Antenor he),

Who was of Priam's daughters fairest in beauty's bloom. —  
She found her in her palace, weaving with ample loom

A double vest of purple where many a feat was laid  
Of the charger-taming Trojans and Achaians brazen-  
clad, 125

Which they for her had suffered by Ares' hands oppressed.

Now standing close beside her, fleet Iris thus addressed:

"Dear nymph, come here and gaze on the wondrous  
sights displayed

By the charger-taming Trojans and Achaians brazen-  
clad

Who ere 'gainst one another bore lamentable Mars 130

Upon the plain, desiring to wage destructive wars;

But now they sit in silence (the end of warring nears),

They lean upon their bucklers and fix in earth their  
spears.

But Mars-loved Menelaos and Paris, in a strife

With lengthy spears, will battle, and the victor call you  
wife." 135

Thus saying, the goddess gently instilled a sweet desire  
 For husband and for city, for mother and for sire.  
 Wrapped in a veil of linen whose white folds hid her well,  
 She hastened from the chamber while tender tear-drops  
 fell;

But not alone, two servants were ready by her side, 140  
 One, Aithra, Pitheus' daughter, one, Klymenè great-  
 eyed.

And speedily they came there where was the Skaian gate.  
 There Priam and Thymoites, Lampos and Panthoos  
 sate,

And Hiketaon, Mars' scion; these elders wise, sedate,  
 With Ukalegon, Antenor, sat by the Skaian gate; 145  
 In age, they ceased from warring; were yet in council  
 good.

And were like the cicadas who, from the leafy wood,  
 Sitting in trees, around them send dulcet tones and pure;  
 Such were the Trojan leaders who sate within the tower.  
 But as they looked on Helen, who to the watch-tower  
 pressed, 150

They softly to each other these wingèd words addressed:  
 "In truth, 'tis not unseemly, for such a woman fair,  
 That Trojans and Achæians well-greaved long woes  
 should bear;

In features she resembles a goddess deathless born;  
 Yet thus, though such a woman, in the ships let her  
 return, 155

Less on us and our children a host of evils crowd."

Thus they; but Priam to Helen called out in accents  
 loud:

"Come hither, cherished daughter, come here and sit  
 by me,

That you your former husband, your friends and kin  
 may see;

(You did not cause my sorrows, the gods the causes  
 are, 160

Who drove on me th' Achæians in lamentable war).

Thus, view this mighty warrior, tell me the name and  
 state.

Of this Achæian hero, pre-eminent and great.

'Tis true that others round him in loftier stature rise,  
But fairer man before this I saw not with these eyes, 165  
Nor with such air of grandeur; he seems a king of men."

And Helen, godlike woman, to him made answer then:  
"Dear father, I regard you with reverence mixed with  
fear;

Would that an ill death seized me ere I followed Paris  
here,

Leaving my home and brothers, my daughter well-  
beloved, 170

My cherished friends and playmates with whom from  
youth I moved.

Yet this was not accomplished, and withering I mourn.—

But I will tell you gladly what you ask and wish to learn:

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atrides, you behold,

Who is both an able monarch and warrior strong and  
bold, 175

Husband's brother to me, shameless, if ever such he  
were."

Thus she; the old man wondered and then replied  
to her:

"O fortunate Atrides, born with a happy star

And fate, to whom so many Achaians subject are.

For once I went to Phrygia, which vines unnumbered  
breeds, 180

And saw there many Phrygians, good men on agile steeds,

The people of great Otreus and Mygdon, like a god,

Who by the banks of Sangar with all their army stood;

And I was numbered with them, allied in their array,

When the Amazon viragoes opposed them on that  
day; 185

Yet these were not so many as th' Achaians glancing-  
eyed."

Odysseus seeing, the ancient again his questions plied:

"Dear child, come now and tell me who is this man I see;

Shorter than Agamemnon by a full head is he,

But round his breast and shoulders he shows a broader  
girth. 190

His arms by him are lying on the many-feeding earth,

And like a ram he wanders among the ranks of men;

Him to a ram I liken, who with thick fleece is seen,  
And through a flock of many white sheep goes here and  
there."

To him then answered quickly Jove's daughter, Helen  
fair: 195

"Laertiades Odysseus is he, in mind most deft,  
In Ithakè was nurtured, a land by chasms cleft,  
In craft supremely skillful, in counsel good and tried."

To her discreet Antenor in answer thus replied:

"This is most true, O woman, what you to us pro-  
claim. 200

For once already hither divine Odysseus came,  
With Mars-loved Menelaos, on embassy for you;  
I in my house received them as guests in friendship true.  
Of both I knew the nature, the counsels wise and sound.  
But when they mingled freely with the Trojans gathered  
round, 205

While standing, Menelaos higher his broad shoulders  
reared;

Though when they sat august Odysseus' mien appeared.  
Yet when, to all, their phrases and counsels they ad-  
dressed,

His thoughts, then, Menelaos most fluently expressed;  
Though few, yet very clearly; no long discourse he  
told, 210

Nor rambled in his phrases, for he was not so old.  
Yet when acute Odysseus rose to his feet and stood,  
He downward looked and fastened on earth his glance  
subdued,

Nor in his hand the scepter with grace waved to and fro,  
But held it stiffly upright like men who little know; 215  
You might have called him wrathful or one incompetent.  
But when his voice sonorous from his deep chest was sent,  
And words, which a resemblance to winter's snow-storms  
bare,

Then, sure, no other mortal with Odysseus might com-  
pare.

And while he spoke, we marveled not at his aspect  
plain." 220

Now, thirdly, seeing Ajax, the ancient asked again:



"Who is this other Achaian, a man both great and good,  
Distinguished o'er the Argives by head and shoulder-  
broad?"

Helen with trailing garments, woman divine, replied:  
"This is gigantic Ajax, th' Achaians' fence and pride; 225  
Idomeneus, the godlike, there 'mid the Kretans stands;  
Round him are grouped the chieftains who lead the  
Kretan bands.

For often he was welcomed a guest within my home  
By Mars-loved Menelaos when he from Kreta had come.  
Now all the other Achaians of glancing eyes I see, 230  
Whom once I knew, whose names might full well be told  
by me;

But two I see not 'mid them, two chiefs of lofty mood,  
Kastor, the charger-tamer, and Pollux, boxer good;  
They were my own dear brothers, and them my mother  
bore.

Is 't that they would not part from loved Lakadaimon's  
shore? 235

Is 't that they followed hither in ships which cross the sea,  
But wish not now in battles of warlike men to be,  
Fearing the vast reproaches which with my name go  
forth?"

Thus she; but they were held by the life-bestowing  
earth,  
Far hence in Lakadaimon, the dear land of their  
birth.— 240

The heralds through the city bore the godheads' offerings,—

Two lambs and wine all-joying and fruit the tilled earth  
brings,

In goat-skin sack; a crater all glorious to behold  
Idaios, the herald, carried and also cups of gold;  
And, standing near the ancient, he with these words  
addressed: 245

"Son of Laomedon, rouse you; they call to you, the  
best

Of charger-taming Trojans and Achaians brazen-  
dressed,

To go down to the prairie, that oaths sincere you swear;

But Paris and Menelaos, Mars-loved, will combat there,  
With long spears, for the woman who brought so dire a  
doom; 250

Let the woman and the riches follow the victor home,  
And the others may make friendship and oaths sincere  
employ

That we inhabit safely the fertile fields of Troy;  
And let them go to Argos, which pastures coursers rare,  
And to their land Achaia, the nurse of women fair." 255

Thus he; the old man shuddered but bade his comrades lead

And put in yoke the horses, and they obeyed with speed.  
When Priam had ascended, the reins he backward drew,  
With him Antenor mounted the car most fair to view.  
They through the Skaian portals their swift steeds drove  
aplain. 260

But when they reached the Trojan and the Achaian  
train,

Descending from their horses to the many-feeding earth,  
To the midst of the Achaians and the Trojans they went  
forth

At once rose up among them Agamemnon, king of men,  
And deft in mind Odysseus; the high-born heralds  
then 265

Gathered the sacred victims, and in the crater wine  
Mixed well, but poured out water o'er the monarch's  
hands divine.

Atrides, grasping firmly, the knife of slaughter swung,  
Which by his sword's great scabbard ever suspended  
hung,

And from the lambkins' foreheads the clustered ringlets  
shore; 270

These to th' Achaian and Trojan leaders the heralds bore.  
Among them prayed Atrides aloud with hands elate:

"Zeus Sire, from Ida ruling, most glorious and most  
great,

And Helios who watch over all things and all things know,  
And you, ye Earth and Rivers, and Deities below 275  
Who deal out retribution to men who falsely swear,  
Be witnesses before us and guard the oaths we bear;

If, now, great Menelaos by Paris' hand shall fall,  
 Let him dispose of Helen and the possessions all,  
 And we in ocean vessels back to our homes will go; 280  
 If yellow Menelaos lay Alexander low,  
 The Trojans shall give Helen and the possessions all,  
 And pay the Argives ransom, whatever that befall,  
 Which to the generations of coming men shall shine.  
 If Priam or Priam's children refuse to pay the fine, 285  
 Should Alexander perish, I will fight that price to gain,  
 And, till the end of warring, fixed here will I remain."

Then he, with cruel metal, the lambkins' throats cut  
 wide,

And, on the earth expiring, he placed them by his side  
 Bereft of life, the metal from them the strength had  
 torn. 290

But drawn out from the crater, the wine in cups was  
 borne,

And to the gods immortal their reverent vows were made,  
 And thus each of the Trojans and the Achaians prayed:

"Most glorious Zeus, the greatest, ye other gods as well,  
 Who first shall break this treaty which now with oaths  
 we tell, 295

Let thus their brains flow earthward as here this wine is  
 borne,

Their own and eke their children's, and their wives from  
 them be torn."

Thus they; to them Kronion gave not the prayer they  
 prayed,

But to them Dardan Priam at once his thoughts con-  
 veyed:

"Hear me, well-greaved Achaians, ye Trojans, hear  
 anon, 300

I bear my footsteps backward to wind-swept Ilion;  
 Since, with these eyes, I never can bear to see the sight  
 Of Mars-loved Menelaos and my dear son in fight.  
 Zeus knows well, and the other immortal gods of heaven,  
 To whom his fate is destined, to whom his death is  
 given." 305

Thus he; the godlike hero in the car the lambkins  
 threw,

Then he himself ascended and back the guide-reins drew;  
 And by his side Antenor went in the chariot fair,  
 And, turning back their footsteps, the twain to Ilion bare.

But Hektor, son of Priam and Odysseus, man divine,  
 310

First chose the lists for conflict, drawn by the measured  
 line,

And cast the lots divining in the brazen helmet sheer,  
 To know who first was fated to throw the brazen spear.  
 With hands upraised the people th' immortal godheads  
 prayed;

And thus each of th' Achaians and of the Trojans  
 said:  
 315

"Zus! Sire, from Ida ruling, most glorious and most  
 great,

Which of these two was author of this malign debate,  
 Let him, in just destruction, the house of Hades find,  
 So we again our friendship and faithful truce may bind."

Thus they; helm-glancing Hektor the helmet whirled  
 about,  
 320

Gazing with eyes averted, and Paris' lot leapt out.

All then sate in their orders, near by the spot where  
 stood

Each one's fleet-footed courser, where lay their weapons  
 good.

Paris divine, the husband of Helen with fair hair,

Then put about his shoulders his armour wondrous  
 fair.  
 325

And, first, his greaves all beauteous around his legs he  
 placed,

And with the burnished buckles of silver made them fast;

He next his brother's thorax about his bosom drew,

Lent by his brother Lykaon,—because it fitted true;

His brazen sword, all studded with silver, next he  
 hung,  
 330

Suspending from his shoulders with his buckler great and  
 strong;

His helm of cunning labour to his strong head he pressed,  
 With horsehair decked, above it glanced dire the nodding  
 crest.

He took the mighty spear shaft, fit for his hands alone.—  
 Thus, likewise, Menelaos the arms of Mars put on. 335  
 When they were armed, advancing from the throng on  
     either side,  
 'Mid Trojans and Achaians they came in warlike pride  
 Casting terrific glances; and stupor held amain  
 The charger-taming Trojans and well-greaved Achaian  
     train.

Within the measured distance they shook their javelins  
     near, 340  
 Wroth at each other. Paris first flung his lengthy spear  
 And it against Atrides' all-equal buckler sent,  
 But did not pierce the metal; the point itself was bent  
 Upon the solid buckler. But next the sharp brass drove  
 Atrides Menelaos, praying to Father Jove: 345  
 " King Zeus, give to me vengeance on him who wrought  
     me ill,

On god-like Alexander; grant with my hands to kill;  
 That coming generations of men shall never dare  
 To harm their entertainers who friendship with them  
     share."

Thus spoke he, while he brandished his long spear ere  
     he flung, 350  
 And on the shield all-equal of Priamides it rung.

Clear through the shining buckler drove on the  
     spear of might  
 And fixed stood in the thorax with many a labour dight  
 And pierced the tunic lying upon the flesh beneath;  
 But Paris bent, evading the sable fate of death. 355

His silver-studded falchion Atrides drew and struck  
 Upon the helmet's summit, but from his hand it broke,  
 And into sparkling fragments, triply, fourfold was riven.  
 Atrides sighed, lamenting, and gazed on the wide heaven:

" Zeus Father, sure no godhead is more malign than  
     you! 360  
 I thought to wreak the vengeance to Paris' baseness due;  
 Now in my hand is broken my sword; no harm is  
     wrought;

My spear flew from me vainly, and I destroyed him not."  
 Thus he, then rushed and seized on the horsehaired  
     crest\_ amain,

And, turning round, dragged Paris to the well-greaved  
Argive train; 365

The strap, with art embroidered, his tender throat op-  
pressed,

The band which held the helmet and 'neath the chin was  
laced.

Now he had dragged him captive and endless glory won,  
If all to Aphrodite, Zeus' daughter, were not known,

Who broke the band which came from a great ox slain  
by force, 370

And but the empty helmet followed the strong hand's  
course.

The hero threw it, whirling, to the well-greaved Argive  
band,

And his companions trusty the trophy took in hand.

Himself rushed back, desiring to kill with spear of brass;

Venus with ease saved Paris, for she a goddess was; 375

Veiling in mist abundant, she brought him to his room,

And placed him in the chamber fragrant with rich  
perfume;

Then went to summon Helen, and by the high tower  
found,

Where many a Trojan lady and maid were gathered  
round.

Then with her hand she seized on and shook the fragrant  
vest, 380

Seeming an aged woman who wool prepared and dressed,

Dwelling in Lakedaimon, who fairest art displayed,

And loved most; her resembling, Queen Aphrodite said:

"Come hither; Alexander desires you to come home,

He keeps the bed well-carven which stands within the  
room, 385

Splendid in form and garments; you would not fairly  
know

He had returned from warring; yet with the radiant glow  
Of one who ceases dancing or to the dance will go."

Thus she; in Helen's bosom contending passions  
smote;

But when, at length, she noticed the goddess' beauteous  
throat,

Her bosom formed for loving, her eyes whence splendour  
broke, 390

She gazed in pallid stupor and said the word and spoke:

"Dishonest, why deceive me? Would you me yet  
farther bear,

Beyond the peopled towns of Phrygia or Maionia fair,  
If you have a friend to favour among the dwellers there?

Since Menelaos has conquered Paris, of grace divine, 395

And wishes to lead homeward this hated form of mine,

Why now with guileful purpose do you come here to me?

Go forth and sit beside him, slight your divinity;

And never to Olympus permit your feet to stray,

But ever mourn anear him and guard him as you may, 400

Till he make you his husband or keep you as his slave.

But I will not go thither (a just reproach 't would brave)

To deck his bed; the women of Troy behind me fain

Would utter their reproaches; and I have many a pain."

Venus divine responded to her with ire austere: 405

"Provoke me not, O wretched, lest, wroth, I leave you  
here

And hold as much in hatred as well I loved before,

And bring, from both the Trojans and Danaans, rancours  
sore

Upon you, so you perish, cursed by an evil fate."

Thus she; Zeus' daughter Helen revered the goddess  
great 410

And went (hid by the shining, white tunic o'er her  
spread)

In silence; and the Trojans knew naught; the goddess  
led.

When they to Alexander's resplendent house had come,  
Her maids came quickly round her and she reached the  
lofty room.

Laughter-loving Aphroditè, taking for her a seat, 415

Bore it in front of Paris and placed her at his feet;

And there sat Helen, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus;

But she her eyes averted and chid her husband thus:

"You come disgraced from battle,—and would that  
there you died,

Slain by a better warrior, to whom I once was bride. 420  
 You boasted much before this that you were more than  
 peer

Of Mars-loved Menelaos, in force and hands and spear.  
 Now Mars-loved Menelaos call forth to fight again;—  
 But cease, I bid; from combat your hasty thoughts re-  
 strain,

Nor with yellow Menelaos the fate of battle try 425  
 Too rashly, lest full quickly, pierced by his spear, you  
 die."

Paris with words responded and thus replied to her:  
 "Woman, with harsh reproaches seek not my soul to stir.  
 For Menelaos conquered me by Athena's aid;  
 Hereafter I may vanquish by heavenly power dis-  
 played, 430  
 But be, between us, friendship and grace renewed and  
 love.

For never thus I languished nor felt thus Eros move;  
 Not when from Lakedaimon, fair land, you first I bore  
 And sailed in ocean vessels far from the ravaged shore,  
 And in the isle of Kranaë I mixed in passion's fire; 435  
 Now, even thus I love you and faint in sweet desire."

Thus he and neared the beadstead; she followed  
 where he led,  
 And they reclined together upon the lathe-turned bed.

Atrides through the armies, rushed like a beast de-  
 form

In quest of Alexander, fair as the gods in form, 440  
 And no one of the Trojans or the renowned allies  
 Could Mars-loved Menelaos of Paris' hold apprise.  
 For friendship had not shielded, if any there had seen,  
 Since he by all was hated as black fate's sable mien.  
 Among them, Agamemnon, the king of men, then said: 445  
 "Trojans, allies and Dardans, be now my words  
 obeyed.

Since Mars-loved Menelaos o'er Paris victor shines,  
 Give to him Argive Helen, the wealth, and pay the fines,—  
 What'er is fit to carry to coming men the fame."

Atrides spoke; th' Achaïans all shouted in acclaim. 450



## BOOK IV.

THE BREAKING OF THE TRUCE. THE REVIEW BY  
AGAMEMNON.

The gods with Zeus consulted, sitting in halls gold-  
floored,  
And 'mid them revered Hebe the dulcet nectar poured;  
And they in golden beakers to one another gave,  
Gazing upon the city which held the Trojans brave. 5  
Then Kronides endeavoured to waken Hera's ire  
By using cutting speeches and hinting his desire:

"Two patrons 'mid the godheads does Menelaos own,  
One is Athena Guardian, and Argive Hera one.  
And they apart are seated, exchanging looks elate; 10  
But laughter-loving Venus, e'er close, kept off his\* fate,  
And saved him at the moment he thought that he must  
die.

Yet Mars-loved Menelaos has won the victory;  
Let us consult together what course events shall take;  
Whether dire war and combat destroying we awake, 15  
Or let the gifts of friendship to either party fall;  
Whether such boon be granted with peace and joy to all;  
And thus King Priam's city revive its former bloom,  
And yellow Menelaos lead Argive Helen home."

Thus he; Athen' and Hera with pressed lips groaned  
thereat; 20  
They planned ills for the Trojans while they together sat.  
Athena sat in silence, not yet to speech impelled,  
Irate at Zeus, the Father, while savage anger held;  
But Hera's breast contained not her rage, in speech she  
broke:

"O Kronides, severest, what were those words you  
spoke! 25  
Why do you wish to render my trouble all in vain,  
And the sweat I sweat in labour? I tired my horses  
twain

\*Paris's.

In gathering folk and evils for Priam and his line.  
Do so; we other godheads approve not your design."

Indignant with her greatly cloud-gathering Zeus then  
said:

"O base one, how have Priam and Priam's children  
led

On you so many evils that fiercely you desire  
The well-built city Ilion to waste with hostile fire?  
If you went to the portals and ramparts broad and high,  
And Priam and Priam's children devoured there greed-  
ily,

And all the other Trojans, then might you sate your rage.  
Do as you wish, but guard well lest later strife engage  
You with my power, and anger unmeasured bring regret.  
Yet this I tell you plainly, let not your heart forget; 40  
When I desire some city down from its hight to tear,  
Think not to turn my vengeance from those you cherish  
there,

Seek not to sooth my anger, my purpose fell to bind;  
For I gave to you this city with a reluctant mind.  
For, of the cities dwelt in by men of earthly mould,  
Beneath the sun and heaven beset with stars untold,— 45  
Of all these sacred Ilion paid me honour without peer,  
And Priam and the folk of Priam, deft with the ashen  
spear.

And ne'er was altar lacking to me, nor equal feast,  
Nor steam and rich libation in honour to us placed."

Then to him answered Hera, ox-eyed and revered  
she:

"I bear sway o'er three cities, dearest of all to me,  
Argos and Sparta are they, Mikenai with broad ways,—  
I give them; when you hate them, to their foundations  
raze;

I will not stand before you, nor envy you the joy;  
For, if I should oppose you nor suffer to destroy, 55  
My rage would not avail me, since you are stronger far.  
Yet it is not befitting my strenuous toil to mar.  
For I am here a goddess, and your descent is mine,  
And I was born to reverence, in wily Kronos' line,

And both by lineage lofty and as your wife I reign, 60  
 For you o'er all the immortals a sovereign rule maintain.  
 Yield we, then, to each other, I to you, and you to me,  
 And all the gods immortal beneath our sway shall be.  
 But quickly send Athena to carry your commands  
 To both the Trojan warriors and the Achaian bands, 65  
 And plan so that the Trojans, before th' Achaians re-  
 nowned,

Begin to work confusion and break the treaties bound."

She said; and not unmindful was the Sire of gods and  
 men;

And he, winged words addressing, to Athena spoke again:  
 "Go quickly to the army, th' Achaian and Trojan  
 train, 70

And plan so that the Trojans, before th' Achaians re-  
 nowned,

Begin to work confusion and break the treaties bound."

Thus saying, he urged Athena who had wished for  
 this before

And from the Olympian summits her rapid pathway bore.  
 The son of wily Kronos oft sends a splendid star, 75  
 A portent dire to seamen and the wide host of war,  
 And from its fiery vortex ten thousand sparklets glow;  
 Like this Athena Pallas sped to the world below,  
 And sprang down there among them; and wonder held  
 amain

The charger-taming Trojans and well-greaved Achaian  
 train. 80

And, gazing on his neighbour, each one said moodily:  
 "Once more the din of battle and evil war must be,  
 Or Zeus the gift of friendship with either side will share,  
 Who 'mid the generations is arbiter of war."

Thus each of the Achaians and of the Trojans said.—85  
 Laodokos resembling, she to the Trojans sped,  
 Who was Antenor's offspring, a warrior strong and good;  
 Thus, seeking godlike Pandar, her pathway she pursued.  
 Lykaon's great and blameless son 'mid his troops she  
 found,

Whose mighty ranks, shield-sheltered, enclosed their  
 chief renowned, 90

Who led them from the currents which curl Aisepos' breast.

But she stood close beside him and wingèd words addressed:

"Bold son of old Lykaon, will you my counsel heed?  
Dare you 'gainst Menelaos direct a shaft of speed,  
And thus from all the Trojans win great renown and  
grace, 95

But most of all from Paris, a king in power and race?  
And first, from him your daring would splendid gifts obtain,

If warlike Menelaos were by your arrow slain,  
And thus the son of Atreus ascend the mournful pyre.  
Now, at famous Menelaos shoot with an arrow dire; 100  
But vow to King Apollo, Lykian-born, famed with the bow,

A hecatomb most famous of firstlings to bestow  
In Zeleia's holy city when you reach home again."

Athena thus; he listened with thoughtless mind and vain.

He took his bow well-polished, a wild-goat's horns well-dressed, 105  
Which once he saw from ambush and wounded in the breast,

Shooting as it descended a rock; it fell supine;  
The great horns on its forehead were sixteen palms by line;

And these the workers polished and joined in fitting mould,  
And burnished all full fairly and added tips of gold. 110  
He lowered it while he drew it, and close to earth he bore,  
While his astute companions their bucklers held before,  
Lest the sons of the Achaians, all-warlike, should rush on  
Ere he struck Menelaos, great Atreus' valiant son.

The cover from his quiver he took, an arrow chose, 115  
Unshot, winged well with feathers, a cause of sable woes;  
At once upon the bowstring he laid the shaft unworn,  
Vowing to King Apollo, deft archer, Lykian-born,  
His firstling lambs to offer in sacred hecatomb,  
In Zeleia's holy city when he had reached his home. 120  
The notch and ox-nerve seizing, he drew the bowstring so

The nerve came to his bosom, the iron touched the bow.  
 But when the bow enormous in circling curve he drew,  
 Twanged bow, and nerve resounded, and the pointed  
 arrow flew;

Desire to reach the concourse sped on the flying shot. 125

Nor you, O Menelaos, th' immortal gods forgot;  
 But first the guardian daughter of Zeus the bale beheld,  
 And standing there before you the bitter shaft repelled,  
 And kept it from your body as when a mother keeps  
 The fly from her dear infant when it all sweetly sleeps. 130  
 And she the shaft directed where golden rings enlaced  
 The texture of the baldrick, and double thorax braced.  
 The belt well joined and woven the pointed arrow sought,  
 And drove on through the baldrick with cunning labour  
 wrought,

And through the well-wrought breastplate passed to the  
 space below; 135

The plate which fenced the body repelled the flying blow;  
 But, though she strongly warded, the arrow pierced this  
 guard,

And with its point extremest the flesh beneath it marred;  
 At once the blood dark purple out of the wound broke  
 forth.

As a Maionian woman or one of Karian birth 140  
 Dyes ivory with purple to deck the bridle rein;  
 It lies there in her chamber, and many a horseman fain  
 Would deck his charger with it; a royal gift it lies  
 To ornament the courser and him who wields the prize;  
 So were, O Menelaos, stained by the dark blood's flow 145  
 Your legs and thighs well-shapen and ankles fair below.

But Agamemnon shuddered, oppressed by fear profound,

When he the blood all-sable saw flowing from the wound.  
 And Mars-loved Menelaos himself was filled with doubt.  
 But when he saw the tendons and sharp forks standing  
 out, 150

Back in his breast collected, by hope his mind was fed.  
 Among them, deeply sighing, King Agamemnon said,  
 His brother's strong hand holding, while groaned his  
 comrades true;

" Dear brother, the false treaty I swore was death to you,  
 Alone before the Achaians I set to fight with Troy; 155  
 And thus the Trojans wound you and treaties sworn destroy.

Yet not in vain the treaty, the lamb's blood earth received,  
 And our unmixed libations, the hand-clasps we believed.  
 For, if th' Olympian smites not, a later time will see  
 Him wreak full vengeance on them, their wives and progeny. 160

For well I knew this sentence in mind and spirit high,  
 Days come when sacred Ilion prone in the dust will lie,  
 And Priam and the folk of Priam, good with the ashen spear;—

Zeus Kronides, high-dwelling amid the ether clear,  
 Will shake his gloomy aegis inspiring fear in all, 165  
 Moved by such guile to anger; nor vain his threats will fall.—

For me, O Menelaos, transcendent pains were rife,  
 If you died and accomplished the fated doom of life,  
 And I to longed-for Argos, marked by disgrace, should come;

Since to th' Achaians' remembrance would come their fathers' home; 170

And we a boast to Priam and those of Trojan birth  
 Would leave, and Argive Helen; your bones in Trojan earth

Would rot, within it lying, and all your labour vain.  
 And then some haughty Trojan might say in high disdain,  
 While he in insult leapt on famed Menelaos' tomb: 175  
 'Would that to every people Agamemnon's ire may come  
 As when a baffled army of Achaians he led here,  
 And after that went homeward to his native country dear,  
 With empty ships, but leaving Menelaos brave and tried.'  
 If thus he spoke, then, yawning, might me the broad earth hide." 180

But yellow Menelaos addressed with words of cheer:  
 " Be strong lest you discourage th' Achaian people here.  
 The sharply pointed arrow gave not a fatal blow;  
 The varied baldric guarded, and the cincture laid below,

And the brazen plate the workers in brazen work had made." 185

To him in making answer, King Agamemnon said:  
 "Would that, dear Menelaos, all thus were truly found;  
 But now let a physician come here to dress the wound,  
 And place the drugs upon it and ease the sable pain."

He said, but to Talthybios, the herald, spoke again: 190  
 "Talthybios, call Machaon, as soon as may be, here,  
 The son of Esculapius, a healer without peer,  
 That he bold Menelaos, the Achaian chief may see,  
 Whom someone with an arrow has shot—skilled archer he—  
 Some Trojan or some Lykian; his glory, but our  
 grief." 195

Thus he; the herald, hearing, did not disobey the chief,

But went among the people of th' Achaians brazen-clad,  
 Hero Machaon seeking; he found him where he had  
 His station; round him gathered deep ranks of men with  
 shields,

Who followed him from Trika's broad courser-grazing  
 fields. 200

The herald, standing near him, with wingèd words addressed:

"Hero Machaon, rouse you to Agamemnon's hest;  
 That you bold Menelaos, th' Achaian chief may see,  
 Whom someone with an arrow has shot—skilled archer he—  
 Some Trojan or some Lykian; his glory, but our  
 pain." 205

Thus he; but in his bosom the chief's mind moved  
 amain;

He went to the assembly of th' Achaians wide-arrayed,  
 And when he came where yellow Menelaos' wound was  
 made

(Round him, in circle gathered the noblest chieftains  
 stood,

And in their midst was standing the hero, like a god), 210  
 From the well-fitting baldrick the arrow sharp he drew;  
 But, while he drew the arrow, the sharp forks snapped  
 in two.

He loosed the varied baldrick and the band beneath it  
 brought,

And loosed the plated miter which smiths of brass had wrought.

But when he saw the wound which the bitter shaft impressed,

He sucked from it the blood and with mild drugs deftly dressed,

Which Chiron once his father in sign of friendship bare.

While thus they were attending Menelaos, good in war,  
The orders of the Trojans advanced with bucklers dight,  
And the Achaeans put on armour and ranged themselves for fight.

Then godlike Agamemnon seemed not in slumber lost,  
Nor as a man faint-hearted, nor one by battle crossed,  
Yet hastened to the combat which glorifies men's name,  
And left his steeds and chariot adorned with brazen flame;

Apart his chargers snorted, his charioteer held these—

Eurymedon, the son of Ptolemaios Piriades;  
And strictly he enjoined him to keep the chariot nigh,  
When, from viewing many warriors, his limbs toiled heavily;

But he on foot proceeded and the ranks of men reviewed.

And when he saw the Danaans speed by with horses good,

With words, he stood beside them, encouraging their course:

“Argives, relax not ever your tried impetuous force;  
For never to such treachery will Father Zeus give aid;  
And they\* were first in falsehood and sacred oaths betrayed,

But on their tender bodies the birds of prey will feed,  
And we their infant children and cherished wives will lead

As captives in our vessels when we the city mar.”

But those he saw avoiding the hated front of war,  
On these he heaped reproaches in words of angry flame:

“Dishonoured Argive archers, are you not seized by shame?

\*The Trojans



Why stand ye here in stupour like fawns distressed and  
vain,

Who, when they tire by running upon the ample plain,  
Stand there, and in their bosoms no powers of action  
glow?

Thus you stand here astonished, nor dare to fight the foe.  
Do you expect the Trojans to bring the war where  
stand

245

The ships, with fair sterns fashioned, upon the gray sea's  
strand,

To see if then Kronion will guard you with his hand?"

Thus he with power commanding the ranks of men re-  
viewed,

And went then to the Kretans where a band of warriors  
stood

Round Idomeneus, the warlike; their radiant arms they  
wore;

250

Idomeneus was foremost, in courage like a boar;

But Merion urged onward the hindmost phalanx then.

And, seeing them, joy gladdened Agamemnon, king of  
men,

Idomeneus he spoke to with flattery discreet:

"Idomeneus, of Danaans borne on by horses fleet, 255

You most I hold in favour, in war or peace you shine,

Or at the feast, when honours are pledged in sparkling  
wine,

Which the princes of the Argives mix in the crater's  
heart.

And, though the other Achaians long-haired drink up  
their part,

Your beaker by you ever stands full, as mine by me, 260

To drink when it a helper to cheer the mind may be.

But rouse yourself for battle, fulfil the boasts you made."

At once the Kretan leader in answer to him said:

"I will be a leal companion, Atrides great, to you,

As I before have promised and confirmed that promise  
true;

265

But the other long-haired Achaians with your eager  
words provoke

To go at once to battle, since the truce the Trojans broke;  
Since first they broke the treaty, be death and ills their  
part."

Thus he; Atrides passed on rejoicing in his heart.  
He came to the Ajaces, going through the bands re-  
nowned; 270  
And both were armed and ready, with a cloud of footmen  
round.

As from a crag a goatherd beholds a cloud beneath,  
Advancing on the ocean, driven by Zephyr's breath;  
It seems to him, though distant, blacker than pitch in  
form;

Going upon the waters, it leads the whirling storm, 275  
And seeing it, he shudders and drives his flock to caves;  
And such, around th' Ajaces, were the Zeus-nurtured  
braves;

Arranged in dense, dark phalanx, they moved upon the  
fields,

To hostile war advancing, horrent with spears and shields.  
And, seeing them, joy gladdened King Agamemnon's  
breast; 280

And he, the chiefs haranguing, with wingèd words ad-  
dressed:

"Ajaces, ye two leaders of the brass-clad Argive band  
(Since inciting is not seemly), in nothing I command;  
You instigate your people to fight with courage true.  
Would that, Zeus Sire, Athena and King Apollo, too, 285  
Such courage might be given to fire the breasts of all!  
Thus soon King Priam's city would in destruction fall,  
Captured and laid in ruin by our all-conquering hands."

Thus he, and left them standing and went to the other  
bands;

But next he came to Nestor, the Pylians' orator, 290  
Arranging his companions and urging on to war:  
Great Pelagon, Alastor and Chromios, and then,  
Haimon, the prince, and Bias, a pastor true of men.  
First came the men on horses and those who chariots  
drive;

He placed the foot behind them, and they were many and  
brave, 295

To be a wall of battle; he placed between the worse,  
And thus, if they desired not, they fought, compelled by  
force,

The horsemen first instructing, he by his precepts showed  
How they should rein their horses, nor thunder in a crowd:

“Let none, although confiding in horsemanship and  
might, 300

Seek singly with the Trojans, before the rest to fight,  
Nor yet recede faint-hearted, for such are weak in war.  
Let no one leave the chariots to meet another car,  
But fight with spear protruded; for this is better far.

Thus those who lived before us cities and walls o'er-  
threw, 305

Having within their bosoms prudence and valour true.”

The old man thus exhorted, versed in the wars of eld;  
King Agamemnon gladdened when he the chief beheld,  
And, speaking to him clearly, with wingèd words ad-  
dressed:

“Old man, would that as strong as the fervour in your  
breast, 310

Your knees were strong to follow, your strength were  
firm withal;

Yet age's passing wears you as it oppresses all;  
Would that some other had it, if this could youth provide.”

Gerenian Nestor, horseman, thus to his words replied:  
“Much could I wish, Atrides, that now such force were  
mine, 315

As when I slew in battle Ereuthalion divine.

But men the godheads never with all their gifts endow;  
Once I had youthful vigour, but old age wears me now.  
I will be among the horsemen, with words and counsels  
sage,

To guide them in the conflict; this is the gift of age. 320  
The younger of the warriors will wield the spear in fight;  
They render fitter service and rely upon their might.”

Thus he; Atrides, gladdened in heart, pursued his  
course,

And found the son of Peteus, Menestheus, lord of horse;  
About him the Athenians, skilled men of war, were  
lined, 325

And close to them was standing Odysseus, deft of mind;  
 Near him the warlike orders of Kephallonians stood,  
 For they not yet had hearkened to the battle-cry of blood;  
 For the charger-taming Trojans and the Achaian war  
 But lately moved to conflict, and they stood expectant  
 there 330

Till some band of the Achaians should wake the war  
 again

By charging on the Trojans.—Agamemnon, king of men,  
 When thus he saw them standing, his stern reproofs ex-  
 pressed,

And, speaking to them clearly, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

“O you, the son of Peteus, the great Zeus-nurtured  
 king, 335

And you, in wiles e’er ready, whose mind is cunning’s  
 spring,

Why stand aloof and tremble and on the others wait?

It seems you with the foremost to stand in this debate,

And meet the burning battle. You first my banquet  
 shared

Whenever we Achaians for the kings a feast prepared. 340

There on roast meat you feasted and drank sweet cups  
 of wine,

So far as met your pleasure; but now you gaze supine,

Though ten bands of Achaians ere you fierce war should  
 find.”

Then, gazing on him grimly, said Odysseus, deft of  
 mind:

“Atreides, what reproaches were those your anger  
 spake! 345

How are we lax in battle? When the Achaians wake

The charger-taming Trojans with the acrid din of war,

You shall see, if you desire it, if for these things you care,

Telemachos’ dear father\* with the foremost on the plain,

’Mid the charger-taming Trojans; for what you speak is  
 vain.” 350

Then said King Agamemnon and, saying it, he smiled,  
 When he beheld his anger, and thus the words beguiled:

“Laertiades most generous, Odysseus many-skilled,

\*Odysseus.

In nothing do I chide you, nor order what I willed.  
 I know in your dear bosom your mind just counsel  
 sought, 355  
 And what you found there ready, that was the thing I  
 thought.

But come, be this forgotten; if I spoke ought of bane,  
 May the immortals render all that I said in vain."

Thus saying, he left them standing and to the others  
 sped.

He found the son of Tydeus, high-minded Diomed, 360  
 Standing amid the horses and chariots armed for use;  
 Sthenelos stood beside him, the son of Kapaneus.  
 King Agamemnon, seeing, to him reproofs expressed  
 And, speaking to him clearly, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

" Alas! son of bold Tydeus, horse-tamer famed afar, 365  
 Why do you shrink and gaze on the bridges of the war?  
 'T was not the wont of Tydeus to stand and tremble so,  
 Yet far before his comrades cherished he fought the foe;  
 Those who looked on his labour, and who his deeds  
 beheld,

(I was not there, and saw not), have told how he ex-  
 celled. 370

A guest he sought Mukenai, without the train of war,  
 With godlike Polynikes, and asked for people there;  
 For they waged war to make of Thebes' holy walls a prize,  
 And earnestly entreated to gain renowned allies.

The folk were fain to aid them and granted what they  
 prayed, 375

But Zeus showed his disfavour and fateful signs displayed.  
 They afterwards departed and journeyed on their road,  
 And came where the Asopos deep sedge and grasses  
 showed.

A message for the Thebans th' Achaians by Tydeus sent.  
 He found full many Kadmeians at banquet when he  
 went, 380

Assembled in the mansions of th' Eteoklean\* might.  
 But horse-borne Tydeus felt not, though guest, the chill  
 of fright;

\*Eteokles himself.

Alone 'mid many Kadmeians, out of the festal hall  
He called them forth to combat and lightly conquered  
all;

Such was his aid Athena, who gave immortal force. 385  
But rage seized the Kadmeians, goaders of flying horse;—  
When he returned they waited in crowded ambuscade  
Of fifty youths; two chosen from them were leaders  
made;

Maion, the son of Haimon, like the immortals, one,  
One, war-strong Polyphontes, Autophonos's son. 390  
But Tydeus fought them strongly and gave disgraceful  
doom;

He slew them, and one only he spared and sent him home;  
And he, in sparing Maion, did as th' immortals bade.  
Such was Aitolian Tydeus; yet you, the son he had,  
Are less than he in battle, and more in words confide." 395

Thus he; but to him nothing strong Diomed replied,  
Shamed by the stern reproaches made by the revered  
king.

But famous Kapaneus's son\* said in answering:

"Atrides, speak not falsehoods, you can the truth aver.  
We boast that we are greater than e'er our fathers  
were; 400

We took the city Thebai, seven-gated capital,  
And led a smaller army beneath Mars' sacred wall,  
Confiding in the signs of the gods and Zeus's aid;  
But they sank to destruction by boundless pride betrayed.  
Be not, then, to our fathers like praise attributed." 405

But, gazing on him grimly, strong Diomedes said:  
"My Sthenelos, be silent and hear the words I say.  
I blame not Agamemnon, the people's guide and stay,  
Who urges on to battle the well-greaved Achaian train.  
Him will great glory follow if the Achaians gain 410  
The victory o'er the Trojans and take sacred Ilion.  
To him it were great grief if th' Achaians were o'er-  
thrown.

But come now, let us care for the prize by valour  
crowned."

\*Sthenelos.

Thus he, and from his chariot in arms leapt to the  
ground;

And dire the brass resounded on the monarch's smitten  
breast, 415

So that a dauntless spirit had been by fear impressed.

As when upon the shore of the many-echoing main,  
The waves throng in and thunder, driven by Zephyr's  
train;

They swell at first in ocean and, with a mighty roar,  
Break on the rocks unyielding which guard the jagged  
shore; 420

The swelling wave is broken, the sea's foam flung afar;  
Thus the thick troops of Danaans passed ever on to war.  
Each chieftain gave the order, in silence marched the rest  
(You could not say such numbers a single voice possessed.)  
They obeyed their chiefs in silence, and round them all  
a flame 425

Shone from their varied armour which wrapped them  
as they came.

The Trojans were like many white sheep in rich man's  
fold,

Which stand and wait the milker till the snowy milk is  
told,

And cease not in their bleating, for they hear their lamb-  
kins cry;

Thus the clamour of the Trojans from their wide host  
rose on high. 430

For not one call they echoed and not one voice they bare,  
But many tongues were mingled, and many nations there.  
They were impelled by Ares and Athena fiery-eyed,  
By Fear and Flight and Discord, whom sateless furies  
guide,

The sister and companion of Ares homicide; 435  
Small is at first her stature, but as the days go forth,  
Her head is raised to heaven while she walks upon the  
earth,

The roar and din and struggle she views with equal ken,  
And, going through the tumult, augments the groans of  
men,

But when they came together, shield ox-hide shield

beset, 440  
And lances clashed with lances, and brass-clad warriors  
met;

And bossy bucklers crashed on the bucklers of the foes,  
And high above the tumult a mighty clamour rose.

The wail and cry of triumph announced the varied mood  
Of men who slew or perished; the earth flowed foul with  
blood. 445

As when the wintry torrents which down the mountain go,  
Mingle their rapid waters, borne in tumultuous flow  
From wide unfailing sources, and in deep chasms crash,  
And far off in the mountains the shepherd hears the clash;  
Thus by the shout and clamour of their meeting all was  
thrilled. 450

† Anilochos, the first one, a Trojan warrior killed,  
Thalysiades Echepolos, who 'mid the foremost fought;  
He struck the helmet's summit with densest horsehair  
wrought,

And pierced him in the forehead; the brazen point  
assailed

The bone which lay within it; and night his vision  
veiled. 455

He fell as falls a turret when war's strong currents meet.

King Elephenor seized on the fallen by the feet,

Chalkodon's son Elphenor, great-souled Abantes' chief,

And drew him from the javelins his arms to spoil in brief;

But short was his endeavour, for, as he dragged the  
dead, 460

Great-souled Agenor saw him and his brazen javelin sped,

And struck him where his buckler exposed the side be-  
neath,

Which he had bared in bending; his limbs were loosed  
in death.

Thus him the life deserted; o'er him was labour dire

For Trojans and Achaians; and they, like wolves in  
ire, 465

Rushed grimly at each other and slaughtered man for  
man.

Then Telamonian Ajax struck great Anthemion's son,  
A gallant youth, Simoisios; and whom his mother bore,



As she came down from Ida, on Simois's shore,  
Where she her parents followed to see their sheep displayed; 470

Thus was he called Simoisios; nor to his parents paid  
The care they gave in nurture; his years were few and vain,

Since by the spear of Ajax great-minded he was slain.  
Now, while the youth came onward he\* pierced the dexter breast,

And through the adverse shoulder the brazen javelin pressed. 475

And, like a poplar slender, he fell in dust to earth,  
Which in the watery places of great swamps has its birth;  
And smooth the graceful branches upon the summit grow;  
But he who makes a chariot with bright iron lays it low,  
That he may bend to felloes of an all-beauteous car; 480  
And there it lies and withers by the river's banks afar;  
Thus Zeus-descended Ajax despoiled Anthemides dead.  
But Antiphos, Priam's offspring, in varied thorax clad,  
Hurled at him in the tumult, vainly, his pointed spear;  
It struck the thigh of Leukos, Odysseus' brave com-  
peer, 485

Who dragged the slain man's body away upon the sand.  
But he dropped down beside it, and the dead fell from  
his hand.

Then through his mind Odysseus felt rage unmeasured  
pass,

He pressed on through the foremost, all armed in shining  
brass,

And stood, anear them going, and flung his glancing  
spear, 490

Observing well about him. The Trojans to the rear  
Pressed when they saw him aiming; not vain the shaft  
was thrown;

The spurious son of Priam it pierced, Demokoon,  
Who came there from Abydos, where speedy mares he  
bred.

In anger for his comrade his spear Odysseus sped 495  
And struck him on the temple; the other side impaled

\*Ajax.

The brazen-pointed javelin, and night his vision veiled.  
 He fell with crash resounding, his armour o'er him rang,  
 And back the quailing vanguard and noble Hektor  
 sprang.

The Argives shouted greatly and dragged away the  
 slain, 500

And far their ranks pressed onward.—Apollo raged  
 amain,

From Pergamos beholding, and shouted to the plain:

“Rouse ye, horse-taming Trojans, nor from the Ar-  
 gives turn;

Their flesh is not of iron, nor stone, by blows unworn,  
 That they the brass, flesh-rending, flung by your hands  
 may bear, 505

Nor fights the son of Thetis, Achilles with fair hair;  
 Yet, staying by the vessels, he burns with frenzied ire.”

Thus shouted from the city to them the godhead dire;  
 Th' Achaïans Zeus's daughter, most glorious Trito-born,  
 Roused, passing through the army, whene'er she saw  
 them turn. 510

And next Amarynkides Diore's Fate ensnared.

A jagged rocky fragment struck on the ankle bared  
 Of his right leg, and cast it a Thracian chief of fame,  
 Imbrasides, great Piroos, who from fair Ainos came.  
 And both the bones and tendons the shameless missile  
 broke; 515

Supine in dust extended he fell before the stroke,  
 And to his dear companions stretched both his hands for  
 aid,

Exhaling life; but Piroos, whose hand the wound had  
 made,

Rushed on and, by the navel, with brazen spear impaled;  
 His entrails all gushed earthward, and night his vision  
 veiled. 520

As he was rushing onward, Aitolian Thoas flung  
 Against his breast a javelin, the brass fixed in the lung.  
 And, going near him, Thoas the mighty javelin tore  
 From out his breast; his falchion keen from its sheath  
 he bore,

And struck the middle belly and took the life away. 525

He did not strip the armour, for the allied array  
 Of the hair-combing Thrakians, with long spears in their  
     hands,  
 Pushed him, though great and mighty and noble, from  
     their bands,  
 And he turned back before them who greater force displayed.  
 And thus, beside each other, these two in dust were  
     laid; 530  
 And one led on the Thrakians, one, th' Epeians brazen-  
     dressed  
 But round them many others in death were laid at rest.  
     No one could blame the battle, who through its midst  
     might pass  
 Unhurt by flying javelins, unsmit by pointed brass,  
 Watched by Athena Pallas who, taking by the hand, 535  
 Should turn aside the weapons and the missiles' flight  
     withstand.  
 For many of the Achaians and the Trojans on that day  
 Prone in the dust extended, by one another lay.

## BOOK V.

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### THE EXPLOITS OF DIOMEDES.

Then to Diomed Tydides Pallas Athena gave  
 Strength and undaunted daring 'mid all the Argives  
     brave,  
 That he might shine in battle and lustrous fame acquire.  
 She kindled on his helmet and shield undying fire,  
 Like that of fiercest splendour by the star\* of summer  
     shed 5  
 When wet by baths of Ocean; such shoulders lit and head.  
 She urged him to the middle where the greatest numbers  
     ran.  
 There was a Trojan, Dares, a rich and blameless man,  
 A priest he of Hephaistos; and two sons he had there,  
 \*Sirius.

One, Phegeus, one, Idaios, both knowing well all war. 10  
These two without companions came on with furious  
bound;

They battled from the chariot while he\* stood on the  
ground.

And when they were together, coming from both sides  
near,

Phegeus, the first, flung forward his great long-shadowed  
spear;

O'er Diomed's left shoulder the spear's point struck the  
sand, 15

And wounded not; Tydides then rushed with brass in  
hand;

And not in vain the javelin fled from his hand to mar,  
But struck between the nipples and forced him† from  
the car.

Idaios then leapt from it, leaving the beauteous wain,  
Nor dared to stay upon it and protect his brother stain; 20  
But by no means was able to escape black Fate by flight,  
Had not Hephaistos guarded and saved him, veiled by  
night,

That not his aged father unmeasured grief might sway,  
The son of great-souled Tydeus the horses drove away,  
That to the hollow vessels his comrades might convey. 25  
But when the great-souled Trojans Dares' two sons  
beheld,

One, flying from the combat, one, by the chariot killed,  
Their minds were tossed by passion; but fierce-eyed  
Athena took

The hand of rushing Ares and with these words bespoke:

"Ares destroying mortals, blood-stained, o'erthrowing  
walls, 30

Leave we th' Achaians and Trojans to struggle in these  
brawls;

And who shall have the glory let Father Zeus decide,  
But let us leave the battle and Zeus's wrath avoid."

Thus saying, she from the combat impetuous Ares led,  
And caused him to be seated by Skamander's grassy  
bed. 35

\*Diomed. †Phegeus.

The Danaans turned the Trojans; each chief a man  
 slew then,  
 And first of all great Hodios Agamemnon, king of men,  
 Chief of the Halizonians, cast from the chariot's hight.  
 He\* struck the back of Hodios with spear when he† took  
 flight;

It passed between the shoulders and through the bosom  
 sprang. 40

He† fell with crash resounding, and his armour o'er  
 him rang.

Idomeneus slew Phaistos, Maionian Boros' son,  
 Who came from fertile Tarnè to sacred Ilion.

Idomeneus, spear-famous, with his long lance afar  
 Struck him in the right shoulder as he sprang on his  
 car. 45

He fell out of the chairot, and foul night seized in prey;  
 Idomeneus' attendants carried his spoils away.

Atrides Menelaos with his sharp javelin slew  
 Skamandrios, son of Strophios, a huntsman skilled and  
 true;

He was a mighty hunter, for Artemis had taught 50  
 To shoot the varied monsters the mountain forests  
 brought.

But Artemis, rejoicing in arrows, naught availed,  
 Nor skill in distant shooting in which he erst prevailed.  
 And spear-famed Menelaos Atrides in attack,  
 As he fled on before him, wounded him in the back 55  
 With spear; between the shoulders and through the  
 breast it sprang.

And prone he fell, and, falling, his armour o'er him rang.  
 Merion craftsman Phereklos, the son of Harmon,  
 killed,

Whose hands knew cunning labour, in all arts dedal  
 skilled;

Pallas Athena loved him and many an honour paid; 60  
 And he for Alexander the equal vessels made,  
 The spring of all the evils which to all the Trojans fell,  
 And to himself, not knowing the godheads' oracle.

Him Merion pursuing, just as he overtook,  
 \*Agamemnon. †Hodios.

In the hip dexter wounded; the point passed on and  
struck 65

Right through close to the bladder, passing beneath the  
bone.

Kneeling he fell, lamenting, and death concealed his own.

Then Meges slew Pedaios, Antenor's spurious son;  
Divine Theano nurtured and left no care undone,  
As with her own dear children, to please her husband  
dear. 70

But spear-renowned Phylides, to him approaching near,  
The back part of his head struck with his sharp pointed  
spear;

And through the teeth it drove on and cut the tongue be-  
neath.

He fell in dust and seized on the cold brass with his teeth.

Euaimon's son, Eurypylos noble Hypsenor killed, 75  
Son of great-souled Dolopion, Skamander's priest all-  
skilled,

To whom, like an immortal, the people's grace was shown;  
And, as he fled before him, Euaimon's famous son,  
Eurypylos, pursuing, rushed on him with his brand  
And, striking in the shoulder, cut off his heavy hand. 80  
The bloody hand fell earthward, lost to his agonies,  
And purple Death seized on him, and strong Fate closed  
his eyes.

Thus in the headlong battle they toiled on either side.  
And which force owned Tydides you might not well de-  
cide,

If he were with the Trojans or the Achaian train. 85  
For like a mountain torrent he rushed upon the plain,  
Which breaks in wrack the bridges in its tumultuous  
course;

And laboured bridges hold not nor check its headlong  
force,

And not the thickset hedges of verdant fields retain  
Its rapid flood when swollen by Zeus's heavy rain; 90  
And many fair works of manhood are in its fury lost;  
Thus the dense Trojan phalanx was by Tydides tost;  
Nor did they wait his coming though many a warrior  
shone.

When this to noble Pandar, Lykaon's son, was known:  
That he confused the phalanx and thundered on the  
plain, 95

He drew against Tydides his crooked bow amain,  
And shot him rushing onward, in his right shoulder, true  
In the hollow of the thorax, and the bitter shaft rushed  
through

The part exposed before it; and blood the thorax dyed.  
And loud at this the noble son of Lykaon cried: 100

"Rouse ye, great-minded Trojans, goaders of flying  
steeds.

For, wounded by my arrow, the best Achaian bleeds;  
He will not long the arrow endure, if Zeus's son,\*  
The King, inspired metruely and from Lykia urged me on."

He mocked thus; the sharp arrow broke not Tydides'  
mood, 105

He turned back and in front of his car and horses stood,  
And Kapaneus's offspring, bold Sthenelos, addressed:

"Dear Sthenelos, leave the chariot and come to me in  
haste,

That you may from my shoulder the bitter shaft draw  
forth."

Thus he; and from the chariot Sthenelos leapt to  
earth; 110

He came and the swift arrow out of the shoulder drew;  
But through the twisted armour the spurting blood-  
drops flew.

Then Diomed, good in battle, prayed to Athena thus:

"Hear me, unwearied daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
If e'er you to my father or me lent friendly aid, 115  
In hostile fight, Athena, be now your love displayed;  
Give me to slay this warrior and reach with rushing  
spear,

Who shot, anticipating, and boasts that not long here  
Shall I behold the splendid gleams of the sunlight fair."

Thus spoke he, praying; Pallas Athena heard his  
prayer; 120

On feet and hands and members a lightness she im-  
pressed

\*Apollo.

And, standing close beside him, with wingèd words  
addressed:

“With strength now, Diomedes, against the Trojans  
fight;  
Your sire’s strength in your bosom I place; it knows not  
fright;  
Such had the horseman Tydeus, who brandished bucklers  
bore.—

125

I dissipate the darkness, which dimmed your eyes before,  
That well you may distinguish between the gods and men.  
Now if a god, to tempt you, shall come within your ken,  
With the other gods immortal do not presume to fight;  
But if fair Aphrodite, Jove’s daughter, meet your sight 130  
Amid the strife and warring, her wounds with sharp  
brass bear.”

Saying this, fierce-eyed Athena turned back and left  
him there.

Tydides to the foremost who fought in haste returned;  
Though he before with ardour to fight the Trojans  
burned,

Now threefold strength possessed him; such does a lion  
thrill,

135

Whom a shepherd in the country grazes, but does not  
kill,

When, the fleecy sheep pursuing, he leaps within the  
yard;

This but incites his fury, the shepherd leaves his ward  
And flies within the sheepfold, and the sheep deserted fly

And, huddled in confusion, on one another lie;

140

But he, rejoicing greatly, leaps from the lofty fold;

Thus fiercely with the Trojans mixed Diomedes bold.

Then Astynooos and Hypiron, pastor of folk, he slew.

To one above the mamma his brass-shod javelin flew;

With his great sword the other he ’mid neck and shoulder  
struck,

145

And from the neck the shoulder and eke the back he took.

He left them and great Abas and Polyidos sought;

Eurydamas, their father, what dreams portended taught,

But when they went he told not their dreams foreboding  
harms,



And mighty Diomedes despoiled them of their arms. 150  
 He rushed to Xanthos, Thoon, both sons of Phainops  
     sage,  
 And both by him were cherished, who withered in sad  
     age;  
 No other son begot he to give his hoarded store.  
 But Diomed despoiled them and from both the dear life  
     tore,  
 And left to their old father dark care and sorrow's  
     gloom, 155  
 Since not alive from battle they came to greet his home;  
 And all his gathered treasures his distant kinsmen  
     shared.

Two sons of Dardan Priam, who in one chariot fared,  
 Chromios and Echemmon he took from off their car.  
 And as a lion rushing amid the bushy scar, 160  
 Where herds of beeves are grazing, breaks a heifer's  
     neck or steer's;  
 Thus from their car Tydides cast them despite their  
     fears,  
 Which made them all unwilling; he took the arms they  
     wore,  
 But gave his friends the horses who to the vessels bore.  
 But when Æneas saw him breaking the ranks of  
     men, 165  
 He went amid the battle and the crash of spears and  
     then  
 Sought after godlike Pandar, where'er he kept his  
     bound.

The son of old Lykaon, blameless and strong, be found;  
 And stood apace before him and thus addressed him  
     there:

"Where is your bow, O Pandar, your wingèd arrows,  
     where, 170  
 And glory? For disputes it no man whom here we view,  
 And no man in your Lykia claims greater skill than you.  
 Shoot at this man an arrow, raising to Zeus your hands;  
 Whoe'er he be that conquers (for to the Trojan bands  
 He wrought full many an evil and loosened many a  
     knee 175

Of strong and able warriors); unless a god he be  
 Who bears the Trojans rancour for slighted sacrifice;  
 And they descend to ruin on whom a god's wrath lies."

The famed son of Lykaon his answer thus expressed:  
 "Æneas, bearing counsel for the Trojans brazen-  
 dressed, 180

He seems like bold Tydides by every mark revealed;  
 I know him by his helmet high-crested and his shield,  
 And by gazing on his horses; yet he a god may be.  
 But if a man, I say that Tydeus' warlike son is he;  
 Yet not without a godhead his rage were thus en-  
 dowed, 185

One of the gods stand near him with shoulders veiled in  
 cloud,

Who turned the rapid arrow away ere it could smite.  
 For I sent forth an arrow and struck his shoulder right,  
 And through the breastplate's hollow the flying missile  
 fled;

And I thought that I had sent him to the monarch of the  
 dead, 190

Yet I did not destroy him; some angered god is there.  
 I have no steeds nor chariot on which to ride to war;  
 Yet in Lykaon's mansions eleven fair cars are told,  
 Well-built and newly finished, and round them cloths  
 are rolled;

And, by each one, the horses paired by each other  
 stand, 195

And feed on snowy barley and stores of wheat command.  
 And truly, when I parted, old Lykaon, warrior brave,  
 Me, in his well-built mansions, full many a counsel gave;  
 He ordered me to ride on the horses and the cars,  
 And tower above the Trojans amid the mighty wars; 200  
 But I did not obey him (though it far better were),  
 Because I feared my coursers might lack for forage here;  
 For many were in the city, and the steeds had been well  
 fed.

I left them in the stables and on foot to Ilion sped,  
 Confiding in my arrows; but they in naught availed; 205  
 Two chiefs have I already with these vain shafts assailed,  
 Tydides and Atrides; from both of them I drew

Unfeigned blood when I struck them, but simply roused  
the two.

That day with evil fortune the curved bow I took down  
From its peg and led the Trojans to pleasant Ilion, 210  
That thus a grace to Hektor divine might come from me.  
If e'er I go back safely and with these eyes may see  
My cherished wife and country and mansion widely-  
spread,

May then some hostile warrior at once cut off my head,  
If I cast not bow and arrows in the shining fire amain 215  
By my hand marred and broken; for they went with me  
in vain."

The Trojan chief, Æneas, to him in turn replied:  
"Speak thus no more; but other event will not betide  
Till we against this warrior, with horses and with car,  
Go out to meet in battle and try with arms in war. 220  
Yet come, mount now my chariot that Trojan steeds you  
view,

Swift on the plain and skillful to fly and to pursue;  
And safely to the city we two our course may bend,  
If Zeus to Diomedes shall still his grace extend.  
But come, take now the whip and receive the reins all  
bright, 225

And I will mount the chariot that I by you may fight;  
Or you oppose this warrior, and I the steeds will guide."

The famed son of Lykaon to him in turn replied:  
"Hold you the reins, Æneas, and drive your steeds to  
war,

Who, for their old lord, better will draw the curving  
car 230

(If we by fate of battle from Tydeus' son shall fare),  
Lest they from fear grow restive and feel no wish to bear  
Us two away from combat, seeking your voice in vain;  
Then the son of great-souled Tydeus may rush upon us  
twain

And kill us, and the horses entire-hoofed drive away. 235  
Your chariot and your coursers yourself drive to the fray,  
And I will meet him rushing, receiving with sharp spear."

Thus spoke they; then ascended the varied chariot  
near,

And fast against Tydides their rapid steeds impelled.  
 But Kapaneus's offspring, famed Sthenelos, beheld, 240  
 And quickly to Tydides his wingèd words addressed:

"Tydides Diomedes, most cherished in my breast,  
 I see two mighty warriors whose rage to fight you glows,  
 And they have strength unbounded; the one, versed well  
 in bows,

Is Pandaros who boasts him Lykaon's son to be; 245

Æneas is the other; great Anchises' son is he;

Aphroditè is his mother. Come, let us leave the strife,  
 Nor thus rush through the vanguard, lest you lose your  
 cherished life."

But, gazing on him grimly, strong Diomedes said:  
 "Do not to fear exhort me, since I will not be led; 250

I was not born for skulking nor by base wiles to fight,

Nor was I born to tremble with yet unbroken might;

I scorn to mount my chariot but, as I am, I go;

Pallas Athena suffers me not to fear the foe.

Yet these their rapid coursers shall not from us convey; 255

Both shall not fly in safety, though one escape the fray.

Another thing I tell you, conceal it in your mind;

If Athena many-counselled for me such fame designed

As to slaughter both these chieftains, these swift steeds  
 here detain

By stretching from the chariot's high rim the bridle  
 rein. 260

Rush on Æneas' horses and seize them with your hands

And from the Trojans drive to the well-greaved Achaian  
 bands.

For these are of the lineage of those which Tros once won

Of far-seeing Zeus as ransom for Ganymed, his son;

Thus they are best of horses which go 'neath sun or  
 dawn. 265

By king of men Anchises a stolen breed was drawn;

Laomedon not knowing, he led mares to the place,

Thus in his courts receiving six foals of this high race;

Of these he kept four coursers and at his mangers fed,

But two he gave Æneas, and terror dire they spread; 270

If we these two should ravish great glory would we gain."

Thus spoke they to each other as they passed o'er the  
 plain;

They urged their rapid horses and swift the two sped on.  
And first addressed Tydides Lykaon's famous son:

"Mighty in mind and warlike, illustrious Tydeus  
son, 275  
My swift shaft did not slay you, the bitter arrow's flight;  
But now with flying javelin I seek once more to smite."

He said and, strongly shaking, flung his long-shadowed  
spear  
And struck Tydides' buckler; the brazen point flew clear  
Through the firm orb opposing and on the breastplate  
struck. 280

Then, shouting to him loudly, Lykaon's famed son spoke:  
"You through the flank are wounded and have not  
long to live,

If what I think deceives not; to me great fame you give."

But him without confusion strong Diomed addressed:  
"You erred and did not strike me and will not cease  
your quest, 285

I think, till one or the other of you two fall afiel,  
And with your blood sate Ares, warrior with bull's hide  
shield."

Saying this, he flung; Athena drove on the javelin true  
To the nose, close by the eyeball, and it pierced the white  
teeth through.

The brass unwearied cut, then, the tongue's last root  
within; 290

The flying point found exit at the extremest chin.

He tumbled from the chariot, and round him clanged his  
mail,

Varied and brightly shining, and trembled at the bale  
The rapid-footed coursers; and loosed were soul and  
strength.

Æneas then rushed forward, with shield and spear  
of length, 295

Fearing that the Achaians might drag the corse from  
sight;

And strode there, like a lion confiding in his might;  
He held his spear before him and his all-equal shield,  
Prepared to kill the warrior who crossed the hostile field,  
Shouting with cries terrific. A rocky fragment there 300

Tydides, seized, huge burden which not two men could  
bear,

Such as to-day are mortals; he shook with ease alone.  
On Æneas' hip he cast it where the thigh turns in the  
bone;

And this is called the socket; the socket broke within;  
The rough rock broke both tendons and tore away the  
skin. 305

Thus to his knees the hero sank in his agonies,  
On earth his strong hand resting; and black night veiled  
his eyes.

Now king of men, Æneas, had been destruction's  
thrall,

If Jove's child, Aphroditè, had not quickly known it all,  
His mother, who, t' Anchises bore him while beeves  
he fed; 310

Around her son all-cherished her snowy arms she spread;  
The folds of her bright garments she held before him so  
They should turn the arrows from him, and no swift-  
horsed Danaan foe

Should fling brass in his bosom and take his life away.

Thus she her son well-cherished in stealth bore from  
the fray; 315

But Kapaneus's offspring the words did not forget  
Which war-strong Diomedes had for his guidance set.  
He took the whole-hoofed horses away from din and roar,  
And from the chariot's railing stretched out the reins  
they bore;

With Æneas' fair-maned horses he rushed along the  
plain, 320

And drove them from the Trojans to the well-greaved  
Argive train,

And to Deipulos gave them (his comrade dear and kind,  
Whom most of friends he honoured, for they were alike  
in mind),

To drive to the hollow vessels. But his own steeds and  
car

The hero mounted, taking the reins which shone afar; 325  
With strong-hoofed steeds Tydides he sought in eager  
mood;

Tydidēs Aphroditē with cruel brass pursued;  
 He knew she was unwarlike, nor ruled o'er men in war,  
 Nor was she as Athena or dire Bellona are.

But when he had o'ertaken, having through a great crowd  
 run,

His mighty spear extending, great-minded Tydeus' son  
 Her hand's extreme part wounded, rushing with the sharp  
 spear

Upon the feeble goddess; swiftly in its career,  
 Through her ambrosial garment which the very Graces  
 wove,

Above the palm extremest, through the skin the javelin  
 drove.

Then flowed her blood immortal, ichor in gods divine,  
 Since bread they do not eat of nor drink of sparkling wine.  
 [And they, thus being bloodless, the name *immortal* won.]  
 But she with shrieks resounding cast from her hands her  
 son;

Phœbus Apollo guarded him with a dark cloud so,  
 And with his hands protected, that no swift-horsed  
 Danaan foe

Might fling brass in his bosom and take his life away.  
 But warlike Diomedes shouted at her dismay:

“ Turn backward, Zeus's daughter, the war and battle  
 leave;

Is 't not enough for you that weak women you deceive  
 But, since in war you mingle, henceforth I think that you  
 Will shrink from strife and warring, though distant  
 from your view.”

Thus he; but she, distracted, went off, by toil subdued;  
 And her swift Iris taking, led from the multitude,  
 Worn as she was by anguish; so, black grew her fair  
 skin.

Then found she fierce Mars sitting on the left of the  
 battle's din;

A veil of darkness shrouded his rapid steeds and spear;  
 But on her knees she fell and besought her brother dear,  
 With many a protestation for his steeds brow-decked  
 with gold:

“ Dear brother, give your horses, me let your care  
 unfold,

So I may reach Olympus where the godheads' dwellings  
are.

For sore the wound oppresses which me a mortal bare;  
A mortal man, Tydides, who would war with Zeus, the  
Sire."

"Thus she; Mars gave the horses with brows of golden  
fire.

The chariot she ascended, her heart consumed by  
pains, 360

And by her Iris mounted and took in hand the reins.

She scourged the steeds to drive them, and not averse  
they flew.

They reached the gods' seat quickly, Olympus high and  
blue;

There agile, wind-swift Iris restrained the coursers  
good,

And loosed them from the chariot and gave ambrosial  
food. 365

At once the goddess Venus fell at Dionè's knee,

Her mother's who, caressing her daughter lovingly,

Fondled with hand all-tender and said the word and  
spoke:

"Dear child, who of th' immortals such outrage on  
you wroke,

In wrath, as if in malice you compassed evil wiles?" 370

To her at once responded Aphroditè, loving smiles :

"The son of Tydeus wounded, presumptuous Diomed;

Since my dear son Æneas I from the battle led,

Who is, of all men mortal, to me the dearest far.

No more th' Achaians and Trojans rage in the din of  
war, 375

Yet now, in truth, the Danaans with the immortals  
fight."

Her answered then Dionè, divine 'mid godheads  
bright,

"Endure, my child, and bear it, though grieved by  
pain obscure,

For many who hold Olympus disgraceful griefs endure

From men; and grievous anguish we to one another  
gave.. 380



Such Ares bore when Otos and Ephialtes brave,  
 The children of Aloeus, with ponderous fetters chained.  
 And he in brazen prison for thirteen months remained.  
 And now had perished Ares, insatiable of war,  
 Had not his kind stepmother, Eeriboia fair, 385  
 Told of the deed to Hermes who Ares freed by fraud,  
 Wasted and worn; the fetters harsh had subdued the god.  
 And Hera, also, suffered when Amphitryon's brave son  
 pressed

The triple-pointed arrow into her dexter breast;  
 Then pain unmeasured took her, and cureless anguish  
 tore. 390

And, with all these, huge Hades a rapid arrow bore,  
 With which to him the hero, son\* of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
 Among the dead at Pylos gave wounds and pain profuse.  
 He went to great Olympus which Zeus's domes sustains,  
 Wrung in his heart by anguish and pierced by bitter  
 pains; 395

The shaft in his strong shoulder grieved him with pain  
 profound;

But Paion o'er it scattered soft drugs and healed the  
 wound.

Such anguish could not slay him, for he was deathless  
 born.

Rash, violent and lawless, by conscience' pangs unworn,  
 Who pain the gods with arrows—those who Olympus  
 hold! 400

Athena fierce-eyed goddess, drove on this warrior bold;  
 Nor does the son of Tydeus, in mind infatuate, know  
 That they full soon must perish who are th' immortals'  
 foe;

And ne'er shall sons address them by their knees and  
 call them sire,

When they return from warring, and from the battle  
 dire. 405

Let now Tydides guard well, though he abound in might,  
 That not a better warrior than you meet him in fight;  
 Lest some time Aigialia, Adrastos' prudent child,  
 Fair wife of Diomedes, tamer of horses wild,

\*Hercules.

Shall rouse up all her maidens by wailings manifest, 410  
Desiring her youth's husband, th' Achaians' first and best."

Thus she; the hand from ichor she cleansed with deft address

With both her hands; it healed and the heavy pains grew less.

But Hera and Athena, while gazing on the scene,  
With cutting words excited Zeus Kronides's spleen. 415

'Mid them fierce-eyed Athena began with accents due:  
"Zeus Sire, will you be angry at what I say to you?

Sure, Aphroditè, urging some Achaian woman on  
To live among the Trojans who so her love has won,  
While she caressed th' Achaian with garments fair and grand, 420

Upon a golden buckle has torn her tender hand."

Thus spoke she; and the father of men and godheads smiled,

And, golden Aphroditè calling, addressed his child:

"Not for your hand is fitted, my child, the works of war,

But let the works more pleasant of marriage be your care, 425

Leave all this to swift Ares and to Athena's force."

And thus with one another they held divine discourse.

But warlike Diomedes 'gainst Æneas was impelled,

Though knowing that Apollo his hands above him held;

Yet he the mighty godhead revered not, but desired 430

Ever to kill Æneas and seize his arms admired.

Thrice then he rushed upon him with hope to slay revealed,

And three times there Apollo repelled his shining shield.

Yet when he rushed a fourth time, like godhead manifest,

Apollo Hekærgos with menace dire addressed: 435

"Consider, son of Tydeus, consider and retire,

Nor let thoughts known to godheads be sought by your desire;

For by no means are equal nor similar by birth

The race of gods immortal and men who walk the earth.'

Thus spoke he, and Tydides a span retraced his  
 path, 440  
 Thus to avoid far-darting Apollo's baleful wrath.  
 And far off from the tumult Apollo Æneas bare  
 To Pergamos all-sacred; he had a temple there.  
 Then Artemis, rejoicing in shafts, and Leto healed  
 By th' altar of the temple and many a grace revealed. 445  
 But silver-bowed Apollo like him a phantom formed,  
 The image of Æneas and like the hero armed.  
 Around this phantom Trojans and divine Achaians  
 fought  
 Fiercely with one another, and slighter targets brought,  
 And ox-hide shields well-circled, 'gainst one another's  
 breast. 450  
 But then Apollo Phoebus impetuous Mars addressed:  
 "O Ares man-destroying, gore-stained, who walls  
 destroy,  
 Will you not now Tydides drien from the fight's annoy?  
 For Venus first he wounded upon the hand and wrist,  
 And afterwards assailed me, like a godhead mani-  
 fest." 455  
 Thus he, and took his station on Pergamos's hight.  
 But baleful Mars incited the Trojan ranks to fight;  
 Swift Akamas resembling, who led the Thrakian bands,  
 He gave the sons, Zeus-nurtured, of Priam his commands:  
 "O you, ye sons of Priam, the great Zeus-nurtured  
 king, 460  
 How long yet will you suffer th' Achaians' slaughtering?  
 Is 't till around the portals well-wrought in war they  
 shine?--  
 A chief falls whom we honoured as much as Hektor  
 divine;  
 This hero is Æneas, son of Anchises' brave.  
 Come, let us from the tumult our good companion  
 save." 465  
 Thus saying, the strength and spirit of each he filled  
 with fire.  
 But now Sarpedon Hektor divine rebuked in ire.  
 "Hektor, where has that strength gone you claimed  
 ere this to hold?

When you said that your own kindred, you and your  
brothers bold

Alone could keep the city without aid or allies. 470

But none of these am I able to see or recognize;

Yet they crouch down and tremble as dogs a lion fear,

And we are first in battle who came as helpers here.

And I, for your alliance, came from a distant land,

For far away is Lykia and eddying Xanthos' strand; 475

And there I left my consort cherished and tender son,

And many a fair possession each needy man would own.

And I exhort the Lykians and seek all eagerly

To wage war with that hero; and have not that with me

Which the Achaians can plunder or lightly bear in

hand; 480

But you stand here in silence and do not e'en command

The other folk to combat or to defend their wives.

Beware, lest you, like victims in linen netted gyves,

Become to hostile warriors an easy spoil and prey,

Who soon your peopled city in ruins wide will lay. 485

For all these things it seems you to watch by night and

day,

Beseeching all the chieftains of the helpers called from

far

To keep up their endeavours and shun intestine war."

Sarpedon spoke; and anguish the mind of Hektor  
wrung;

At once out of his chariot in arms to earth he sprung 490

And he, his sharp spears shaking, went through the host  
entire,

Urging them on to battle, and woke a combat dire.

And they were turned from flying and 'gainst th' Acha-  
ians stood;

But the Argives thronged to meet them, and in no fearful  
mood.

As when wind bears the sacred chaff on the threshing-  
floor, 495

While men stand there and winnow, and yellow Ceres'  
store

(While all the winds urge onward) divides in chaff and  
grain,

And all the chaff-heaps whiten; thus, then, th' Achaian  
train

By dust above were whitened, which over them was  
driven

By the feet of rapid horses to the many-brazen heaven, 500  
Who mixed again in battle; the charioteers turned back,  
And their strength of hands bore onward in front direct  
attack.

And rushing Ares darkness o'er all the battle bare,  
And, to assist the Trojans, turned quickly everywhere;  
Thus he fulfilled the charge of Phœbus with golden  
sword, 505

And urged the Trojans onward and their warlike rage  
restored,

When he perceived that Pallas Athena was not nigh;  
For she was to the Danaans a helper and ally.

But Phœbus sent Æneas from his rich shrine and then  
He gave strength to the bosom of that great chief of  
men. 510

Æneas mixed with his comrades, and they rejoiced  
anon

When they beheld him living and scathless coming on,  
And having strength surpassing, but questioned him  
in naught;

Another task allowed not, which the silver-bowed\* had  
brought,

And man-destroying Ares, and Discord's sateless ire. 515  
Odysseus, both Ajaces and Diomedes fire

The Danaans on to warring. Alone, they had no fear,  
Nor of the Trojans' valour nor of the warcries near;  
Yet, like the clouds, they waited, for coming combat  
braced,

Which o'er the mountain summits in time of calm Zeus  
placed, 520

While sleep the strength of Boreas and every raging blast  
Which with their shrill breath scatter the shadowy  
vapours fast;

Thus Danaans waited Trojans firmly and undismayed.—  
Atides through the host went and many an order made:

\*Apollo.

"O friends, be constant warriors and keep a valiant heart;  
 Have a shame of one another in the mighty battle's part.  
 Of shame-respecting warriors more go unscathed than fall;  
 No fame is for the flying, nor any strength withal."

Then quickly flung his javelin and struck a chief well-known,  
 Great-souled Æneas' comrade, Pergasian Deikoon, 530  
 Whom as the sons of Priam the Trojans honour paid,  
 For promptly 'mid the foremost was he in fight arrayed.  
 King Agamemnon struck him on the buckler with his spear.

This did not ward the javelin; the brass passed through it clear  
 And in the lowest stomach through the belt extended sprang;  
 He fell with crash resounding, and his armour o'er him rang. 535

Then of the Danaan chieftains Æneas slaughtered these,—

Orsilochos and Krethon, two sons of Diokles;  
 Their father had his dwelling in Pherai's well-built place,  
 In wealth rich; from Alpheios, the river, came his race; 540

This through the Pylions' country flows from its ample spring.

Orsilochos was\* his offspring, of many men the king;  
 Orsilochos engendered great-minded Diokles,  
 And Diokles engendered twin boys by Fate's decree,  
 Orsilochos and Krethon, both knowing well all war. 545  
 And they in bloom of manhood, on the sable ships, afar  
 Followed the Argives onward to Ilion's steed-rich plain,  
 Seeking to conquer honour for the Atridae twain,  
 Menelaos and Agamemnon, but the end of death made vain.

And they were like two lions who in mountain summits rude  
 550

Are nourished by their mother in the holds of the deep  
 wood

\*Alpheios's

And they two seize on oxen and sheep with fatness filled,  
 And devastate men's stables till both of them are killed  
 By hands of men who combat, by the sharp brass withal;  
 Thus did these, by the hands of Æneas conquered,  
 fall, 555

As in the darkling forests crash down the fir trees tall.

But Mars-loved Menelaos, who saw them falling,  
 mourned,  
 Straight through the van he hastened, by blazing brass  
 adorned,

Shaking his spear; for Ares aroused his strength amain,  
 Thinking that by the hand of Æneas he would be  
 slain. 560

But when Antilochos saw him, great-minded Nestor's  
 son,

He hastened through the vanguard, fearing that ill were  
 done

To the pastor of the people,\* which would waste their  
 labour sore.

They two† their hands and pointed spears 'gainst each  
 other bore,

Fiercely desiring battle; Antilochos came near 565

The pastor of the people, Æneas stayed not here,

Although a mighty warrior, when he beheld the twain  
 Standing beside each other. Then they drew back the  
 slain

To the Achaian people and gave them to the hands  
 Of their companions, turning to fight in the foremost  
 bands. 570

A chieftain, Ares' equal, Pylaimenes, they killed,  
 Chief of the Paphlagonians great-souled, with bucklers  
 skilled.

Atrides Menelaos spear-famed, with javelin thrown,  
 Struck him as he was standing and hit the collar-bone.  
 Antilochos struck Mydon (th' attendant charioteer), 575  
 Son of Atymnias, turning the whole-hoofed horses near,  
 Striking the middle elbow with rock, and from his hands  
 The reins, all white with ivory, fell to the dusty sands.

Antilochos rushed on him and on the temple smote

\*Menelaos. †Menelaos and Æneas.

With falchion, and he, panting, fell from the car well-  
wrought 580

Headlong; in dust he weltered, on head and shoulders  
spanned,

And long he stood there upright (for he chanced on heavy  
sand),

Till the horses struck him earthward and cast in dus<sup>t</sup>  
amain.

But Antilochos lashed and drove them to the host and  
Danaan train.

But Hektor, in the orders, perceived and rushed on  
grim, 585

And shouted; the strong phalanx of Trojans followed  
him;

And Ares and Bellona revered were leaders there;

She holding monstrous tumult and horrid din of war;

But in his hands fierce Ares brandished a mighty spear,  
And now in front of Hektor he marched, then in the  
rear. 590

But warlike Diomedes, seeing him, was touched by fear.  
And as a man unpractised, crossing a breadth of plain,  
Stops at a rapid river which flows on to the main,  
And sees its tossing foam wreaths and goes back whence  
he sped;

Thus Diomedes turned back and to the people said: 595

"O friends, why do we wonder that thus now Hektor  
divine

Does as a mighty spearman and daring warrior shine!

A god is by him ever to ward off death and ban;

Ares is now beside him and seems a mortal man.

Yet, facing aye the Trojans, back from the conflict  
go, 600

Nor seek to combat strongly with a godhead for a foe."

He spoke thus; and the Trojans close to their\* orders  
bare.

And Hektor slew two heroes who knew the works of war,  
Anchialos and Menesthes who in one chariot rode.

Great Telamonian Ajax, who saw them, pity  
showed; 605

\*The Greeks.'



He neared and, standing, sent forth his javelin glorious,  
 And struck the chieftain Amphios, the son of Selagos,  
 Who dwelt in Paisos' city, in goods rich and in grain;  
 Fate led him to aid Priam and his sons, but led in vain.  
 But Telamonian Ajax struck on the baldrick sheer, 610  
 And in the lowest stomach fixed his long-shadowed spear;  
 He fell with crash resounding. Illustrious Ajax ran  
 To take away his armour, but all the Trojan van  
 Flung javelins sharp and shining; against his shield they  
 flew.

With heel pressed on the body he his brazen spear with-  
 drew, 615

But could not from the shoulders the other fair arms tear,  
 For he was driven backward by the missiles flying there.  
 He feared the valiant Trojans, to strong defense impelled  
 Who, many and strong, pressed on him, and many a  
 javelin held,

And him, though great and mighty and high-born, there  
 repelled; 620

And he retired before them, driven backward by their  
 might.—

Thus either side bore labour throughout the powerful  
 fight.

Tlepolemos Heraklides, a hero brave and great,  
 Was 'gainst Sarpedon godlike pushed on by raging fate.

And when they were approaching upon each other  
 thus, 625

The son and eke the grandson of cloud-collecting Zeus,  
 Tlepolemos, the first one, to the other chieftain said:

"Sarpedon, Lykian counsellor, what dire compulsion  
 led

You here to tremble, being a man unskilled in war?  
 And false ones say of aegis-bearing Zeus's race you  
 are;— 630

Yet, measured by those heroes, you are inferior far  
 To those whom Zeus engendered among the men of eld.  
 And in what other fashion th' Heraclean might\* is held:  
 My father daring-minded, his heart a lion's own!

He came here on account of the steeds of Laomedon; 635

\*Hercules himself.

He came with six ships only and with a smaller train,  
 And wasted Ilion's city and reft her streets again.  
 Your mind is base, your people are wasted by the sword.  
 I think that to the Trojans you will not help afford,  
 Though you from Lykia journeyed (o'er if a mighty  
 foe), 640

But that you, by me, conquered to Hades' gates will go."

The Lykian chief, Sarpedon, replied to him anon:  
 "Tlepolemos, this hero razed sacred Ilion  
 By the rashness of the hero, high-born, Ilionedon,  
 Who him, who wrought full fairly, reproved with evil  
 blame, 645

And gave him not the horses for which from far he came.  
 I tell you now that death and black fate will meet you  
 here,

From my hand rushing on you, o'ermastered by my spear;  
 Giving me fame, your spirit to Hades, charger-famed."

Thus spoke to him Sarpedon; Tlepolemos then  
 aimed, 650

His ashen spear, together, the long spear, flung, forsook  
 Their hands, but great Sarpedon's his foeman's mid-neck  
 struck;

The javelin harsh passed through it, his eyes a dense  
 night veiled,

Tlepolemos' long javelin had his\* left thigh assailed,  
 The point rushed on with fury and grazed the bone  
 beneath; 655

But Zeus, his sire, assisted and warded off the death.

Then his divine companions godlike Sarpedon bore  
 Away from fight and warring, the long spear grieved  
 him sore,

For it trailed along behind him, and no one thought or  
 tried

To draw the ashen javelin from his thigh, that he might  
 ride; 660

For all around was hurry, and labour filled their hands.  
 On the other side, Tlepolemos the well-greaved Achaian  
 bands,

Bore from the fight and warring; divine Odysseus knew,  
 \*Sarpedon's.

And his soul was stirred within him, and his dear heart  
wrathful grew;

And in his mind and spirit he thought if best were  
done 665

By following first the steps of wide-thundering Zeus's son,  
Or let full many a Lykian the gates of death behold.

As by no means 't was fated to Odysseus mighty-souled  
High Zeus's son all-valiant with the sharp brass to slay,  
Athena turned his mind to the Lykian array. 670

Then Koiranos he slaughtered, Alastor, Chromios,  
Alkandros and Noemon, Prytanis and Halios;  
And yet divine Odysseus had many a Lykian slain,  
If great helm-glancing Hektor had not perceived amain.  
He passed on through the vanguard, all armed in shining  
brass, 675

And bore the Danaans terror; to Zeus' son Sarpedon 't was  
A joy to see him rushing; in mournful tones he spake:

"Priamides, allow not the Danaans to make  
A prey of this, my body, but guard me from that doom;  
Let me die within your city, since I shall not go home 680  
To my dear native country, from which my feet have  
gone,

My cherished wife to gladden and my yet infant son."

Thus he; helm-glancing Hektor to him no word ad-  
dressed,

But rushed on by him swiftly, and fervour filled his  
breast

To rout the Argives quickly and death to many to  
bring. 685

But his divine companions Sarpedon, godlike king,  
Laid 'neath a beauteous beech tree of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
And from his thigh th' ash javelin strong Pelagon tore  
loose;

Who was a dear companion, and joined by sympathies;  
But thought and sense departed, and mist obscured his  
eyes; 690

Yet he again awakened, the breath of Boreas bore  
Reviving animation, though still he panted sore.

The Argives, though yet Ares and brass-helmed  
Hektor pressed,

Ne'er to their sable vessels turned back in flight confessed.

Nor bore they on to battle, but ever turned their  
course

**Back, since they learned that Ares was with the Trojan force.**

**Who was the first of warriors, who latest, on that field,  
Whom Hektor, son of Priam, and brazen Ares killed ?**

First slew they godlike Teuthras, Orestes driving horse,  
Th' Aitolian spearman, Trechos, and Oinomaos'

**force,**

700

Oinopides and Helenos, Oresbios with fair belt,  
Intent on hoarding treasure, and who in Hyla dwelt,

Near by the lake Kephissus; and there, close by his hand,  
Dwelt more of the Boeotians and held a fertile land.

The goddess, white-armed Hera, when she perceived  
aright 705

That thus the Argives perished amid the powerful  
fight,

**Full quickly to Athena with wingèd words spoke thus:**

"Ye gods, Unwearied, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
In truth, to Menelaos we made a promise vain—

To ruin well-walled Ilion and thence return again— 710

**If still we suffer Ares, destructive, thus to rage.**

**But come, let us consider and powerful help engage."**

Thus she; the fierce-eyed goddess, Pallas, did not  
debate,

**But Hera, revered goddess, daughter of Kronos great,  
Approaching near them, harnessed her steeds adorned**

**with gold;**

715

And Hebe to the chariot the curved wheels quickly rolled,  
Eight-spoked and brazen, placing on the iron axle-tree.

Of these the fellow is golden and wears imperishably,

**Above, the tire is brazen—a miracle to see!**

**The circling naves of silver on both sides were put on, 720**

The seat by gold and silver strappings and thongs was drawn;

The rim was a double circle; a silver pole this took,  
And at its end extremest she bound the golden yoke,  
And joined the golden strap-work; but Hera to her car

Led forth her steeds swift-footed; she sought for strife  
and war. 725

On the other hand, Athena, child of aegis-bearing  
Jove,

Spread out the varied garment her hands had wrought  
and wove,

Over her father's pavement; then o'er her breast she bare  
Cloud-gathering Zeus's breastplate, and armed for tear-  
ful war.

She then about her shoulders the tasseled aegis cast, 730  
Frightful, and all around it Fear, like a garland, passed;  
Thereon was Force and Discord, Pursuit who chills with  
dread;

There was the sign terrific of Gorgon's monstrous head,  
A monster dire with horror, aegis-bearing Zeus's sign.  
She placed the helm four-crested upon her head  
divine; 735

All golden, and around it was wrought a ridge of gold,  
Enough for all the guards who a hundred cities hold.  
Into the blazing chariot she ascended with her feet;

And laid hold on her javelin, heavy and strong and great,  
By which the battle orders of heroic men are torn 740  
'Gainst whom in wrath she rages, of potent father born.

The steeds, by Hera guided, fast 'neath the scourge were  
driven;

And, by their own volition, opened the gates of Heaven,  
Held by the Hours; Olympus and great heaven in their  
guard

Were placed, and the dense vapours they closed up or  
unbarred. 745

Through these they drove the horses, urged onward by  
their goads,

And found Kronion sitting, apart from the other gods,  
On many-peaked Olympus at its extremest height.

There white-armed Hera, goddess, reined in the horses  
dight;

Then Zeus Kronion, the highest, she spoke to and  
besought: 750

" Zeus Sire, are you not wroth at these bold deeds Mars  
has wrought,

Such chieftains and so many of th' Achaïans he has slain  
 Rashly and not as seems him? Yet this to me is pain;  
 And silver-bowed Apollo and Venus calmly joy;  
 They loosed this frantic godhead who bounds not his  
 annoy. 755

Zeus' Father, will your anger against me rage if I  
 Drive Ares from the battle, wound all grievously?"

Then cloud-collecting Zeus said, as he replied to her:  
 "Come now, incite upon him Athena Plunderer,  
 And most is she accustomed to smite with torments  
 grim." 760

Thus he; and white-armed Hera, the goddess, heeded  
 him;  
 She drove the steeds by scourging, they, not unwilling,  
 flew

Betwixt the earth and heaven beset with starry blue.  
 As far as in the grayness one with his eyes may mark,  
 Upon a high crag sitting, viewing the sea wine-dark, 765  
 So far the steeds high-echoing of the gods leapt on amain.  
 But when they came to Ilion and the flowing rivers  
 twain,

Where Simois and Skamander meet with their currents  
 bright,  
 There white-armed Hera, goddess, restrained her cours-  
 ers' flight,  
 And loosed them from the chariot and poured around  
 dense night;

For them to graze on Simois ambrosial herbage sent. 770  
 They two, like timid ring-doves in gait and seeming,  
 went

To the warriors of the Argives, desiring to bear aid.  
 But when they reached the place where the most and  
 bravest stayed,  
 The force of Diomedes, horse-tamer, who enrolled,  
 Like raw-devouring lions or wild boars, who are told, 775  
 For strength, not with the feeble; she shouted where she  
 stood—

The goddess, white-armed Hera—and with such voice  
 endued  
 As Scætor mighty-hearted, with brazen voice endowed,

Who shouts with such a clamour, as fifty in a crowd.

"Shame, Argives! Ill reproaches! For form alone  
admired! 780

So long as all the warring divine Achilles fired,  
The Trojans never ventured beyond the Dardan gates;  
They feared his valid javelin and feared him as the fates;  
But now, far from the city, by the hollow ships they war."

Thus saying, she to each warrior fresh strength and  
courage bare; 785

Fierce-eyed Athena, goddess, Tydides sought from far;  
This king she found beside his swift coursers and his car;  
But he the wound was cooling which Pandar's arrow  
dealt.

The flowing sweat afflicted beneath the wide-spread belt  
Which bore his well-orbed buckler; this wore him, and  
his hand 790

Was tired; the blood all sable he wiped and raised the  
band.

The goddess came and, touching his coursers' yoke, she  
said:

"You do not much resemble the son whom Tydeus  
bred.

Tydeus was small in body, but was a warrior stout.

And when I did not suffer to war or rage about, 795

When he came from th' Achaïans to Thebes ambassador,

Amid full many Kadmeians; I gave him orders there

To feast within their mansions and think of war no more;

But he had that high spirit which aye he had before,

And called the youths Kadmeian to games, and won  
in all. 800

[With ease, for so I helped him through all the carnival.]

Thus do I stand beside you and guard you with my hands,

And order you to combat with zeal the Trojan bands.

Yet now your members falter, by many toils oppressed

Or fear makes you disheartened; you seem, too, for the  
rest, 805

No more the son of Tydeus, th' Onides brave in war."

To her strong Diomedes these words in answer bare:

"I know you, goddess, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
So I will speak full freely and all my thoughts unloose.

No fear holds me faint-hearted, nor any sloth delayed, 810  
But I respect the mandates which your injunction laid.  
The other happy godheads you bade me not to fight,  
But if I met with Venus, daughter of Zeus's might,  
When she went forth to battle, to wound with the sharp  
brass.

And I obey your orders and ever rearward pass, 815  
And order all the Argives to gather here their bands,  
For I see well that Ares the battle flood commands."

At this fierce-eyed Athena, the goddess, then rejoined:  
"Tydides Diomedes, most cherished in my mind,  
Fear now in naught this Ares nor any immortal foe, 820  
For I so great a succour upon your hand bestow.  
But come now, first 'gainst Ares the whole-hoofed horses  
hold,

And wound him in close combat, nor fear his rage untold.  
This pest of monstrous nature, inconstant as the wave,  
Who to myself and Hera but now his promise gave 825  
To fight against the Trojans and bear the Argives aid,  
Now mixes with the Trojans and forgets his pledge be-  
trayed."

Thus saying, she from the chariot great Sthenelos drew  
to earth,  
With strong hand drawing backward; and quickly he  
leapt forth.

She mounted then the chariot by Diomedes great, 830  
The fiercely eager goddess; and loudly 'neath the weight  
The beechen axle sounded, for it bore a goddess dire  
And hero brave; Athena seized reins and scourge of fire;  
And she the whole-hoofed horses at once on Ares held,  
Who Periphas gigantic, th' Aitolians' best had felled, 835  
The famed son of Ochesios. Him gore-stained Ares  
slew.

She put on Hades' helmet that strong Mars might not  
view.

When man-destroying Ares divine Tydides knew,  
He Periphas gigantic abandoned where he lay,  
Leaving where first he slew him and took his life away, 840  
And straight 'gainst Diomedes, horse-tamer mighty,  
charged.



And when they came together, upon each other urged,  
 Ares extended forward his brass spear in the strife,  
 Above the yoke and guide-reins, to take away his life;  
 Fierce-eyed Athena, goddess, this with her hand so  
 took, 845

Pushing it from the chariot, that it all vainly struck.  
 Next war-strong Diomedes his brazen javelin tried;—  
 Pallas Athena drove it into Mars' lowest side,  
 Where was the baldrick girded; it struck and wounded  
 here,  
 Through all the fair skin tearing; and he drew out his  
 spear. 850

But brazen Ares shouted as warring heroes shout,  
 Nine thousand or a myriad, who stave in Ares' rout.  
 A panic seized th' Achaïans and all the Trojans there,  
 Fearing; so shouted Ares, insatiable of war.

As from the clouds of heaven a gloomy vapour  
 goes, 855

When by the heat excited, an evil tempest blows;  
 To Tydides Diomedes thus brazen Ares showed,  
 When, to the clouds ascending, he scaled the heavens  
 broad.

He soon reached high Olympus where dwell the gods  
 apart,  
 And sat by Zeus Kronion, afflicted in his heart, 860  
 And showed the blood immortal which from his wound  
 was pressed,

And, heavily lamenting, with winged words addressed:  
 "Zeus Sire, are you not angry, seeing these lawless  
 deeds?"

Since ye we gods bear th' anguish our mutual discord  
 breeds,

While showing men our favour; you set us all to fight, 865  
 For you begot a daughter, rash and of baleful might;  
 And ever is she ready to further works of ill.

But all the other godheads who high Olympus fill,  
 Submit to all your mandates and each and all obey;  
 Yet you do not oppose her in word or any way, 870  
 But loose, since you engendered this maid malign and  
 dread.

And now the son of Tydeus, the haughty Diomed,  
Against th' immortal godheads in frenzied rage she  
pressed.

And first he wounded Venus in the hand close by the  
wrist;

Then me myself he rushed on, and like a god's his air; 875  
But my swift feet preserved me, or I had suffered there  
Pains due to long oppression 'mid the dire heaps of slain  
Or, living, been exhausted by blows of brass again."

But, gazing on him grimly, cloud-gathering Zeus replied:  
"Complain not, sitting by me, inconstant as the tide; 880  
I hate you most of godheads who hold Olympus here  
For aye to you is discord and wars and fights most dear.

You have your mother's nature, unbridled, harsh and  
rude,

Hera's which is not lightly by me with words subdued.

I think these wounds you suffer from her incitement  
through, 885

But will not let this anguish wring you with torture long;  
For you were born my offspring, to me your mother bare.  
If from another godhead your birth destructive were,  
Long ere this were you lying below the Titans' bound."

Thus he; and ordered Paion to heal the hurt pro-  
found. 890

And Paion, placing on it soft lotions, healed the sore,  
For naught of mortal nature his\* deathless essence bore.  
As when by juice of fig-tree white milk in curds is fixed,  
Though fluid before, but quickly coagulates when  
mixed;

Thus rapidly rash Ares cured of his hurt anon; 895  
And Hebe washed him freshly and graceful clothes put on  
And he sat by Zeus Kromion by glory's rays adorned.—

But Guardian Athena and Argive Hera turned  
Back quickly to great Zeus's mansions extended wide,  
When they had stayed the slaughter of Ares homicide. 900

\*Ares.

## BOOK VI.

## THE COLLOQUY OF HEKTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The battle of the Trojans and Argives now was lorn,\*  
 And here and there the conflict about the plain was borne,  
 To either side were driven the brass-tipped javelins'  
     blows,  
 Between the streams of Xanthos and those where Simois  
     flows.

First Telamonian Ajax, th' Achaians' fence in fight, 5  
 Broke through the Trojan phalanx and showed his comrades light,  
 Striking the bravest hero amid the Thrakian state,  
 The son of Eussoros, Akamas strong and great;  
 He struck where the dense horse-hair above the helm's  
     cone lies;  
 The brass point in the forehead fixed with full energies, 10  
 And pierced the bone within it; and darkness veiled his  
     eyes.

Brave Diomedes, Axylos, the son of Teuthras killed;  
 Who fields by fair Arisba, the well-built city, tilled,  
 In wealth rich, and the friendship of all the folk had  
     gained,  
 For he had a wayside mansion and all men entertained. 15  
 Yet no one thus befriended him from sad doom withdrew  
 By standing there before him; but both Tydides slew,  
 Himself and his attendant Kalesios who drove forth,  
 As charioteer, his horses; both entered in the earth.

Euryalos slew Dresos and eke Opheltios there, 20  
 And then pursued Aisepos and Pedasos whom bare  
 The naiad Abarbarea to great Boukolion.  
 Boukolion was the son of high-born Laomedon,  
 And was by birth the eldest; by stealth his mother bred;  
 While he† his sheep attended he mixed in love and bed, 25  
 And she, becoming pregnant, saw twin sons at her knees;  
 \*Abandoned by the gods.   †Boukolion.

Their strength and splendid members Mekisteiades\*  
Loosed and from off their shoulders the arms they wore  
despoiled.

But war-strong Polypoites valiant Astyalos killed;  
Odysseus the Perkosian, Pidytes, with brass spear 30  
Slew, and divine Aretaon was killed by Teucer here.

Antilochos Ableros slew with his shining spear,  
Nestorides; but Elatos, Agamemnon, king of men;  
Of Pedasos, high city, he was a denizen,  
By Satniois fair-flowing. Leitos slew Phylakos 35  
As he fled on; Melanthios was killed by Eurypylos.

Then valiant Menelaos Adrastos living took;  
For both his frightened horses in flight the field forsook;  
By a tamarisk's branch impeded, the curving car they  
broke

Where the pole joins on the chariot, and to the city  
sped, 40

Where others struck by terror had for protection fled;  
Himself, flung from the chariot, beside the wheel was  
rolled

Prone in the dust, and falling upon his mouth; but bold  
Atrides Menelaos stood close beside him here,  
And, brandishing in menace, held his long-shadowed  
spear. 45

Adrastos supplicated, clasping his knees in prayer:

"Take me alive, Atrides, a worthy price I bear.

My wealthy father's mansions full many possessions hold  
Of brass and laboured iron as well as sparkling gold;  
My father will reward you and boundless wealth be-  
stow, 50

If he shall hear that scathless to th' Achaian ships I go."

Thus he; and Menelaos' mind in his breast gave heed.  
He thought to bid his servant to th' Achaians' swift ships  
lead,

But Agamemnon ran there, shouting reproaches grave:

"Soft-hearted Menelaos, why would you such men  
save? 55

In sooth, kind deeds the Trojans wrought for you in our  
lands,

\*Euryalos.

For which let none escape from high ruin at our hands;  
 Nor let him 'scape destruction the mother bears unborn,  
 Let all of Ilion perish unburied and forlorn."

Thus saying, the chief his brother turned by his reprimand, 60  
 To rightful deeds persuading; he\* pushed back with his hand

The hero, great Adrastos; King Agamemnon struck  
 Him in the flank and cast him supine; Atrides† took,  
 With heel pressed on his bosom, from him the ashen spear.  
 And Nestor fired the Argives and shouted loud and clear: 65

"O friends, ye Danaan heroes, servants of Ares' sway,  
 Let no one seeking booty turn backward or delay,  
 That he with greater treasure back to the ships may fly;  
 Yet let us slay the warriors, and then all quietly  
 You shall spoil the lifeless bodies which lie upon the plain." 70

Thus saying, the strength and spirit of each he roused  
 amain.  
 And, driven by the Achaians Mars-loved, they‡ then had gone,

By their own baseness conquered, to sacred Ilion,  
 Had not Helenos, son of Priam, of augurs far the best,  
 Standing beside Æneas and Hektor, them addressed: 75

"Æneas and you, Hektor, for most the labours rest  
 On you of all the Trojans and Lykians, being best  
 To guide the people onward if war or counsel waits,  
 Stand here and hold the people in arms before the gates,  
 Hasting in all directions, before they, flying fall 80  
 Into their wives' embraces to joy their foes withal.  
 But when you have exhorted all the phalanxes to stand,  
 We will battle with the Danaans and stay here to your hand,

E'en though we are much wasted; for stress and fate  
 incline.

You Hektor, seek the city, speak to your mother and mine; 85

Let her collect the matrons in fierce-eyed Athena's shrine,

\*Menelaos. †Agamemnon. ‡The Trojans.

In the citadel located, and open with her key  
 The holy temple's portals; and what seems to her to be  
 The greatest robe and fairest which in the palace lies,  
 And loved by her as dearest, let her place it on the  
 knees 90

Of beauteous-haired Athena; and promise sacrifice  
 Of heifers twelve, ungoaded and yearlings, at her shrine,  
 If she spare the Trojans' children and wives and town  
 divine,

And keep from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus' might,  
 The wildly raging warrior and powerful lord of flight; 95  
 And I say that he is bravest of all th' Achaian train.  
 And ne'er had we such fear of Achilles, lord of men,  
 Men say, born of a goddess; yet this man is full grim,  
 Nor is there any able to match in strength with him."

Thus he; in all things Hektor his brother's counsel  
 kept. 100

At once out of his chariot enmailed to earth he leapt;  
 His pointed javelins brandished and through the army sped,  
 And roused them to the battle and woke a combat dread;  
 And they were turned from flying and 'gainst th' Achai-  
 ans stood.

But th' Argives all retreated and ceased their work of  
 blood, 105

And thought that some immortal from the starry heaven  
 amain,

Had come to help the Trojans, so turned they back again.  
 But Hektor to the Trojans called out with mighty cries:

"Ye fiery-minded Trojans and far-renowned allies,  
 My friends, once more be heroes, think of impetuous  
 force, 110

Since now to sacred Ilion I bear again my course  
 To tell the aged counsellors and our consorts when I come,  
 To supplicate the godheads and vow a hecatomb."

Thus saying, helm-glancing Hektor turned from the  
 battle wide;

And on his neck and ankles struck the border of black  
 hide, 115

Which round the edge extremest of his bossy buckler  
 run.—

But Tydeus' son and Glaukos, Hippolochos's son  
 Came on between both armies, desiring both to fight.  
 And when they were together, going to each other quite,  
 War-strenuous Diomedes his foeman first addressed: 120

"Who are you, mighty chieftain, of mortal men the  
 best?

For ne'er ere this I saw you in fame-conferring fight;  
 Yet now you come before all, confiding in your might,  
 When you advance and wait for my great long-  
 shadowed spear.

The sons of hapless fathers oppose my vigour here. 125  
 But if, one of th' immortals from heaven, you come  
 below,

None of the gods celestial do I engage as foe.  
 And brave Lycurgus, son of old Dryas, lived not long,  
 Who with the gods celestial strove in contention strong.  
 He once pursued the nurses of raving Bacchus' train, 130  
 And drove through sacred Nyssa; and all on earth amain  
 Flung down the holy thyrsi; and Lycurgus homicide  
 Beat them with ox-goad; Bacchus, frightened, beneath  
 the tide

Of ocean plunged, and Thetis received him in her  
 breast;

For mighty was the terror the hero's threats im-  
 pressed. 135

But afterwards the godheads, who live in ease, were  
 wroth;

The son of Kronos\* blinded, and death soon came with  
 scath,

Since he from all th' immortals a weight of hatred bare.  
 Thus, by no means, desire I with the happy gods to war.  
 But if you are of mortals who eat the fruits of earth, 140  
 Come hither, that the sooner you to death's bounds go  
 forth."

But him the famous son of Hippolochos answer bore:  
 "Tydides mighty-minded, my lineage why explore?

As the races of the leaves are, so are the tribes of men;  
 The leaves the wind drives earthward; the wood brings  
 forth again 145

\*Zeus.

Others by germination when the hours of spring release;  
 And thus men's generations are born, and thus they cease.  
 Yet if these things you wish for; that you may know full  
 well

My name and generation which many men can tell:—  
 Ephyra is a city in a sequestered glen 150  
 Of Argos grazing-horses; the cunningest of men,  
 Aiolian Sisypchos dwelt there, and Glaukos was his son.  
 But Glaukos great engendered blameless Bellerophon.  
 And him the gods gave beauty, and winning manhood  
 joined;

But Proitos meditated ill counsels in his mind; 155  
 And drove him from the city, since he\* was far the best  
 Of th' Argives; for his † scepter Zeus raised o'er all the  
 rest.

With him the wife of Proitos, divine Anteia, sought  
 To mix in secret loving, but could persuade in naught  
 Bellerophon wise-minded who bore no evil thought. 160  
 And she, accusing falsely, to Proitos thus begun:

"May you be dead, O Proitos, or slay Bellerophon,  
 Who wished to mix in loving with me against my will."

Thus she; and rage the monarch seized when he heard  
 such ill.

But he avoided slaying, for awe restrained his ire; 165  
 He sent him forth to Lykia with signs of purport dire,  
 Writing in folded tablets much which his death foresaw,  
 And bade, that he might perish, to show his father-in-law.  
 But he went forth to Lykia, by the godheads guided there;  
 And when he came to Lykia and Xanthos flowing fair, 170  
 The monarch of broad Lykia honours with care devised.  
 And nine days entertained him, and nine steers sacrificed,  
 But when, upon the tenth day, rose-fingered Eos came,  
 He asked him and besought him the message to proclaim,  
 Which he had brought from Proitos who was his son-in-  
 law. 175

But when the evil message from his son-in-law he saw,  
 He bade his guest Chimaira invincible to slay,  
 Who was of heavenly lineage and not of human clay;

\*Proitos. †Proitos's.



Her front part was a lion's, her rear, a serpent, dire,  
And terribly she breathed forth the strength of sparkling  
fire; 180

But her he slew, confiding in the godheads' signs profound.

And next he came in battle, 'gainst the Solymi renowned;  
And this he called the fiercest of combats which men view;  
And third, the man-opposing, fierce Amazons he slew.

When he returned, another dast plot the monarch  
laid, 185

And, choosing from wide Lykia, placed men in ambuscade,

The best of all and bravest; they knew their homes no  
more;

For Bellerophon all-blameless slew all in combat sore.  
But now the king was ware of his high birth from a god;  
He kept him in his country and his daughter dear be-  
stowed; 190

And gave him half the honour his royal state expressed;  
And for him the Lykians measured a field, above the rest,  
Fair for the vine and harvest, that he might till and own.  
And she bore then three children to brave Bellerophon,  
Hippolochos, Isandros and Laodamia fair. 195

And Zeus, all-wise, had converse with Laodamia there,  
And she brought forth Sarpedon, godlike and brazen-  
helmed.

But when he\* by the hatred of all the gods was whelmed,  
And wandered all-deserted in the Aleian plain,  
Wasting his soul and shunning the wonted paths of  
men, 200

His son, Isandros, fighting the Solymi famed afar,  
Was slain by rushing Ares, insatiable of war.

Her Artemis in anger, the gold-reined, gave to earth.

Hippolochos begot me, from him I boast my birth;  
He sent me on to Ilion and many commands im-  
pressed: 205

Ever to bear me bravely and shine above the rest,  
And ne'er my fathers' lineage in robes of shame to hide,  
Who of Ephyra were bravest and eke of Lykia wide.

\*Bellerophon.

Such is the race I boast of and such the blood I bear."

Thus he; and then was gladdened Diomedes, strong  
in war; 210

He fixed his mighty spear in the earth's all-nurturing  
breast,

And with fair words the pastor of the people thus ad-  
dressed:

"In sooth, I now esteem you my old paternal guest.  
For godlike Oineus erstwhile blameless Bellerophon  
Received within his mansions till twenty days were  
gone; 215

And they gave to each other, in friendship, presents fair.

And Oineus gave a baldrick, shining with purple rare;

Bellerophon gave Oineus a double cup of gold,

Which I left in departing, but in my mansions hold.

Nor Tydeus I remember, since I was young that tide. 220

When 'neath the walls of Thebai th' Achaian people died.

But I your host all-cherished in Argos' midst will be.

And you be mine in Lykia, whene'er that state I see.

Let us turn from each other our spears in this affray;

For me are many Trojans and famed allies to slay, 225

Whom me a god has given, o'ertaken by my feet.

For you are many Achaians to kill, whom you may meet.

Exchange we, then, our armour, that these around us see

That we two friends paternal profess ourselves to be."

Thus saying, from their horses they both leapt to the  
sand, 230

And plighted faith while grasping each other by the hand.

Zeus Kronides from Glaukos so much his judgment reft,

That Diomed Tydides his arms in gift he left,

And gold for brass, a hundred beeves' worth for nine  
gave he.—

When Hektor reached the Skaian gates and the beechen  
tree, 235

Round him the wives and daughters of all the Trojans run,

Asking for friend or husband, for brother or for son.

But he bade all in order beseech the gods with prayers,

For over many a woman impended grievous cares.

Yet when he came to Priam's great palace wondrous  
fair, 240

All wrought with polished porches; (and covered in it  
there

Were fifty spacious chambers, all worked in polished  
stones,

Built near by one another; and there the many sons  
Of Priam lay when slumbering their lawful wives beside.

But on the side opposing, yet in the passage wide, 245

Twelve roofed rooms for his daughters, of stone without  
a flaw,

Polished, were built together; and there Priam's sons-  
in-law

Lay, when they tasted slumber, beside their consorts  
chaste);

There his fond mother met him as she was going in haste

To Laodikè, her daughter, who was in form the best; 250

But she clung to his hand and the word said and ad-  
dressed:

"My son, why come you hither, leaving the savage  
war?

In truth, the ill-named sons of th' Achæians press and mar,

Fighting around the city; your mind has urged you here,

From the city's loftiest watch-tower to Zeus your hands  
to rear. 255

But stay, that I may bring you the honey-dulcet wine,

To pour to Zeus, the Father, and the other gods divine,

Then you yourself may taste it, if you would drink at  
length,

For wine to wearied warrior augments attain the strength;

Thus are you worn, defending your friends and kinsmen  
bred." 260

Then great helm-glancing Hektor to her in answer  
said:

"Do not, my honoured mother, cheering wine before  
me set,

Lest it loosen all my members, and I strength and force  
forget.

And with my hands polluted I fear dark wine to pour

To Zeus in a libation;—defiled with filth and gore, 265

To Kronion, dark-clouds-gathering, 't is not for me to  
pray.

But to Athena's temple, the Plunderer's, take your way  
 With sacrifice, assembling the matrons of the state;  
 And the garment in the palace which you deem most fair  
 and great,

And the one you prize as dearest, that place upon the  
 knees 270

Of beauteous-haired Athena, and promise sacrifice  
 Of heifers twelve, ungoaded and yearlings, at her shrine,  
 If she spare the Trojans' infants and wives and town  
 divine,

And keep from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus' might,  
 The wildly raging warrior and powerful lord of flight. 275

But go you to the temple of Athena Plunderer

And I will go to Paris that I with him confer,

If he will hear me speaking. O would that there the  
 earth

Might yawn for him? Th' Olympian nurtured him  
 from his birth

A great woe to the Trojans and to the sons who come 280  
 From you and Priam great-hearted. If I to Hades'  
 home

Saw him descend, 't would free me of a sad grief in my  
 mind."

Thus he; she sought the palace and there her maids  
 enjoined;

And they went through the city, calling the matrons old.  
 Herself went to her chamber, by fragrant scents in-  
 rolled; 285

There were the varied garments Sidonian women wrought  
 Which godlike Alexander himself from Sidon brought  
 What time the ample ocean he sailed that voyage forlorn  
 In which he bore off Helen, of noble father born.

And Hekuba took a garment, in gift t' Athena bore, 290  
 (The fairest in its colours, the greatest in the store;

And like a star it sparkled and lay the last of all),

And went, and many matrons went with her from the hall.

But when they reached Athena's shrine in the lofty  
 tower

Fair-checked Theano, daughter of Kisseus, oped the  
 door; 295

She was Antenor's consort (he savage coursers tamed),  
And her the Trojans priestess of Athena's shrine had  
named.

And all with ululations their hands t' Athena bore.  
Fair-cheeked Theano, taking the garment, placed it o'er  
The knees of great Athena, the goddess with fair hair; 300  
And, making vows, the daughter of great Zeus asked in  
prayer:

" Goddess divine, Athena, revered, who guard the town,  
The spear of Diomed shiver and let himself fall prone  
Before the Skaian portals, that we may sacrifice  
At once twelve yearling heifers, on whom no yoke's mark  
lies, 305

Here in your sacred temple, if you in pity spare  
The city and the Trojans' consorts and infants there."

Thus they; Athena Pallas denied their prayers profuse;  
Yet thus they supplicated the daughter of great Zeus.  
But Hektor the fair palace of Alexander sought, 310  
Which, by the aid of workmen, full cunningly he wrought;  
Of fertile Troja's craftsmen they were the best of all,  
And made for him a chamber, a dwelling and a hall,  
Near those of Priam and Hektor, in the acropolis.  
Then he, loved by Kronion, great Hektor, entered  
this, 315

His spear, eleven cubits, in his strong hand he bore;  
The brass point of the javelin sent sparkling flames before,  
And all around the javelin a golden circle fared.  
He found Paris in his chamber who beauteous arms  
prepared,

His buckler and his breastplate, and fixed his curved bow  
great; 320

And Argive Helen by him amid her women sate,  
And to the maids around her famed work distributed.  
But Hektor, seeing, reproached him and words oppro-  
brious said:

" Unhappy one, this anger your mind holds not aright.  
The folk die round the city and lofty wall in fight; 325  
For you the war and battle around the city burn,  
And you would blame another if you beheld him turn  
Away from hated warring. But rouse for combat dire

Lest soon the city perish, consumed by hostile fire."

But godlike Alexander to him in turn replied: 330  
 "Hektor you chide as fated, nor passing fate you chide;  
 For this I will address you, do you attend again;  
 Not raging 'gainst the Trojans with ire and anger vain,  
 Do I sit in my chamber; I wished to soothe my pain.  
 My wife seeks with soft speeches to urge me on to war, 335  
 And to myself this portion seems to be better far.  
 And victory sweeps onward with ever-changing star.  
 But come now, wait my coming, I will Ares' arms endue;  
 Go on, and I will follow and trust to come to you."

Thus he; helm-glancing Hektor to him no answer  
 made. 340  
 But Helen with soft speeches to him her thoughts conveyed:

"Brother to me, who wrought you evil and horror sore,  
 Would that, that very morning, when first my mother bore,  
 An evil breath of tempest had borne me angrily  
 To a mountain or the waves of the many-sounding  
 sea, 345  
 And the wave had swept me onward before these deeds  
 occurred.  
 But since (as they have happened) the gods these ills  
 preferred,  
 Would I might be the consort of a man of braver name,  
 Who might feel men's indignation and fear full many a  
 shame.

His mind is never constant nor will in future be; 350  
 I think that he will harvest his folly fittingly.  
 But enter now, my brother, and sit upon this seat,  
 Since stress of care and labour has filled your mind replete,  
 Which you bear for me, shameless, and Alexander's guilt;  
 For whom both Zeus Kronion an evil fortune built, 355  
 That we might be the theme of the songs of coming men."

Then great helm-glancing Hektor to her replied again:  
 "Give me no seat, kind Helen, not so may you persuade,  
 Since all my mind incites me to lend the Trojans aid,  
 Who while myself am absent the greatest longing  
 bear. 360

But urge you him to battle and let him hasten there;  
 Thus may he overtake me while in the town I be.  
 For I go to my palace, that in my home I see  
 My servants and dear consort and the infant son she bore,  
 For I know not if, to greet them, I reach my home once  
 more, 365  
 Or if the gods immortal by th' Achaians' hands may slay."

And, thus bespeaking, Hektor, helm-glancing, went  
 away.

And quickly then he came to his own well-peopled domes,  
 But did not find Andromachè, white-armed, within the  
 rooms.

Yet she with child and servant, who wore a garment  
 fair, 370

Was standing in a turret, weeping and wailing there.

But Hektor, since he found not his blameless wife within,  
 Proceeded to the threshold and asked the maidens seen:

"I pray you, maidens, tell me and speak the truth anon,  
 Where has white-armed Andromachè out of the palace  
 gone? 375

Has she sought her husband's sisters or his brothers' wives  
 robed fair,

Or sought Athena's temple with the Trojan matrons,  
 where

They supplicate the goddess dire and with beauteous  
 hair?"

To him th' assiduous matron in turn these words ad-  
 dressed:

"Hektor, since much you bid me to speak truth mani-  
 fest; 380

She went not to your sisters, nor your brothers' wives  
 robed fair,

Nor to Athena's temple with the Trojan matrons, where  
 They supplicate the goddess dire and with beauteous hair.

But went forth to the walls and to Ilion's mighty tower,  
 For she heard the Trojans wasted, and waxed th' Achai-  
 ans' power, 385

Thus to the wall she hastened, going in fury wild,  
 Like to a frenzied woman; the nurse-maid took the  
 child."

Thus spoke th' assiduous matron; but Hektor in a daze

Rushed back the road he came from, along the well-built ways.

He reached the Skæian portals, threading the city great<sup>390</sup>  
(The road he was to pass o'er to the plain was through the gate);

There his consort, rich in dower, toward him swiftly run,  
Andromachè, the daughter of great-souled Eëtion;

Eëtion, who dwelt in fair-wooded Phakos' glen,

Thebè and Hypoplakia, ruling Kilikian men. <sup>395</sup>

His daughter wedded Hektor, in brazen armour tried.

And she came now to meet him, the nurse-girl by her side,

Who there the tender infant upon her bosom bare,

Hektorides well-cherished, like an all-beauteous star;

Him Hektor called Skamandrios, but the others called  
alone <sup>400</sup>

Astyanax\*, for Hektor alone fenced Iliou.

But he looked on the infant and smiled and silence kept;

And Andromachè beside him was standing, while she wept.

She seized his hand supporting and spoke the word and  
said:

"Unhappy one, your valour will lay you with the  
dead; <sup>405</sup>

Will you not show compassion to your hapless wife and  
son,

Who all too soon will lose you, for th' Achæians will slay  
anon,

Rushing in throngs upon you; far better 't were for me

To sink in earth, without you; for no solace else will be,

When you draw death upon you—naught but my pains  
and stress.— <sup>410</sup>

And I no revered mother nor father dear possess.

For erstwhile was my father by divine Achilles slain,

And the full Kilikian city he leveled with the plain,

Thebè with lofty portals, and slew Eëtion,

Yet did not spoil, but revered in mind when life was  
gone; <sup>415</sup>

\*Astyanax, from *astu* and *anax*, means king or guard-  
ian of the city.



And burned him, showing honour, with all his arms well-  
wrought,

And made a tomb above him; and round it elm trees  
brought

The mountain nymphs, the daughters of aegis-bearing  
Jove.

Besides, I had seven brothers who in the palace throve,  
But in one day they all to the house of Hades went; 420

For all divine Achilles, swift-footed, to him sent  
'Mid their trailing-footed oxen and 'mid their snowy  
sheep.

My mother, who ruled over fair Plakos' woody steep,  
He led a captive hither with possessions manifold,  
But loosed and sent her homeward and took unmeas-  
ured gold; 425

Yet in my father's palace shaft-joying Dian slew.  
Hektor, I see my father and honoured mother in you,  
And brother, for you are husband, blooming in youthful  
power.

But come now, have compassion and stay within the  
tower,

Lest you make your child an orphan and me a widow  
withal.— 430

But place by the wild fig-tree the people most of all,  
Where most the town is fenceless, and weakest is the wall.  
For thrice that point assailing the best of all were found  
The force of both Ajaces and Idomeneus renowned;  
And there were both the Atridae and Tydeus' powerful  
son. 435

Whether a heavenly message to them may be well known,  
Or if their mind commands them, and valour urges on."

But great helm-glancing Hektor to her in turn replied:  
"My care shall all this cover, dear wife, but in my pride  
Much should I fear the Trojans and their wives, who  
trailed robes wear, 440

If basely I avoided and kept apart from war;  
Nor does my soul command me, for I was ever brave,  
And with the foremost Trojans fought where the battle  
drave,

Viewing my father's glory, regardful of my own.

But to my mind and spirit well is this sentence known: 445  
 Days come when sacred Ilion will find destruction drear,  
 And Priam and the folk of Priam, good with the ashen  
 spear.

But not the Trojan's sorrows such anguish to me bring,  
 Not Hekuba's, my mother's, nor those of Priam, the king,  
 Nor yet those of my brothers, who are both many and  
 good, 450

When they in dust fall prostrate by hostile men subdued,  
 As yours when some grim warrior of th' Achaians brazen-  
 dressed

Leads you away all-weeping, of freedom dispossessed.  
 But when you are in Argos and another's web weave  
 there,

And water from Messeis\* or Hyperia\* bear, 455  
 Though very much unwilling, yet urged by fate and fears,  
 While some one there may comment, seeing you shedding  
 tears:

'This is the wife of Hektor, who fought the best of all  
 The charger-taming Trojans when they fought round  
 Ilion's wall.'

Thus might he speak; but on you a new grief it would  
 lay, 460

The lack of such a husband to ward off slavery's day.  
 But may the earth heaped on me conceal me still and  
 dead,

Ere I listen to your wailing or see you captive led."

Thus saying, illustrious Hektor his arms to the boy  
 spread wide,

But the boy clung to the bosom of the well-zoned nurse  
 and cried; 465

He feared his dear sire's aspect, the brass and horse-  
 haired crest,

Seeing it nodding grimly from the helm's peak manifest.  
 But dear sire and honoured mother laughed at his child-  
 ish dread.

Illustrious Hektor quickly the helm took from his head,  
 And, radiant and all-shining, he placed it on the  
 sands, 470

\*Springs in Argos.

Then his dear son he kissed and fondled with his hands.  
To Zeus and the other godheads he prayed and thus  
spoke he:

“ Zeus and the other godheads, grant that my son may  
be

As I among the Trojans, and high renown obtain,  
And be in might as powerful, and Ilion strongly reign; 475  
That all say, ‘He’s far better than was his sire of yore,’  
When he returns from warring and bears spoils stained  
with gore

Ta’en from some hostile warrior to joy his mother’s  
breast.”

Thus saying, his tender infant in his consort’s hands he  
pressed;

With tears she laughed and took him upon her fragrant  
breast. 480

Her husband knew and pitied, and her fair hand he took  
And, taking it, he fondled, and said the word and spoke:

“ Loved wife, let not the sorrow in your mind become  
too great;

For none can send to Hades unless it is my fate.

I say there is no refuge from death for any one, 485

Though he be brave or coward, whose life has once  
begun.

But go you to the palace and of your work take care,

Be it the web or distaff, and tell your maidens there

To do their work as fitting; but men by wars are worn,  
Affecting all, me chiefly, of those in Ilion born.” 490

Thus saying, illustrious Hektor his horsehaired helmet  
took.

His consort, going homeward, oft cast a backward look,  
Abundant tear-drops pouring. But when the house well-  
made

Of Hektor man-destroying she reached, full many a maid  
She found within its chambers, and to wailing urged  
them all; 495

And they made wail for Hektor (who lived yet) in his  
hall;

For they thought that he would never again return from  
fight,

And journey back, escaping th' Achaïans' hands and  
might.

And Paris in lofty mansions no lengthy time delayed,  
But dressed in famous armour which varied brass dis-  
played, 500

And hastened to the city; with rapid footsteps sped.  
As when a stabled courser, on barley highly fed,  
And wont to bathe in river fair flowing to the main,  
When he has burst his halter, runs thundering o'er the  
plain,

Rejoicing in his glory, and holds his head in air; 505  
And round his mighty shoulders streams bright his  
splendid hair,

And, in the way of horses, his members lightly bear  
Him to the mares' wont pastures; thus Paris, Priam's  
son,

Left Pergamos' high watch-tower, in arms which brightly  
shone

Like to the sun, exulting; his feet all-rapid bore; 510  
He found his brother, Hektor divine, and just before  
He from the spot departed where he his wife had seen.

And first of all addressed him Paris, of godlike mien:

"Good brother, though I hastened, too long was I  
delayed;

I did not come in season and as your orders bade." 515

To him helm-glancing Hektor in answer thus replied:

"Strange man, no man would blame you, if justly he  
decide,

In all your work of battle, since you have strenuous might,  
But you remit your ardour and do not wish for fight.

My heart is grieved within me when I must hear the  
shame 520

Heaped on you by the Trojans, who toil so for your name.

But go we; and in future let thought to this be given:

If Zeus shall ever grant us, to the deathless gods of heaven,  
To place a cup of freedom in our halls and mansions  
grand,

When we from Troy have driven the well-greaved  
Achaïan band." 525

## BOOK VII.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HEKTOR AND AJAX. THE  
BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Thus saying, illustrious Hektor rushed onward from  
the gate;  
With him his brother Paris; in the minds of both was  
great

Desire for war and battle. As a god a breeze bestows  
On the expectant sailor, who on the ocean goes,  
When he is worn by labour at the well-polished oar; 5  
Thus came they to the Trojans who expectation bore.

Then Paris slew the son of King Areithoos,  
Menesthios, dweller in Arnè; club-armed Areithoos  
And great-eyed Philomedusa to light and life brought  
forth.

But Hektor struck Eioneus with his sharp spear to  
earth, 10  
On the neck beneath the helmet of brass; his limbs loosed  
then.

Hippolochos' son Glaukos, the chief of Lykian men,  
Struck the shoulder of Iphinoos with spear in the strong  
war,

Dexiades, who leapt on his rapid steeds and car.  
And loosened were his members; to earth from car he  
fell. 15

But when the fierce-eyed goddess, Athena, knew this  
well:

That th' Argives met destruction amid the powerful fight,  
She rushed to sacred Ilion down from Olympus' hight.  
Apollo sped to meet her; from Pergamos he spied,  
And wished the victory given to those of Ilion's side; 20  
And they two met each other beside the beech-tree lone.  
And first addressed the goddess Apollo, Zeus's son:

"Why come again so hotly, O daughter of great Zeus,  
From the summits of Olympus, some great thought urges  
thus?

Would you, then, give the Danaans the doubtful  
victory? 25

Since you feel no compassion for the Trojan men who die.  
Yet if to me you listen, and it were better far,  
We for this day may hinder hostility and war.

But they again shall battle till they find the end of Troy,  
Since you goddesses are ardent the city to destroy." 30

And him the fierce-eyed goddess, Athena, then addressed:

"Thus be it, Hekaios; these thoughts were in my  
breast,

I came from Olympus to th' Achaian and Trojan  
train.

Come, how would you the battle of heroes fierce restrain?"

To her in turn then answered Apollo, Zeus's son: 35  
"The powerful strength of Hektor, horse-tamer, urge  
we on,

So he some Danaan champion call forth to single fight  
To strive in heavy combat with might opposing might;  
And if this meet th' approval of th' Achaians' brass-clad  
line,

They will incite some warrior to war with Hektor di-  
vine." 40

Thus he; fierce-eyed Athena, the goddess, him obeyed.  
Helenos, son of Priam, felt to his mind conveyed  
The counsel which the godheads, in counseling, had pre-  
ferred.

He went and stood by Hektor and spoke to him the word:  
"O Hektor, son of Priam, Jove's peer in counsel  
true, 45

Will you in aught obey me? For I am brother to you.  
Have all th' Achaians seated and all the Trojans, too;  
Call forth th' Achaian warrior who is the best in might,  
That he meet you in combat, in dire destructive fight;  
Since not to you 't is fated to die and meet your fate. 50  
For thus I heard the voice of the deathless gods debate."

Thus he; and Hektor greatly joyed at the words he heard,  
And, going 'mid the Trojans, their phalanxes deterred,  
Holding his spear i' the middle; and all were seated soon.  
And the well-greaved Achaians Agamemnon made sit  
down, 55



Thus he; and all th' Achaïans full mutely silence  
 kept; 90  
 Ashamed to shun the challenge, they did not dare accept.  
 At length, then, Menelaos rose and his thoughts defined,  
 And cast on them reproaches and greatly groaned in mind:  
 "Oh me! Achaïan women, boasters, Achaïans no more!  
 These things will be dishonour most grievous and most  
 sore, 95

Unless one of the Danaans 'gainst Hektor now go forth.—  
 But may you be transmuted to water and to earth,  
 Each sitting there faint-hearted, ingloriously repelled;—  
 But I will arm to meet him, for victory's bounds are held  
 By the immortal godheads who rule o'er ill and  
 harms." 100

Thus having said, he put on at once his beauteous arms,  
 Then, truly, Menelaos, the last of life you bare,  
 In the hands of mighty Hektor, for he was better far,  
 Had not th' Achaïan leaders you from such risk re-  
 strained;

And Atreides Agamemnon himself, who widely reigned, 105  
 Your dexter hand laid hold of and spoke the word and  
 said:

"Zeus-nurtured Menelaos, you rave in frenzy dread;  
 You should not feel this fury, restrain, though grief ensue,  
 Nor seek thus to contend with a better man than you,  
 With Hektor, son of Priam, whom the others fear  
 aright; 110

E'en Achilles fears to meet him in fame-conferring fight,  
 Who is a stalwart warrior, better than you by far.  
 But go you and be seated where your companions are;  
 Th' Achaïans another champion will 'gainst this chief  
 incite,

E'en though he be intrepid and insatiable of fight. 115  
 I say that he will gladly his knees from toiling, bend,  
 If so the hostile warring and baleful strife he end."

Thus saying to him, the hero his brother's passions  
 swayed,  
 Speaking to him as fitting; and he in all obeyed;  
 And then the glad attendants th' arms from his shoulders  
 took. 120



But Nestor 'mid the Argives rose up and thus bespoke:

“Ye gods! a mighty sorrow comes to th' Achaian shore,

And much the horse-borne ancient, old Peleus will deplore,

The Myrmidons' good counsellor and eke their orator,  
Who once, when he had asked me, joyed greatly at his hearth, 125

Asking the race and offspring of all of Argive birth.—

If now he heard all trembled before great Hektor's gaze,  
Full often to th' immortals his own hands would he raise,  
That, from his members parted, his soul might Hades view.

Would that, Zeus Sire, Athena and King Apollo, too, 130  
I yet were young as erstwhile when, to swift Keladon brought,

Th' Arkadians, spear-wielding, and gathered Pylians fought  
Beneath the walls of Pheia and close to Jordan's flood.  
With them stood Ereuthalion, the first, and like a god.

King Areithoos' armour he on his shoulders wore, 135

Divine King Areithoos, who the name club-bearer bore.

And women brightly girdled and heroes called him so,

For not with lengthy javelin he fought, nor yet with bow;

But with a club of iron he broke the phalanx dight.

By wile Lycurgus killed him, but slew him not by  
might, 140

In a narrow pass; destruction his iron mace did not veer,  
For first Lycurgus pierced him through the middle with  
his spear;

And he supine fell earthward; Lycurgus took the arms  
Which brazen Ares gave him to wear in Mars' alarms.

But afterwards Lycurgus in his high halls grew old, 145

And gave to Ereuthalion, his servant dear, to hold;

Who then possessed the armour and challenged all the  
rest;

And much they feared and trembled nor dared to meet  
his quest.

But my bold mind impelled me with confidence to war,  
Though, measured by our ages, I was the youngest  
there; 150

And I met him in combat, and Athena glory gave.  
 For I destroyed this warrior most powerful and all-brave;  
 And his huge bulk extended o'er many an ample bourne.  
 Would that I were thus youthful and with my strength  
 unworn!

But, you who are the bravest of all th' Achaian band, 155  
 Desire not with all promptness to go 'gainst Hektor's  
 hand."

Thus chided them the ancient; and nine in all rose  
 then;

And rose by far the foremost Agamemnon, king of men;  
 And mighty Diomedes Tydides rose next him,  
 And next the two Ajaces, endued with valour grim. 160  
 Idomeneus came after and, Idomeneus beside,  
 His charioteer, Meriones, peer of Mars homicide;  
 Eurypylos came after, Euaimon's famous son,  
 Then came divine Odysseus and Thoas, Andraimon's  
 son.

And all desired to combat with godlike Hektor then. 165  
 But Gerenian Nestor, horseman, addressed them all  
 again:

"Let now the lots decide all, and who the lot obtain,  
 That chief will truly succour the well-greaved Achaian  
 train;

And his own soul will gladden, if safely he may fly  
 Away from hostile warring and dire hostility." 170

Thus he; and every hero marked well the lot he bore,  
 And cast it in the helmet which Agamemnon wore.  
 And the people supplicated and their hands held to each  
 god,

And thus they spoke while gazing upon the heaven broad:  
 "Zeus Sire, be Ajax chosen, or be Tydides told, 175  
 Or e'en himself, the monarch of Mukenai\* rich in gold."

Thus prayed they; and the horseman, Gerenian  
 Nestor, shook,  
 And leapt forth from the helmet the lot which all bespoke,  
 Of Ajax; and the herald bore it through all the rest,  
 Going from the right, and showed it to all th' Achaians'  
 best, 180

\*Agamemnon.

They did not recognize it, and every one denied;  
But when the herald reached him (bearing through the  
army wide),

Famed Ajax, who wrote on it and in the helmet threw,  
Stretched forth his hand; the herald stood near and let  
him view;

And, seeing, he knew the marking, and joy his mind  
o'erspread. 185

And by his foot he cast it to earth, and thus he said:

"O friends, my soul is gladdened; the fated lot is  
mine;

I think that I shall conquer the force of Hektor divine.

But come, that I my armour of war put on for use,  
While you are supplicating the King, Kronion Zeus, 190  
While silence is among you that the Trojans may not  
hear;

Or boldly, since among them are none we hold in fear.

For none by force shall conquer, if I unwilling be,  
Nor yet by skill in warring; since not so ill for me,  
I hope, the birth and nurture which Salamis con-  
veyed." 195

Thus he; to Zeus Kronion, the King, th' Achaians  
prayed,

And on the wide heaven gazing, each one of them  
spoke thus:

"Zeus Sire, from Ida ruling, most great, most glorious,  
Give victory to Ajax, high glory let him bear,  
But if you cherish Hektor and hold him in your care, 200  
Let, then, like force and glory to either champion pass."

Thus, then, they spoke; but Ajax armed him in splen-  
did brass.

But when about his body all his bright arms repose,  
He rushes swiftly forward; thus monstrous Ares goes,  
Who goes to war 'mid heroes whom great Kronion de-  
signed 205

To fight in strength of battle whose rage consumes the  
mind.

So, then rushed monstrous Ajax, th' Achaians' battle-  
ment,

With frightful visage smiling; with feet beneath he went

With lengthy strides and brandished his great long-shadowed spear.

And th' Argives gladdened greatly, looking on their compeer; 210

But the members of the Trojans were seized by tremors drear.

The very soul of Hektor was shaken in his breast,  
But he could not now draw backward, e'en if by fear distressed,

Amid the crowd of people, since he provoked his power.  
But Ajax came anear him with buckler like a tower, 215  
Brazen, of seven ox-hides, made by Tychios, who excelled

All men who wrought in leather, and who in Hyla dwelled.

He made the varied buckler for him from bull-hides seven,

From fattest bulls; and o'er it an eighth, of brass, was driven.

This Telamonian Ajax before his breast displayed, 220  
And, standing close to Hektor, his thoughts in threats conveyed:

"Hektor, by single combat, you now shall clearly see  
Of what sort are the chieftains who 'mid the Danaans be,  
Besides Achilles, breaker of ranks, of lion mind.  
Yet he in curve-bowed vessels of ocean is confined, 225  
Enraged at Agamemnon, the people's pastor true;  
But we are of such nature that we come here 'gainst you,  
And we are many in number; yet begin the war and fight."

In turn, then spoke great Hektor, in glancing helmet dight:

"Ajax, the Telamonian, prince of the folk, Zeus-born, 230  
Not as a boy in weakness o'erwhelm me with your scorn,  
Nor as a woman knowing naught of the works of war.  
Since I am skilled in combats and slaughterings which  
men mar.

I know well my dry buckler to turn to left or right,  
I have in me the temper to war with tireless might; 235

I know the battle rushing of the rapid steeds and cars,  
 I know in standing conflict to bear a joy to Mars.  
 I do not wish to strike you by stealth, since you are such,  
 Gazing on you in secret, but openly to touch."

Thus he and, fiercely shaking, his spear long-shadowed flung, 240

And on the shield of Ajax, dire and sevenfold, it rung,  
 Upon the brass extremest, which was the eighth and last,  
 And, cutting through six layers, the brass unwearied passed,

But fixed in the seventh ox-hide. But next, on its career  
 Ajax Zeus-born sent forward his own long-shadowed spear, 245

And struck Priamides' buckler, all-equal in its field.  
 The mighty javelin rushed on clear through the shining shield,

And fastened in the corselet with many a dedal sheer;  
 And cut on through the tunic and by the flank the spear.  
 But he bent and evaded the death the black fates planned; 250

Then both drew their long javelins and fought there hand to hand,

Like raw-devouring lions or strong wild boars afield.  
 Priamides his spear struck upon the middle shield,  
 But did not break the metal; yet bent the spear-point true.

Then Ajax rushed upon him and pierced his buckler through. 255

The spear rushed forward through it and turned him as he strode,

And reached his neck and cut it; the spurting black blood flowed.

Not thus helm-glancing Hektor the heavy fight forsook,  
 But, retrograding slightly, in his hand powerful took  
 A rock, black, great and jagged, which lay there on the plain, 260

And cast on Ajax' buckler, dire and sevenfold, amain,  
 Upon the middle bosses; the brass rang to the shock.  
 Ajax in turn, the second, raised a far greater rock,  
 And drove it whirling onward, with mighty impulse cast,

He broke the shield in, flinging the rock, like millstone  
vast. 265

Hektor's dear knees were injured (and, stretched supine,  
he gazed)

By striking 'gainst his buckler; at once Apollo raised.  
Now had they with their falchions fought hand to hand  
again,

Had not the heralds neared them, messengers of Zeus  
and men;

And one was for the Trojans; one, for th' Achaians  
brass-dressed, 270

Talkhybios and Idaios; and prudence both possessed.  
Between the two their scepters the sacred heralds held;  
The herald Idaios addressed them; in prudence he ex-  
celled:

"No more, dear sons, wage battle, no longer combat  
thus;

For both of you are cherished by cloud-compelling  
Zeus. 275

You both are potent warriors; we all know that aright.  
But night has come upon us; 'tis well to list to night."

But Telamonian Ajax to him in answer said:

"Idaios, order Hektor to tell the speech you made;  
For he called forth to battle, provoking all the best. 280  
Let him begin, but gladly will I obey his quest."

And great helm-glancing Hektor to him replied in  
course:

"Ajax, some god has given to you both bulk and force  
And prudence; of th' Achaians, you best the javelin sway,  
Let us now cease our battle and hostility to-day. 285

But we again shall combat until a god decide,  
And give the prize of battle to one or the other side.

But night has come upon us; 'tis well to list to night.

Thus you, beside the vessels, th' Achaians may delight,  
And most your friends and comrades who are present  
with you there. 290

But I to the great city of Priam, the King, will bear  
Rejoicing to the Trojans and their wives, who trailed  
robes wear,

Who, for me supplicating, enter the holy shrine.—

Come, give we to each other, to both, a gift divine,  
 That each of the Achaians and of the Trojans say: 295  
 "They fought in that contention of soul-devouring sway,  
 And yet were joined in friendship before they went away."

As thus he spoke he gave him a silver-studded sword,  
 And bore to him with scabbard and baldrick deftly  
 scored.

But Ajax gave a baldrick, shining with purple blent, 300  
 And both were there parted; one to th' Achaians went,  
 The other to the Trojans; and they rejoiced anon,  
 When they beheld him\* living and scathless coming on,  
 (Fleeing the strength of Ajax and his hands invincible),  
 And led him to the city (against hope) safe and well.— 305  
 But the well-greaved Achaians to Agamemnon brought,  
 On the other hand, great Ajax, proud of the victory  
 fought.

But when they to the tents of Atrides came again,  
 For them an ox devoted Agamemnon, king of men,  
 (A male and of five seasons), to Zeus of potent might. 310  
 They flayed it and prepared it and cut up all aright,  
 And skilfully divided and pierced with spits withal,  
 And roasted it with prudence and from the fire drew all.  
 Then they prepared the banquet and ate when labour  
 ceased,

And naught the soul found wanting after the equal  
 feast. 315

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atrides, man divine,  
 Granted great Ajax honour by giving the whole chine.  
 But when they felt the impulse for meat and drinking pall,  
 Nestor, the ancient, counseled, beginning first of all;  
 Whose counsel e'er before this appeared the best displayed; 320

And he, their weal desiring, addressed them all and said:  
 "Atrides and ye chieftains of all th' Achaian host,  
 For many of the Achaians, long-haired, by death are lost,  
 Whose black blood now fierce Ares by fair Skamander  
 shed,

And their souls went down to Hades. Thus, be at dawn  
 delayed 325

\*Hektor.

The war of the Achaians, and let us bear the dead,  
 When we have come together, in chariots hither drawn  
 By mules and heavy oxen, and burn the dead anon  
 Not distant from the vessels, that each the bones bear  
 forth,

Going homeward, to his children when we reach our  
 fathers' earth. 330

Then let us pile one barrow of earth ta'en from the field,  
 A tomb the pyre encircling ; and near it quickly build  
 Towers lofty, for the vessels and for ourselves a guard;  
 And make within them portals well-made and fitly barred,  
 That through the spacious entrance a way for horse  
 appear, 335

And let us dig outside them a trench profound, but near,  
 And that, drawn in a circle will guard the men and horse,  
 So the proud Trojans' warring ne'er whelm us with its  
 force."

Thus he; and all the chieftains approved the counsel  
 well.—

But the meeting of the Trojans was in Ilion's citadel. 340  
 'Twas turbulent and fearful; by Priam's doors they sate.  
 'Mid them Antenor prudent began his views to stare:

"Listen to me, ye Trojans and Dardans and allies,  
 That I may tell the counsels my mind to me supplies.  
 Come, let us Argive Helen and all the wealth return 345  
 In gift to the Atridae, since now with oaths forsworn  
 We meet them in the battle; in naught shall we succeed.  
 [I think that naught will help us unless we thus proceed.]

He sat down after speaking. Then rose up unde-  
 terred

Divine King Alexander, | beauteous-haired Helen's lord; 350  
 Who, then, to him responding, his wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

"Antenor, you no longer speak words which please  
 my breast;

Better advice than this is you know well how to frame.  
 But if, in sooth, this counsel from you in earnest came,  
 Then, certainly the godheads have blighted all your  
 sense. 355

To the charger-taming Trojans I speak my preference



And here I tell you plainly, I'll not the dame restore;  
But all the varied treasures I home from Argos bore,  
All that will I give freely and add from mine yet more."

He sat down after speaking. And rose amid them  
here 360

Dardanides, King Priam, to gods in council peer;  
And he, their weal desiring, harangued them and addressed:

"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, allies and all the rest,  
That I may speak what bids me the mind within my breast.

Take now throughout the city, as heretofore, your food, 365  
Be mindful of the watches, be all of wakeful mood.

At early morn Idaios to the hollow ships will go  
To say to Agamemnon and Menelaos, too,  
The words of Alexander, from whom contention rose;  
And make this fair proposal—whether they wish to  
close 370

Ill-echoing war a season, till we can burn the dead;  
Then we again will combat until a godhead dread  
Disparts us from each other and gives one victory."

Thus he; they heard and heeded, obeying willingly.  
[But, then, throughout the army they ate in orders  
drawn]; 375

And to the hollow vessels Idaios went at dawn.  
And found the gathered Danaans, of Ares' fellowship,  
In council by the stern of King Agamemnon's ship;  
And there the clear-voiced herald stood 'mid them and addressed:

"Atridae and all others of all th' Achaian best, 380  
Priam, the King, commands me, all the high-born Trojans, too,

To tell, if it be pleasing and agreeable to you,  
The words of Alexander, by whom the strife was made.  
The treasures Alexander in hollow ships conveyed  
To Troy (and would that, ere it, he met destruction  
sore), 385

All these he will restore you and add yet others more;  
The lawful-wedded consort of Menelaos glorious,  
He will not give, albeit the Trojans counsel thus.

Besides, they bade me ask you whether you wish in turn,  
To cease the war ill-echoing till we the corpses burn. 390  
Then we again may combat until a god divide,  
And gives the doubtful victory to one or the other side."

Thus he; but all full mutely were wrapped in silence  
there,

Until, at length, addressed them Diomedes strong in war:

"Let no one now the treasures of Alexander own, 395  
Nor even Argive Helen; e'en to a child 't were known  
That now upon the Trojans destruction's limits crowd."

Thus he; and all the sons of the Achaians shouted loud,  
Who thus approved the words of Diomed, who horses  
broke.

Then to Idaios, the herald, King Agamemnon spoke: 400

"Idaios, the opinion of th' Achaians now you hear.

Thus they themselves have answered; and I to them  
adhere.

But, as concerns the corpses, to burn is not denied,  
Nor is there any rancour against the dead who died,  
And, since they perished, quickly be they the fire's  
award. 405

But let Zeus know the treaty, Hera's loud-sounding  
lord."

Thus spoke he and his scepter to all the gods upheld;  
And back to sacred Ilion Idaios was impelled.

The Trojans sat in council, and the Dardanian train,  
And all assembled, waiting till Idaios came again. 410  
He came and told the message, while in their midst he  
stood,

And quickly they made ready, one part to bring the wood,  
The rest the dead to gather; and th' Argives quickly  
came

From the well-banked ships to gather the dead and wood  
for flame.

The sun, then, struck the cornfields with his fresh rays  
anew, 415

As from calm-flowing ocean profound to heaven he drew;  
And they met one another. 'Twas hard each corpse to  
know,

But they washed off the foulness of blood in water's flow,

Pouring hot tears upon them, and on the chariots laid.  
Great Priam allowed no wailing; in silence they conveyed, 420

Though in their still hearts grieving, the bodies to the  
pyre,

And went to sacred Ilion when they had burned with fire.  
Thus, likewise, did th' Achaians, well-greaved, perform  
their part,

And placed on pyres the corpses, though they were  
grieved at heart;

And went to the hollow vessels when they had burned  
the dead. 425

And when not yet 't was morning, but twilight still was  
spread,

Then a band of the Achaians around the pyre went forth  
And made a single barrow (with soil borne from the earth  
Of the plain) and undivided; by it they built a wall  
And lofty towers, a bulwark for the ships and for them  
all. 430

And in them they made portals adapted cunningly,  
That through the spacious entrance a way for horse  
might be;

On th' outside, but close to it, a trench profound they  
made,

Both large and wide, and in it full many a stake arrayed.  
And the long-haired Achaians toiled in their labour  
thus.— 435

But the gods above were seated beside high-thundering  
Zeus,

And admired the mighty labour of the Achaians' brazen-  
dressed;

Posidon, the earth-shaker, his words to them addressed:  
"Zeus Sire, is there any mortal upon the boundless  
earth,

Who in his mind and counsels to th' immortals will call  
forth? 440

Do you see how the Achaians, long-haired, have made a  
wall

Just now before their vessels and drawn a trench round  
all,

Nor to the gods have given a famous hecatomb?  
This work will shine in glory while dawn affrights the  
gloom.

That one will be forgotten by me and Phœbus done, 445  
Toiling to build the city for hero Laomedon."

To him said Zeus cloud-gathering, evincing anger  
dread:

"Ye gods, Earth-Shaker mighty, what were the words  
you said?

Another of the godheads this thought might touch with  
fright,

Another god, far weaker than you in hands and might. 450

Yet shall your glory reach out as far as spreads the morn.

But come now, when th' Achaïans, long-haired, are home-  
ward borne

Back in their hollow vessels to their dear fatherland,

Cast down the wall in ruin, with sea whelm all the strand,

And all the mighty sea-shore cover with barren sand. 455

And thus the mighty bulwark of th' Achaïans shall be  
effaced."

And thus with one another their conversation passed

But when the sun was darkened, and th' Achaïans war<sup>8</sup> <sup>16</sup>  
was done;

'Mid the tents they slaughtered oxen and their evening  
meal begun.

And many ships from Lemnos stood by, which dark wine  
bore, 460

Which Jasonides Euneos had sent to them before,

Whom Hypsipylè bore to Jason, pastor of peoples he.—

Of wine, a thousand measures, Jasonides gave free

Menelaos and Agamemnon, and set the store apart.

Thence the long-haired Achaïans the wine bought in the  
mart; 465

And some gave brass in barter, some iron, shining brave,

Some gave the hides of oxen, the oxen's selves some gave,

And others gave their captives; and they set the banquet  
bright.

Then the long-haired Achaïans feasted the livelong night;

And the Trojans in the city and alleys<sup>163</sup> kept feast at  
will. 470

But all night Zeus, the counsellor, plotted against them  
 ill,  
 Showing his wrath in thunder; pale fear seized with the  
 sign;  
 And from their beakers earthward they poured out  
 sparkling wine,  
 Nor drank ere to Kronion they poured libations deep.  
 They then lay down for slumber and took the gift of  
 sleep. 475

## BOOK VIII.

### THE INTERRUPTED BATTLE.

The morn with saffron garments spread o'er all earth's  
 abodes,  
 And Zeus, in thunder joying, to council called the gods  
 To many-peaked Olympus, upon the highest crest.  
 The gods all listened to him, and he himself addressed:  
 "Hear me now, all ye godheads and goddesses as  
 well, 5  
 That what my mind within me commands me I may tell.  
 Thus, let not any goddess nor any godhead try  
 To render vain my order, but all with it comply,  
 That quickly I accomplish the works which I designed.  
 Though from the gods he wander, that godhead will I  
 find, 10  
 Who goes to aid the Trojans or else the Danaan race;  
 And he shall seek Olympus, driven by lashes base,  
 Or I will seize and cast him forth into Tartaros dim,  
 Far hence, where 'neath the earth is a chasm deep and  
 grim.  
 The gates there are of iron, the brazen threshold lies 15  
 As far below dark Hades as earth beneath the skies.  
 Then will he know how greatly I pass all gods in power.  
 But come, ye gods and try me, that all may know my  
 dower;

And, from the hights of heaven, hang down a chain of  
gold,

And then let every goddess and all the gods lay hold. 20

But you will ne'er from heaven drag down upon the  
plain

Great Zeus, the highest counsellor, though much you toil  
in vain.

But when, in my desiring, I will to drag you forth,

I draw you with the ocean and with the very earth;

If then around Olympus' high top I bind the chain, 25

All you and these are hanging amid the air inane.

Thus I surpass the godheads, thus am I raised o'er men."

Thus he; and all in silence became observant then,  
While at his speech they wondered, for he spoke with  
threatening strength.

But next the fierce-eyed goddess, Athena, spoke at  
length: 30

"O Kronides, my father, who every king excel,  
We know well that your strength is o'er all invincible;  
Yet we the warlike Danaans lament with sorrow great,  
Who are destroyed, fulfilling the doom of evil fate.  
Yet we will keep from warring, if you command us so, 35  
But give the Argives counsel, if it an aid bestow,  
That not the whole may perish while you are angered  
thus."

But, smiling on her fairly, said then cloud-gathering  
Zeus:

"Be strong, for not in anger, Tritonia, cherished child,  
I spoke to you, well-wishing, but would with you be  
mild." 40

Thus speaking, to his chariot his coursers twain he  
bare,

Flying and brazen-footed, with manes of golden hair,  
And clad in gold his body, and seized the scourge of gold,  
Well-wrought, and quickly mounted his car as forth it  
rolled.

He scourged the steeds to drive them; they, not unwilling,  
flew 45

Between the earth and heaven beset with starry blue.

He came to fount-rich Ida, mother of monsters wild,

To Gargaros, where his field was, and altar undefiled;  
The sire of men and godheads then stayed his coursers  
there,

And loosed them from the car and poured round much  
dusky air. 50

He then sat on the summits, by glory's pride impelled,  
And all the Trojan city and Achaian ships beheld.

But the long-haired Achaians meanwhile were taking  
food

Hastily in their quarters, then put on armour good.

On the other hand, the Trojans in the city armour  
dight, 55

And, though they were the fewer, yet they desired to  
fight

For their wives and for their children, since dire com-  
pulsion urged.

And all the gates were opened and forth the people  
surged,

The footmen and the horsemen; and many a war cry met.

But when they came together shield ox-hide shield  
beset, 60

And lances clashed with lances, and brass-clad warriors  
met;

And bossy bucklers crashed on the bucklers of the foes,

And high above the tumult a mighty clamour rose.

The wail and cry of triumph announced the varied mood  
Of men who slew or perished; the earth flowed foul with  
blood. 65

While yet the morn was passing, and grew the sacred  
day,

So long the missiles wounded, and men fell in the fray.

But when the sun ascending to middle heaven rolled,

Then Father Zeus Kronion raised up the scales of gold;

Two fates of long-extending death in the scales he  
pressed 70

For the charger-taming Trojans and Achaians brazen-  
dressed;

He raised it by the middle, and th' Achaians' day of fate  
Sank down. [Th' Achaians' fortune on earth all-feeding  
sate,

But the fortune of the Trojans rose up to heaven vast.]  
 He thundered loud from Ida and flaming lightnings  
 cast 75

Among th' Achaian people; amazed they saw it fall;  
 And fear, diffusing pallor, laid heavy hands on all.  
 Then not King Agamemnon nor Idomeneus dared stay,  
 Nor yet the two Ajaces, servants of Ares' sway.  
 Alone Gerenian Nestor, th' Achaians' fence, kept  
 ground 80

Unwillingly; one courser was disabled by a wound,  
 Which godlike Alexander struck with an arrow fair  
 (The lord of Argive Helen, possessing beauteous hair)  
 Upon the highest forehead where first the forelocks grow  
 Out of the skull; most fitting the spot for fatal blow. 85  
 He reared, stung by the anguish (the shaft had pierced  
 the brain),

And scared the other horses and rolled o'er brass\* and  
 rein.

And while the old man cut off the lashings with his sword,  
 The flying steeds of Hektor bore through the crowd their  
 lord

And charioteer, bold Hektor. There had he† lost his  
 life, 90

If Diomed had not known well (that hero good in strife).

And he urged on Odysseus with voice which fear in-  
 stilled:

"Laertiades Zeus-risen, Odysseus many-skilled,  
 Why do you fly, thus turning your back like coward  
 sheer?

Beware, lest some one fasten in your fleeing back a  
 spear. 95

Yet stay, that the wild warrior we drive from th' old man  
 here."

Thus he; divine Odysseus, much-enduring, heard him  
 not,

But, rushing by, the hollow ships of th' Achaians sought.  
 Yet, though alone, Tydides amid the foremost bare,  
 And stood before the ancient's, the son of Neleus'  
 car; 100

\*The brass bit. †Nestor.



And, after he addressed him, his wingèd words were borne:

“Old man, your strength most truly the warriors young have worn;

Your force for you is loosened, and heavy age impedes,

Your servant is enfeebled, and sluggish are your steeds.

Yet come, ascend my chariot that you may ascertain 105

What are these Trojan coursers, experienced in the plain,

Full rapid in pursuing or flight, now there, now here;—

Which I took from Æneas, twin masters they of fear.

And let your servants care for your own; with mine we go

’Gainst the charger-taming Trojans, that Hektor’s self  
may know 110

Whether my spear in madness is in my hands displayed.”

Thus he; Gerenian Nestor, the horseman, him obeyed.

But then the steeds of Nestor to their servants strong they  
gave—

To Sthenelos attendant and Eurymedon all-brave.

And both of them ascended the car of Diomed, 115

And with his hands old Nestor took the reins which  
splendour shed,

And drove with whip the horses; and soon was Hektor  
near.

And, rushing on him fiercely, Tydides flung his spear,

But missed him with his javelin; th’ attendant charioteer

Eniopeus, the son of Thebaïos of great mind, 120

Holding the reins, he wounded where pap and breast  
combined;

He tumbled from the chariot; and back with wild affright

Sprang the fleet-footed chargers; and loosed were soul  
and might.

Though Hektor’s mind dire sorrow for his charioteer re-  
ceived,

He suffered him to lie there and for his comrade

grieved; 125

A bold charioteer he sought for. Not long the steeds  
lacked thus

A guide; he found Iphitides, bold Archeptolemos,

Who the swift-footed horses and car by his command

As charioteer ascended and took the reins in hand.

And now, in truth, destruction and monstrous deeds  
 were blent; 130  
 The Trojans had been driven and like lambs in Ilium pent,  
 If not all well the father of men and gods had known,—  
 But dreadfully he thundered and flung white lightning  
 prone;

Earthward before the horses of Diomed it came,  
 And dire the glancing flashes rose from the sulphurous  
 flame; 135

And both the coursers trembled and crouched beneath the  
 wain,

And from the hands of Nestor slipped forth the shining  
 rein,

And in his mind he trembled and Diomedes hight:

“Come now, O son of Tydeus, turn the whole-hoofed  
 steeds to flight

Do not you see that Zeus gives no victory o’er the foes? 140

On him to-day the glory Zeus Kronides bestows;

But later, if he wishes, will grant the boon to us,

And man in naught may hinder nor guide the thought  
 of Zeus,

E’en if supremely powerful; for Zeus is mightier far.”

But then to him responded Diomedes strong in war: 145

“You speak all this, O ancient, as truth and fate in-  
 clined;

With all, a grievous sorrow touches my heart and mind.

For Hektor to the Trojans may boast some future day:

‘Tydides, struck by terror, to the vessels fled away.’

Thus will he boast; then, yawning, may th’ earth gape  
 for me wide.” 150

To him Gerenian Nestor, the horseman, then replied:

“Woe, son of warlike Tydeus, what are the words you  
 speak?

If e’er the mighty Hektor shall call you vile and weak,

The Trojans and Dardanians will not their credence  
 yield,

Nor the consorts of the Trojans, high-minded, armed  
 with shield, 155

Whose young and blooming husbands you cast in dust  
 by might.”

Thus saying, the whole-hoofed horses he turned around  
 for flight  
 Back through the press; upon them the Trojans, Hektor  
 poured  
 With echoing cry their javelins with many a sorrow  
 stored.  
 And great helm-glancing Hektor called loudly to him  
 there: 160

“Tydides, whom the Danaans, swift-horsed, high  
 honour bare,

And gave you flesh and station with cups filled to the brim,  
 Will now bestow dishonour, since you a woman seem.  
 Go, timid girl! and never, since thus you yield to me,  
 Will you ascend our ramparts, nor lead all-scornfully 165  
 Our wives upon your vessels; ere this I give you fate.”

Thus he: but Diomedes revolved in still debate  
 Whether to turn his horses and fight with force conjoined.  
 And three times he considered within his soul and mind,  
 And thrice on Ida's mountains all-wise Zeus thundered  
 free, 170

Thus giving to the Trojans a sign of victory.  
 And Hektor, loudly shouting, called to the Trojan band:  
 “Ye Trojans, Lykians, Dardans, who battle hand to  
 hand,

Be heroes, friends, remember the power of rushing force.  
 I know that Zeus Kronion nods, granting to my  
 course 175

Victory and great glory, but to the Danaans, fate;  
 The fools, who here erected these weak walls, idly great!  
 These will not drive my strength back; my horses easily  
 Will leap the sunken trenches. But when at length we be  
 Beside the hollow vessels, be hostile fire your care, 180  
 That with flame I burn the vessels and slay the warriors  
 there.

[The Argives by the vessels, bewildered by the smoke.”]

Thus saying, he exhorted his coursers as he spoke:  
 “Xanthos, and you Podargos, Aithon and Lampos brave,  
 Pay now the food abundant which you so freely  
 gave 185

Andromachè, the daughter of great-souled Eetion;

By her the honey-dulcet wheat first to you was thrown,  
[She mixed the wine for drinking when thirst incited you,]  
Or by myself who boast me her husband strong and true.  
Yet follow them and hasten, that to my hands be  
given 190

The shadowy shield of Nestor, whose fame has reached  
to heaven;

And all the shield is golden, itself and handles even;  
And eke the dedal corselet upon the shoulders laid  
Of Diomed, horse-tamer, which Vulcan, labouring, made.  
If these I take, th' Achaïans, I'd hope, this very night 195  
Would mount their rapid vessels to save their lives by  
flight."

Thus spoke he, boasting; Hera, revered, dire anger  
took;

She on her throne was shaken, while great Olympus  
shook;

And she then to Posidon, the mighty godhead, said:

"Ye gods, and you, Earth-Shaker, wielder of strength  
all-dread, 200

Does not your mind afflict you while thus the Danaans  
fall?

They give you gifts in Aigai and Helikè withal,  
And many they give and grateful; so, wish them victory.  
And if we all should wish it, who the Danaans' helpers be,  
To drive away the Trojans and force Zeus thundering  
wide, 205

Then might he sit despondent, alone on lofty Ide."

To her the King earth-shaking, touched by great  
grief, replied:

"Hera, in words intrepid, what were those words you  
bare?

I do not wish us others to fight with Zeus in war,  
The mighty son of Kronos, for he is better far." 210

And such the conversation they with each other held.  
The space between the vessels and moated wall was filled  
By chariots and horses and men with bucklers skilled,  
Who whirled in dire confusion; Priamides Hektor drove  
Equal to rapid Ares, when Zeus this glory gave. 215  
And now the equal vessels he with ardent fire had burned,

If the mind of Agamemnon were not by Hera turned,  
 So he should hasten quickly to urge th' Achaians on.  
 And to th' Achaian vessels and tents at once he run,  
 While his great robe of purple was held in his strong  
 hand, 220

And on the huge black vessel of Odysseus took his stand,  
 Which in the midst was standing; thus both ways his  
 words were sent;

[To Telamonian Ajax' or to Achilles' tent,  
 Who had drawn their equal vessels extremest on the  
 sands,

Confiding in their virtue and the stoutness of their  
 hands.] 225

He shouted to the Danaans, calling in piercing tone:

"Shame, Argives, ill reproaches, admired for form  
 alone!

Where now have gone the boastings, when you said that  
 you were best,

Which, when you were in Lemnos, all idly you expressed,  
 Eating much flesh of oxen, whose horns straight up in-  
 cline, 230

Or drinking from whole craters crowned high with spark-  
 ling wine,

That hundreds of the Trojans would from your fury run  
 When you appeared in battle? Now, you dare not meet  
 e'en one.

[Hektor alone, who quickly to the ships bright fire will  
 bring.]

Zeus Father, gave you ever to a prepotent king 235  
 Such anguish born of slaughter and took great fame  
 away?

But never your fair altar did I pass by, I say,  
 In many-banked vessel sailing, by ill luck hither turned,  
 Unless on each one oxen's rich fat and thighs I burned,  
 Desiring aye destruction to bring to well-walled Troy. 240  
 But, Zeus, show so your favour that I this hope enjoy.  
 Permit us to evade them, in safety from them fly,  
 Nor suffer the Achaians by the Trojans thus to die."

Thus he; and him the Father, pitying while he wept,  
 Nodded to save the people and from destruction kept. 245

At once he sent an eagle, most perfect bird we know,  
 With fawn clutched in his talons, young of a rapid doe;  
 Beside the beauteous altar of Zeus the rapt fawn fell;  
 And th' Achaïans sacrificed it to Zeus, knowing omens  
 well.

But when they saw Kronion had led the eagle's flight, 250  
 They rushed upon the Trojans fiercely, remembering  
 fight.

Then no one of the Danaans, though many of them  
 were there,  
 Claimed that before Tydides he held his steeds and car  
 In driving from the trenches to fight the foe anew.  
 Yet he by far the foremost a Trojan warrior slew, 255  
 Agelaos, son of Phradmon, who turned his steeds for  
 flight:

But in his back, while turning, was fixed the javelin  
 bright,  
 Midway between the shoulders, and through the breast  
 it sprang;

He fell out of the chariot, and his armour o'er him rang.  
 Menelaos and Agamemnon, th' Atridae, followed  
 him;\* 260

And them the two Ajaces, endued with valour grim;  
 Idomeneus came after, his armour-bearer, then,  
 Meriones, the equal of Mars destroying men;  
 Eurypylos came after, Euaimon's famous son;  
 And ninth of all came Teucer, who with bent bow came  
 on; 265

He stood beneath the buckler of Ajax Telamon.  
 And while he looked out, Ajax his shield above him  
 bowed,  
 But when with shaft he wounded some one among the  
 crowd,

Who then at once fell earthward, torn by death's agonies,  
 Again he hastened backward, as child to mother flies, 270  
 To Ajax who concealed him behind his shining shield.

Who was the first of Trojans by blameless Teucer  
 killed?

Orsilochos the first was, Ophleustes, Ormenos,

\*Tydides.

Then Chromios and Daitor, Lykophontes glorious,  
 Melanippos, Amaphaon Polyaimonides. 275

[He cast on one another to bounteous earth all these.]

And, seeing him, joy gladdened Agamemnon, king of  
 men,

Since he the Trojan phalanx with his strong bow brought  
 bane;

Going he stood beside him and with these words bespoke:

“O Teucer, dearly cherished, Telamonian, prince of  
 folk, 280

Shoot thus to be a glory among the Danaans all,

And Telamon, your father, who nurtured you while  
 small,

And, though a spurious offspring, nourished you in his  
 hall.

Exalt his name and glory, though he is far away,

And it shall be accomplished to you as thus I say: 285

If e'er Athena grant me, and aegis-bearing Zeus,

The well-built city Ilion in ruins dire to loose,

Next me, the greatest honour I to your hands will bear,

A tripod or two horses and, with themselves, the car,

Or I will give a woman who may ascend your bed.” 290

But, to his words replying, illustrious Teucer said:

“Most glorious Atrides, why do you urge me on,

Me, who myself am glowing? I leave no thing undone,

So far as power is in me; yet, since we pushed afield

The Trojans back toward Ilion, full many a man I  
 killed, 295

Striking them with my arrows. Eight long-forked shafts  
 I sent,

And all within the bodies of Mars-fleet warriors went;

Yet aye I fail in striking this dog all-ravening.”

He said; and yet an arrow he let fly from the string,

Directed straight at Hektor; his soul urged him to  
 smite. 300

Again, this time he missed him; but with his arrow bright

In the breast he struck Gorgythion, Priam's brave and  
 blameless son;

Whom beauteous Kastianira (her form a goddess' own),

A bride borne from Aisyma, his mother, bore and bred.

And as, within a garden, a poppy droops its head      305  
To either side when laden with fruit and vernal rain;  
Thus did his head hang drooping, weighed by the helmet  
vain.

Another arrow Teucer sent from the bowstring right  
Against the breast of Hektor; his soul urged him to smite.  
Yet once again he missed him, for Apollo made it veer, 310  
But wounded Archeptolemos, Hektor's bold charioteer  
(As he rushed on to battle) by the mamma of the breast;  
He tumbled from the chariot; the rapid chargers pressed  
Tumultuously backward, and loosed were strength and  
mind.

But o'er the soul of Hektor a heavy grief declined,      315  
Since his charioteer was smitten, but he suffered him to lie,  
Though for his comrade grieving; he bade his brother  
nigh,

Kebriones, the guide-reins to take, and he obeyed.

To earth from his bright chariot a leap great Hektor  
made,  
Shouting with cries terrific, and took a rock in hand, 320  
And rushed on to smite Teucer, as did his soul command.  
But he\* out of his quiver a bitter arrow drew  
And placed it on the bowstring; yet, as bent the yew,  
Helm-glancing Hektor struck him hard with the jagged  
stone

(As Teucer rushed to meet him), where lies the collar-  
bone      325

Between the neck and bosom, a spot the shoulders near;  
And, of all fatal places, one of the worst is here.

It broke the nerve,† and palsy the hand and wrist-joint  
spanned;

His knees sustained him falling, and the bow fell from  
his hand.

Ajax did not abandon his brother on the field,      330  
Yet, running, he protected and covered with his shield.

But soon two dear companions to him in succour came,  
Echios' son, Mekisteus, and Alastor of high name;  
And bore to the hollow vessels, while much he groaned  
in pain.

\*Teucer.      †The nerve used for a bowstring.



Again th' Olympian raised up in strength the Trojan  
train, 335

And they pushed back th' Achaians straight to the moat  
at length,

And Hektor went the foremost, ferocious in his strength.

As when a dog, pursuing, with rapid feet has joined

A wild boar or a lion, and seizes it behind,

By haunch or by the buttock and guards its turning  
there; 340

Thus Hektor followed after th' Achaians with long hair,

And ever slew the hindmost; and they in flight were spent.

But when they, in their flying, through moat and paling  
went,

And many by the hands of the Trojans were subdued,

They rallied from their panic and by the vessels stood, 345

Exhorting one another, and high their hands displayed

To all the gods above them, and loudly each one prayed.

His fair-maned horses Hektor drove, circling far and wide;

He had the eyes of Gorgon or Ares homicide.

The white-armed goddess, Hera, saw them, and pity  
pressed; 350

And she at once Athena with wingèd words addressed:

"Ye gods, and you, the daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,

Shall we neglect the Danaans in their straits calamitous?

Who, evil fates fulfilling, by one man's force are torn,

Who rages with a fury no longer to be borne, 355

Hektor, the son of Priam; and many an ill he spread."

Fierce-eyed Athena, goddess, in answer to her said:

"Yet, soothly now, this warrior's spirit and strength were  
banned.

And he by hands of th' Argives slain in his fatherland,

Were not my father raging with an unfavouring mind; 360

Harsh, aye opposed to justice, and to my hopes unkind.

Nor does in aught remember my toils for his son\* borne,

How oft I saved him failing, by Eurystheus' dire tasks  
worn.

In truth, he\* wept to heaven; but Zeus sent me, an aid,

At once forth from great heaven to help his son dis-

mayed. 365

\*Hercules.

But if these things full clearly to my keen mind were lent,  
 When to the house of Hades, with potent gates, he sent  
 To drag the dog of hated Hades from Erebus;  
 The Stygian wave's deep currents he had not fled from thus.  
 Now I to him am hateful, and Thetis' will is pleased; 370  
 For on his knees she kissed him, with hand his chin she  
 seized,

Praying to honour Achilles, who towns destroys amain.  
 Times come when he his cherished Fierce-eyed will call  
 again.

But you the whole-hoofed horses prepare now for our use,  
 While I go to the mansions of aegis-bearing Zeus 375  
 And put on arms for battle, that I may see if thus  
 The son of Priam, helm-glancing Hektor, will laugh at us,  
 When he beholds me coming along the paths of war.  
 Sooth, someone of the Trojans to dogs and birds will bear  
 Content with flesh and fatness, 'mid th' Achaian vessels  
 laid." 380

Thus she; and white-armed Hera, the goddess her  
 obeyed.

Hera, the revered goddess, daughter of Kronos great,  
 In haste yoked up the horses, gold-bridled and elate.—  
 Aegis-bearing Zeus's daughter Athena, goddess dire,  
 Spread out her flowing garment o'er the pavement of her  
 sire, 385

All-varied, which she laboured and with her hands had  
 made;

Cloud-gathering Zeus's corselet was on her breast dis-  
 played,

And thus for tearful battle herself in arms arrayed.  
 Into the blazing chariot she ascended with her feet,  
 And laid hold on her javelin, heavy and strong and  
 great, 390

By which the battle orders of heroic men are torn,  
 'Gainst whom in ire she rages, of potent father born.  
 The steeds, by Hera guided, fast 'neath the scourge were  
 driven;

And by their own volition opened the gates of heaven,  
 Held by the Hours; Olympus and great heaven in their  
 guard 395

Were placed, and the dense vapours they closed up or unbarred.

Through these they drove the horses, urged on by goad of fire.

But Father Zeus from Ida, seeing, felt anger dire,  
And he incited Iris, gold-winged, these words to bear:

“Away, begone, fleet Iris, turn back the godheads there, 400

Nor let them come against me; we would war unseemingly.

For this I tell you plainly, which shall accomplished be;  
I will lame their rapid coursers beneath themselves and car,

And cast them from their chariot and the chariot break and mar;

Nor shall within the circuit of ten revolving years 405  
The wounds close and heal over which my burning lightning sears;

That Fierce-eyed know the anguish of warring with her sire.

I rage not so 'gainst Hera, nor do I feel such ire;  
For she is wonted ever to scorn what I decree.”

Thus he; storm-footed Iris sped with the embassy; 410  
She went from Ida's mountains down to Olympus great.  
On many-valed Olympus, beside its foremost gate,  
She met and there detained them and told the words of Zeus:

“Where speed you? In your bosoms why do your hearts rage thus?

Kronion will not suffer you the Argives to defend. 415  
For thus the son of Kronos threatened to make the end:  
He will lame your rapid horses beneath yourselves and car,

And cast you from the chariot and the chariot break and mar;

Nor shall within the circuit of ten revolving years,  
The wounds close and heal over which his burning lightning sears; 420

That Fierce-eyed know the anguish of warring with her sire;

Not thus his rage 'gainst Hera, nor does he feel such ire,  
For she is wonted ever what he decrees to scorn.

But you, O dog\* most shameless and dire, if you dare  
turn,

In sooth, your monstrous javelin against the might of  
Zeus—" 425

And rapid-footed Iris went, having spoken thus.

But, to inform Athena, Hera's thoughts for utterance  
strove;

"Ye gods, and you, the daughter of aegis-bearing Jove,  
Against Zeus' might, for mortals, I will no longer vie;

And one may joy in living, another one may die, 430  
Howe'er the lot; and let him, howe'er his mind incite,  
Decide between the Trojans and Danaans, as is right."

Thus saying, the whole-hoofed horses she homeward  
turned once more.

The Hours released the coursers, who manes all-beau-  
teous bore,

And fastened them to mangers ambrosial in the stalls, 435

And tilted back the chariots against the shining walls.

And they on golden couches sat down, and not apart,  
But with the other godheads, though grieving at the heart.

But Father Zeus from Ida back to Olympus drove  
His well-wheeled car and horses to the godheads' seats  
above. 440

Illustrious Posidon the coursers loosed for him,

And placed on rests the chariot, spreading linen o'er the  
rim.

And Zeus himself, wide-thundering, sat on his throne of  
gold;

And, 'neath his feet, a shiver o'er great Olympus rolled.

Apart from Zeus, Athena and Hera sat alone, 445

And questioned him in nothing nor any words made  
known;

But in his mind he knew all and thus his thoughts ex-  
pressed:

"Hera, and you, Athena, why are you thus distressed?  
Not long you toiled in battle, which makes men's glory  
great,

\*Athena.

To bring death on the Trojans whom you hated with dire  
hate. 450

In truth, so great my strength is, my hands unmatched by far,  
Not all the gods could turn me, who in Olympus are.  
For you, your splendid members fear seized and held in  
awe,

Ere the hard works of warring and war itself you saw.  
And this I tell you plainly—the consequences dire: 455  
You came not on your chariots, struck by the lightning's  
fire,

Again to great Olympus, where is th' immortals' seat."

Thus he; but both Athena and Hera groaned thereat.  
They sat beside each other, for the Trojans ill designed;  
Athena sat in silence, and spoke in naught her mind, 460  
Though wroth at Zeus, the Father, and raging anger led.  
Yet in her bosom Hera held not her ire, but said:

"Most terrible Kronion, what are these words you  
speak?

But we all know full fairly your strength is far from weak;  
Yet much we mourn the Danaans, in warring strong and  
great, 465

Who now will find destruction, fulfilling evil fate.  
[Yet we will keep from battle, if such your will displayed,  
But give the Argives counsel, whatever may bear aid,  
So that not all may perish while you have anger dread.]"

To her, in making answer, Zeus, cloud-compelling,  
said: 470

"Ox-eyed and revered Hera, if you wish you shall  
behold

To-morrow morn Kronion, possessing strength untold,  
Destroying the great army of th' Argives brave and bold.  
And mighty Hektor will not cease to drive on the fight,  
Till he beside the vessels Pelides swift excite. 475

[And till the day they battle beside the ships amain,  
In a most grievous passage around Patroklos slain.]  
For thus these things are fated; your rage gives me no  
care,

Not if to the last limits of earth and sea you fare,  
Where Japetos and Kronos sit ungladdened by the  
sound 480

Of winds or rays of Helios, but deep Tartaros is round;  
Not if you thither wander will I with mercy view  
Yourself enraged, since none is more impudent than you."

Thus he; and white-armed Hera to him in naught  
replied.—

Then the splendid light of Helios\* fell in the Ocean's  
tide, 485

And drew the night all-sable upon the fertile earth.

The Trojans were unwilling to see the light go forth;

The dark night to th' Achaians came grateful and de-  
sired.—

A council of the Trojans famed Hektor then inspired,  
And to the eddying river, far from the vessels, led 490  
Where the earth was less encumbered, and a spot seemed  
free from dead.

Descending from their chariots to earth, the speech they  
heard

Which great helm-glancing Hektor, beloved by Zeus,  
preferred;

His spear, elevencubits, in his strong hand he bore;

The brass point of the javelin sent sparkling flames  
before. 495

And round about the javelin a golden circle sped;

And he, by this supported, words to the Trojans said:

"Hear me now, all ye Trojans, Dardans and hosts  
allied,

I thought now, with the vessels and Achaians all de-  
stroyed,

To bend my footsteps backward to wind-swept Ilion. 500

But darkness came before it, and saved ere this were done

The Argives and the vessels by the borders of the sea;

But now let us all follow the sable night's decree,

Prepare for all a supper, and loosen from the car

The steeds with manes all-beauteous and give them fodder  
here; 505

And bring out of the city oxen and fattened sheep,

In haste, and honey-dulcet wine with the others keep,

And bread from the wide mansions, and let much wood  
be drawn,

\*The sun.

That all the night till Eos, the daughter of the dawn,  
We burn full many a watch-fire whose light to heaven  
may glare, 510

Lest, haply, in the night-time, th' Achaians with long  
hair

May seek to fly by going on the broad backs of the sea.  
Nor shall they go uncoiling on their vessels quietly;  
Yet each of them shall care for some wound when home  
they go,

Wounded by the sharp javelin or by an arrow's blow, 515  
When they leap upon their vessels; so other folk shall fear  
To bear horse-taming Trojans war, wet with many a tear.  
But let the Zeus-loved heralds through all the city call  
The youths just reaching manhood and white-haired  
ancients all

To gather round the city within the god-built towers; 520  
But let the weaker women, each in her mansions' bowers,  
A mighty fire enkindle; and let a firm guard stay,  
Lest the foe break in in secret while the army is away.  
Thus be it, great-hearted Trojans, such are the words  
I say;

The speech which is most useful, let that one now be  
borne; 525

To the horse-taming Trojans I'll speak again at morn;  
And, vowing to Kronion and the other godheads great,  
I hope to drive from Ilion these dogs brought by dire fate.  
[Whom on their sable vessels destructive fates incite.]

But let us place our watches to guard us through the  
night; 530

To-morrow at the dawning, armed in our armour bright,  
Beside the hollow vessels we will waken Ares dread.

I will see then if Tydides, the powerful Diomed,  
Shall push me from the vessels back to the city wall,  
Or I with brass shall kill him and bear his bloody  
spoil. 535

His worth to-morrow morning securely will he show,  
If he waits my rushing javelin; yet among the first, I trow,  
Will he fall wounded sorely 'mid many companions dure,  
When comes the morning sunrise. Would I were thus  
secure

Of being an immortal and ageless all my days, 540  
 And honoured as Athena and Apollo in their praise,  
 As thus this day dire evil I bear the Argive name."

Thus Hektor spoke; the Trojans broke into loud  
 acclaim.

And they the sweating horses loosed from the yoke they  
 bare,

And bound them with their halters, each one by his own  
 car; 545

And from the city oxen and fattened sheep they sought,  
 In haste, and honey-dulcet wine with the other brought,  
 And bread from the wide mansions, much wood to light  
 the gloom.

[And made for the immortals a perfect hecatomb.  
 The pleasant steam to heaven the winds bore from the  
 plain; 550

But the happy gods, not wishing, took naught in their  
 disdain;

For much by them was hated all-sacred Ilion here,  
 And Priam and the folk of Priam, good with the ashen  
 spear.]

But they,\* great thoughts revolving, sat in the path  
 of war

Through all the night unbroken; and many fires burned  
 there. 555

As when the stars in heaven around the radiant moon  
 Appear arrayed in splendour, and the still air droops  
 aswoon;

[And every crag and summit high and the groves shine  
 there,

And from the very heaven opens the boundless air;]  
 And all the stars are lustrous, and the shepherd's joy is  
 shown; 560

So many fires the Trojans kindled by Ilion.  
 Between the sable vessels and eddying Xanthos' streams,  
 A thousand fires were kindled aplain; by each one's  
 gleams,

In the light of fire all-sparkling, full fifty warriors sate.  
 But the horses snowy barley and oats abundant ate 565

\*The Trojans.



And waited well-throned Eos, standing by cars elate.

## BOOK IX.

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### THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES. THE PRAYERS.

Thus held their guards the Trojans; but the Achaians  
 near  
 A boundless Flight o'ershadowed, the comrade of cold  
 Fear;  
 And all the chiefs were wounded by crushing grief and  
 pain.  
 And as two winds in tempest arouse the fish-rich main,  
 Boreas and rapid Zephyr, which both from Thrakia  
 blow  
 With sudden rushing onward, and sable billows flow  
 In stormy crests and bring out much sea-weed from the  
 sea;  
 Thus in th' Achaians' bosoms their minds raged angrily.  
 Atrides with great anguish was wounded to the heart,  
 He went to tell the heralds, clear-voiced as bade their  
 art,  
 To summon to a council each hero by his name,  
 And not to call; himself, then, among the foremost came.  
 And there they sat in sorrow; and Agamemnon stood  
 And wept, as a black fountain pours out its sable flood  
 Down a high rock; thus sighed he and th' Argives told  
 his griefs:  
 "O friends, ye Argive leaders, and all ye Argive chiefs,  
 In sooth, me Zeus Kronion ensnared in evil fraud,  
 The cruel one, who erstwhile promised me with his nod  
 That I should ruin Ilion well-walled and home be borne;  
 He now ill snares devises and orders me to turn  
 Inglorious back to Argos, since many were lost by me.  
 But this to Zeus prepotent a source of joy will be,  
 Who the highs of many cities has cast down to their fall,  
 And many yet will cast down, for his power is over all.  
 But come, as I shall bid you, hearken to my command:

Fly we upon our vessels to our dear fatherland,  
For not yet shall we capture wide-streeted Ilion."

Thus he; and soundless silence lay hold on everyone.  
And the sons of the Achaïans grieved long in silence there.  
At length rose and addressed them Diomedes, good in  
war: 30

"Atrides, to oppose you, as rash, is my desire,  
Which, King, is just in council and should not raise your  
ire.

You, first among the Danaans, reproached the strength  
I hold,

Saying I was unwarlike and cast in weaker mould;  
And all the Argives know it, the young as well as old. 35  
The son of wily Kronos gave you one of two things,  
With the scepter gave you honour which o'er all others  
springs;

He did not give you courage, whose power is greatest far.  
Unhappy, do you think that th' Achaïans' children are  
So weak and so unwarlike as once you said in scorn?— 40  
But if your mind impels you to hasten your return,  
Go; there's a path before you, your ships stand near the  
sea,

Which followed from Mukenai, and very many they be.  
Yet others of the Achaïans, long-haired, will make a  
stand

Till we shall ruin Ilion. Yet if themselves demand, 45  
Let them fly on their vessels to their dear fatherland;  
But we, myself and Sthenelos, will fight until we find  
The fated end of Ilion; for we came with godhead kind."

Thus he; and all th<sup>z</sup> sons of th<sup>e</sup> Achaïans clamour  
spread,

Approving thus the speech of horse-tamer Diomed. 50  
But rising up among them, the horseman Nestor said:

"Tydides, in the battle great power you manifest,  
In counsel, with your equals, of all you are the best,  
And no one blames your counsels, who from Achaia  
springs,

And no one contradicts you; yet you speak not of all  
things. 55

For you are young and might be my son of latest birth;

But to the Argive leaders most wisely you hold forth,  
 Since you speak of what is seeming. But come, and I  
 will view

And run through all the matter, being older much than  
 you;

Nor will King Agamemnon nor anyone reprove. 60

Outcast and lawless, homeless is whose'er may love

Horrid intestine warfare. But now let us obey

The sable night and supper prepare through the array;

And let the several sentries beside the sunk moat lie

Without the wall. To the younger these things I would

apply; 65

But next, begin, Atrides, for yours is highest trust;

Give banquet to the elders; it seems you and is just.

Your tents hold wine in plenty, which th' Achaian ships

provide

You every day from Thrakia across the ocean wide;

For this all things are ready; and many bear your sway. 70

And, many being gathered, his words you should obey

Who gives you the best counsel; and counsels good and

wise

Th' Achaians need full sorely, because their enemies

Kindle around the vessels many fires which joy us

naught.—

This night will save the army or see its ruin wrought." 75

Thus he; they heard attentive, obeying then his

thought.

And, with their arms, the sentries went, following hastily

Thrasymedes, son of Nestor, pastor of people he,

Askalaphos and Ialmenos, who were the sons of Mars,

And Aphareus and Merion and Deipyros, bold in wars, 80

And godlike Lykomedes, who was great Keron's son.—

The sentries had seven leaders, and went forth with each

one

A hundred youthful warriors, holding long spears in hand;

They, going to the middle 'twixt wall and moat, made

stand,

And there a fire enkindled, and each his supper sped. 85

Th' Achaians' gathered elders to his tent Atrides led,

And placed for them a banquet, conferring fortitude.

And they their hands extended upon the ready food.  
 But when they felt the pleasure of meat and drinking pall,  
 Nestor to weave his counsel began the first of all, 90  
 The ancient, who, before this, seemed aye to counsel best;  
 And he, their weal desiring, harangued them and addressed:

“Most glorious Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men,  
 With you I end my counsel, with you will I begin;  
 For you o’er many peoples are king; Zeus gave your  
 hands 95

Laws and an equal scepter for you to rule these lands.  
 For this it well beseems you to speak of all and hear,  
 And take another’s counsel when anyone appear  
 To speak aright; the counsels are given to you to test.  
 But now I tell you plainly what seems to me the best. 100  
 For not another speaker will better thoughts avow  
 Than those of my devising, of old as well as now,  
 From the time you, Zeus-descended, to Pelides’ quarters  
 went

And took the maid Briseis from wroth Achilles’ tent  
 Against my fixed opinion. And much did I dissuade, 105  
 But in your mind great-hearted your anger you obeyed,  
 And disgraced the bravest warrior, whom th’ immortals  
 honour paid;

You took and hold his present. But let us counsel now  
 How soothing gifts and speeches soft-spoken may allow  
 Us yet to soothe his anger and win him back again.” 110

To him in turn responded Agamemnon, king of men:  
 “O ancient, not with falsehood my errors you impart;  
 I erred and do not hide it; a man whom in his heart  
 Great Zeus holds in affection, is worth full many a man;  
 Thus now, this chief he honoured by th’ Achaian people’s  
 ban. 115

But since I fell in error by froward passions swayed,  
 I wish again to appease him by boundless ransom paid.  
 I, ’mid all here assembled, the famous gifts unfold:  
 Untouched by flame, seven tripods, ten talents, too, of  
 gold,

And twenty shining cauldrons, twelve coursers good and  
 fleet, 120

Victors in race; and prizes they've conquered with their feet.

Not landless would that man be to whom such gifts were told,

Nor yet without possessions of greatly honoured gold,  
Who owned so many prizes as these whole-hoofed steeds bore me.

And I will give seven women who work all skilfully, 125  
Lesbians, and whom, when Lesbos well-built I took, I chose;

And they the race of women surpass in fair repose.

These will I give, and with them shall be the one I bare  
Away, the maid Briseis; and I a great oath will swear

That never I ascended her bed to her embrace, 130

As wont with men and women—as with the human race.

These things are all now ready; but if the gods design

To give Priam's mighty city a spoil to hands of mine,

Let him to fill his vessel much brass and gold provide,

Entering when th' Achaïans the ravished spoil divide. 135

And twenty Trojan women let him make choice of there

Who, after Argive Helen, shall be 'mid all most fair.

And if Achaïan Argos, the udder of the land,

We reach, my daughter's husband, like Orestes shall he stand,

Who, loved by me, is nurtured amid a wealth untold.—140

And in my well-built mansions three daughters do I hold;

Laodikè, Iphianassa, Chrysothemis are they;

Let him lead which one he wishes, without a dower to pay,

To the mansions of great Peleus; yet will I give gifts  
brave;

So many, that ne'er a father such dower with daughter  
gave. 145

Of my well-peopled cities, to him will I give seven:

Kardamylè and Enopè and grassy Ira even,

Pherai divine, Àtheia which 'mid its meadows shines,

Aipeia fair and Pedasos, rich in its fruitful vines.

And all are near the sea-shore, the last to sandy Pyle;—150

Vast herds of sheep and oxen requite their dwellers, toil,

And they will hold in honour with gifts as if a god,

And pay beneath his scepter rich tributes at his nod.



With it his soul enraptured and sang men's high renown.  
 With him Patroklos only sat mutely listening,  
 Waiting upon Aiakides till he should cease to sing.  
 Then both the two went forward, divine Odysseus led,  
 And stood by him; Achilles leapt up, amaze o'er-  
 spread, 190

Holding the very cithern, leaving his seat's repose;  
 And thus, likewise, Patroklos, seeing the heroes, rose.  
 And swift-of-foot Achilles greeted them and addressed:

"Welcome ye friendly warriors. Sure, some great  
 need has pressed

You, who of all th' Achaïans are dearest to me wroth." 195

So saying, divine Achilles at once led forward both,  
 And seated them on couches with purple coverings sheer,  
 He then addressed Patroklos who yet was standing near:

"For these a greater crater, son of Menoitios, bear;  
 Mix purer wine than wonted, a cup for each prepare. 200  
 For these are dearest heroes beneath my roof arrayed."

Thus spoke he; and Patroklos his comrade dear  
 obeyed.

At once a mighty cauldron in the flame of fire he put,  
 And in it placed the chins of a sheep and fattened goat,  
 Together with the back of a greatly fattened swine. 205  
 Automedon the meat held, while carved Achilles divine;  
 He cut it in small pieces and on the sharp spits ran;—  
 A mighty fire was made by Patroklos, godlike man.  
 But when the red fire languished, and the flame had well  
 decayed,

He strewed about the embers and the spits upon them  
 laid; 210

And sacred salt he sprinkled and from the spit-racks  
 raised,

And dressed the meat upon them and on the tables placed.

Patroklos on the table arranged as due the bread,  
 In beauteous trays; Achilles the meat distributed.

Before divine Odysseus Pelides station had 215  
 Against the wall; Patroklos, his comrade dear, he bade  
 To offer to the godheads; the first in fire he cast.

Then they their hands brought forward upon the fit re-  
 past.

But when desire for drinking and eating lesser grew,  
Ajax to Phoinix nodded; and divine Odysseus  
knew;— 220

Filling with wine a goblet, he pledged Achilles true.

“Achilles, health; for feasting replete no want is  
known

In Agamemnon's quarters, great Atreus, kingly son,  
Or now with you; for many strong dainties you prepare;  
Yet now a grateful banquet we hold not in our care; 225  
A very great disaster, Zeus-bred, we see and fear,  
And doubt if safe or ruined are our well-banked vessels  
here,

Unless you come to aid us. For near wall and vessels are  
The camps of haughty Trojans and their allies called  
from far,

Burning full many a watch-fire amid their army all; 230  
They say they will not linger, but on our black ships fall.  
Kronion for them lightens, showing portents on the right,  
And Hektor rages madly, exulting in his might;  
And he, in Zeus confiding, fears neither men nor gods;  
And him a powerful madness has seized on and cor-  
rodes; 235

He prays that quickly Eos divine may bring the day;  
And boasts that then the vessels' high poops he'll cut  
away,

And burn the hollow vessels with all-destructive fire,  
But slay by them th' Achaians, distressed by smoke  
wreathes dire.

And in my mind all gravely I hold these things in fear, 240  
Lest the gods accomplish duly for him his threatenings  
dear;

Since to us it may be fated in the fields of Troy to die,  
Far from horse-feeding Argos. Yet come, if earnestly  
You think, though late, the wasted Achaians to defend  
From the onslaught of the Trojans. A future day will  
send 245

To you a meed of sorrow; nor are there measures sure,  
When evil is accomplished, to find a fitting cure.

But much, ere that, consider how the Danaans' evil day  
You may ward off, O dear one; your father Peleus lay



Upon you his injunctions, when he from Phthia sent 250  
To aid King Agamemnon: 'High valour will be lent  
To you, my son, by Hera and Athena if they list.  
But you your soul great-hearted contain within your  
breast,

For humanity is better; from ill contention hold,  
That you have greater honour from the Argives, young  
and old.' 255

Thus gave advice the ancient; you have forgotten all.  
But yet, e'en now, give over and let your sad wrath fall;  
And you King Agamemnon with worthy presents well  
Will pay for ceasing anger. And I will fully tell,

If you will to me listen, how many presents due 260  
In his tents King Agamemnon promised to give to you:  
Untouched by flame, seven tripods, ten golden talents, too,  
And twenty shining cauldrons, twelve coursers good and  
fleet,

Victors in race; and prizes they've conquered with their  
feet.

Not landless would that man be to whom such gifts were  
told, 265

Nor yet without possessions of greatly honoured gold,  
Who owned so many prizes as these steeds gained with  
their feet.

And he will give seven women, in blameless works  
discreet,

Lesbians, whom, when Lesbos well-built you took, he  
chose;

And they the race of women surpass in fair repose. 270  
These will he give, and with them shall be the one he  
bare

Away, the child of Briseus; and he a great oath will swear  
That never he ascended her bed to her embrace,  
As wont with men and women—as with the human race,  
These things are all now ready; but if the gods have  
planned 275

To give Priam's mighty city to fall before our hand,  
You may, to fill your vessel, much brass and gold provide,  
Entering when the Achaians the ravished spoil divide.  
And twenty Trojan women you may make choice of there.

Who, after Argive Helen, shall be 'mid all most fair. 280  
And if Achaian Argos, the udder of the land

We reach, his daughter's husband, like Orestes you shall  
stand,

Who, loved by him, was nurtured amid a wealth untold.  
And in his well-built mansions three daughters does he  
hold,

Laodikè, Iphianassa, Chrysosthemis are they; 285  
You may lead whom you make choice of, without a dower  
to pay,

To the mansions of great Peleus; yet will give gifts brave;  
So many that ne'er a father such dower with daughter  
gave.

Of his well-peopled cities, to you will he give seven,  
Kardamylè and Enopè and grassy Ira even, 290  
Pherai divine, Antheia which 'mid its meadows shines,  
Aipeia fair and Pedasos, rich in its fruitful vines.

And all are near the sea-shore, the last to sandy Pyle.  
Vast herds of sheep and oxen requite their dwellers, toil,  
And they will bear you honour with gifts as if a god, 295  
And pay beneath your scepter rich tributes at your nod.  
These things will he accomplish if you from ire depart.

But if, in truth, Atreides you hate more in your heart,  
Himself and gifts; yet pity all the other Achaians worn,  
Throughout the host, whose honour will you, like god,  
adorn. 300

Amid them; lofty glory for you will sure appear.  
For now you may kill Hektor, since he comes very near,  
Having destructive madness, and says none is his peer  
Of those among the Danaans whom the vessels hither led.'

To him, in making answer, foot-swift Achilles said: 305  
"Zeus-descended Laertiades, Odysseus many-skilled,  
'Tis fitting my decision to speak by candour thrilled.  
Just as I think and just as the sure event makes known;  
Lest one and then another, sitting beside me, drone.

For he to me is hated as hated Hades' gates, 310  
Who in his soul hides one thing and yet another states.

And as to me it seems best, to you I plainly say,  
I think that Agamemnon my purpose cannot sway,  
Nor yet the other Danaans; no thanks would come to me

From fighting hostile warriors ever unceasingly. 315  
 The same fate strikes the lingerer and him who shines in  
 war;

And held in equal honour the base and valiant are;  
 And die alike the sluggard and he who much has done.  
 And in my mind I suffered great griefs, but naught I won,  
 Risking my life forever amid the works of war. 320  
 And as a bird her young ones, unfeathered, food will bear,  
 Whenever she shall find it, though evil be her fare,  
 Thus sleepless nights and many for me have passed away,  
 And I have finished warring full many a bloody day,  
 Fighting with hostile warriors to save your consorts  
 praised. 325

And, with my ships assailing, twelve cities of men I razed;  
 On foot, in fertile Troad I took eleven more;  
 From all of these possessions many and rich I bore,  
 And, bearing all to Atreides, to Agamemnon gave;  
 And he remained behind us in the swift ships by the  
 wave, 330

Receiving them; some little he gave, but much he held,  
 And gave gifts to the monarchs and chieftains who ex-  
 celled.

They keep their gifts; of th' Argives, from me alone by  
 might

He took and holds my consort; let him with her delight.  
 Of war between the Trojans and Argives what the  
 need? 335

Why did Atreides gather his folk and hither lead?  
 If not for well-haired Helen? Or do th' Atreidae, then,  
 Alone their consorts cherish 'mid speech-dividing men?—  
 Not so, for every hero of good and prudent whole  
 His consort loves and cares for; thus I loved her in my  
 soul, 340

Though she was but a captive. Now, since he has be-  
 trayed

And from my hands has taken, let not th' attempt be made  
 On me who know him fully, for he shall not persuade.  
 But with the other chieftains and you let him conspire,  
 Odysseus, how the vessels he guard from hostile fire. 345  
 Sooth, much he has accomplished without me, and a wall

Has built, and he has driven a broad deep trench round  
all,

And filled it well with palings; yet thus he cannot guard  
The strength of slaughtering Hektor. While with th'  
Achaïans I warred,

Hektor wished not the battle to rouse far from the  
wall, 350

Yet came but to the beech-tree and the Skaian gates  
withal;

There singly once he waited and hardly 'scaped my ire.—

But since to war with Hektor divine I've no desire,

To Zeus at morn I offer, and to all the deities,

And load my vessels fully and draw down to the seas; 355

You shall see, if e'er you wish it, if by it you are drawn,

On the fish-rich Hellespontos my vessels sail at dawn,

And, in them, men desiring to row with willing mood;

But if the great Earth-Shaker give me a voyage good,

The third day fertile Phthia will to my eyes appear. 360

There have I many possessions I left in erring here;

And richly-girdled women and gray iron will I bear,

And other gold and ruddy brass to my riches there;

All which to me were lotted; but the gift he gave one day,

Atrides Agamemnon with insults took away; 365

But tell him all in public, for such is my desire,

So all the other Achaïans may feel the sting of ire,

If he, full shameless ever, shall have it in his care

To cheat some other Danaan, yet let him never dare,

Dog as he is, and shameless, to look me in the face. 370

I will not counsel with him nor actions with him trace;

For once now he offended and cheated, not again

Will he deceive with phrases; enough has passed in vain;

But let him die in quiet; wise Zeus his mind distraught.

By me his gifts are hated, and I esteem him naught. 375

And he tenfold might offer, and twentyfold in vain,

And all he now possesses and all he yet may gain;

And what Orchomenos gathers, and Egyptian Thebes  
enthralls,

Where manifold possessions are lying in the halls;

The hundred-gated city, and through each gate to  
wars 380

Rush out two hundred warriors with horses and with cars.  
And if as many presents as sands or dust were made,  
Not thus could Agamemnon in aught my soul persuade,  
Before the whole mind-grieving affront is expiated.  
The child of Agamemnon Atrides I'll not wed; 385  
Not if with golden Venus' her beauty might contend,  
And with fierce-eyed Athena's her workmanship might  
blend;

By no means will I wed her; another Achaian may,  
Whoe'er may be beseeming and bear a kinglier sway.  
But if the gods shall save me, and safely home I go, 390  
Peleus himself a woman will on myself bestow.  
Full many Achaian women in Hellas and Phthia are,  
Daughters of mighty princes who guard their towns  
in war;

'Mid these a cherished consort to suit me, I shall find.  
And very much incites me to this my virile mind: 395  
To wed a lawful consort, a fitting wife confessed,  
And thus enjoys the treasures which Peleus old possessed;  
For not of equal value with my life is all the store,  
They say the well-built city of Ilion held before  
In peace, before the sons of th' Achaians thither bore; 400  
And not as many treasurers as the stony threshold holds,  
Of Phœbus, the far-darting, in rocky Pytho's folds.  
For fattened sheep and oxen the robber's hand may gain,  
And tripods may be purchased, and steeds with yellow  
mane;

But the life of man returns not to crown him with its  
wreath, 405

And nevermore is taken when it leaves the hedge of teeth.  
For silver-footed Thetis, my mother, told before  
That fates of double portion till the end of death I bore.  
If fighting by the city of the Trojans I remained;  
I came not back, but perished, yet undying glory  
gained; 410

But if I wandered homeward to my dear fatherland,  
Good glory for me perished, but long my life was spanned,  
And not to me, then, quickly the end of death would  
come.

And I advise the others to spread their sails for home;

Not yet will you discover the end of Ilion grand, 415  
For much Zeus widely-thundering protects it with his  
hand,

And the men have taken courage. But you these things  
unfold

To the Achaian chieftains (this gift is for the old),  
That they some other counsel from their minds, and  
better crave,

Which the ships and the Achaians in the hollow vessels  
save, 420

Since that has not succeeded which they devised in vain,  
For still I nourish anger. Let Phoinix here remain  
And sleep; that on the vessels to our dear fatherland  
He go to-morrow if willing; but not by my command."

Thus he; and all were silent and sat in silence  
hence, 425  
And wondered at his phrases, for he used much vehem-  
ence.

At length spoke out horse-driver Phoinix, old man  
revered,  
Shedding his tears all freely; for the Achaian ships he  
feared:

"If, illustrious Achilles, within your mind you guard  
Thought of return, and wish not devouring fire to  
ward 430

Off from the rapid vessels, since wrath your mind has  
sown;

How, then, dear son, are you able to leave me here alone?  
The old horse-driver Peleus sent me with you that day,  
He sent you young from Phthia to Agamemnon's sway,  
Not yet well-skilled in warring which wastes with equal  
fate, 435

And knowing naught of councils which make men famed  
and great.

For this he sent me with you to teach you all your needs,  
To be of words a speaker, to be a doer of deeds.

Thus then, I would not leave you, dear son, if a god, in  
sooth,

Me, of old age divesting, should make a blooming  
youth 440

Such as I first left Hellas, whose women's beauty please,  
Fleeing strife with my father, Amyntor Ormenides.

For he at me was angered through his concubine well-  
haired

Whom he loved; yet, thus, dishonour for his wife, my  
mother, prepared.

And ever she, embracing my knees, would supplicate 445  
To win the girl's affections, so the old man have her hate.  
I heeded her and did so; and, knowing soon, my sire  
Whelmed me with many curses and prayed the Furies  
dire:

That on his knees should never a cherished son abide,  
Begot by me; the godheads his curse have ratified: 450  
Zeus, ruling subterranean, and revered Persephonè;  
And him in sooth, I plotted with the sharp brass to slay;  
Yet someone of th' immortals restrained my wrath again,  
Who gave me with the people much blame and praise of  
men;

And thus, 'mid the Achaians, I am not called parricide. 455

But, from all this, my spirit no longer could abide  
To dwell there in the mansions while my father was irate.  
Yet much my friends and kindred around me held debate  
And, praying, they detained me within the mansions  
great;

And many sheep well-fattened and oxen crooked-  
horned, 460

Who trailed their feet, they slaughtered, and many swine,  
adorned

With fat, were stretched in roasting o'er Vulcan's fire  
divine;

And from the jars was drunken much of the old man's  
wine.

And for nine nights successive they slumbered round-  
about,

And held their watches, changing; nor did the fires go  
out; 465

And one was in the portico of the well-guarded hall;  
In the vestibule, another, before the room doors tall.  
But when the tenth night gloomy to my desiring came,

I broke the chamber's portals, joined deftly in the frame,  
And fled and lightly leapt o'er the hall's inclosing  
ward, 470

And, using stealth, evaded the maids and men on guard.  
And far through spacious Hellas did I my wanderings  
keep,

And came to fertile Phthia, mother of many sheep,  
To the mansions of King Peleus, who there received me  
prone,

And loved me as a father loves well his only son, 475

Born in his age declining to many possessions brave.

He made me rich in treasure and many people gave;

I ruled o'er the Dolopians, in Phthia's last abodes.

And taught you till the present, Achilles like the gods,

Loving with all my spirit; since you would not take  
meat 480

At banquet with another, nor in the mansions eat

Before I held you lightly upon these knees of mine,

And carved you meat till sated, and gave to you your  
wine.

And often have you wetted the tunic on my breast

With wine which you ejected in infancy's unrest. 485

Thus for you much I suffered and toiled full heavily,

Thinking that, since the godheads bestowed no child on  
me,

That I, godlike Achilles, might make of you my child,

So you would guard my weakness from destruction all-  
defiled.

Yet, O Achilles, master your great rage, 't is not sent 490

To have a heart unbending; the gods themselves relent.

And they a greater virtue and might and honour bear.

Them men beseech with offerings and with appeasing  
prayer

And fragrant steam and incense, and many a vow begin

When anyone transgresses and falls in heavy sin. 495

For Prayers are great Zeus' daughters; are lame and  
squinting-eyed

And wrinkled; following Atè, they care for ill provide.

But strong and perfect-footed is Atè, so goes forth;

And, going far before them, precedes in all the earth,



And works much harm to mortals; but afterwards they\*  
 heal. 500

Yet he who fears Zeus' daughters when they themselves  
 reveal,

They benefit him greatly and hear him in his prayer;  
 But whoso may deny them and harsh refusal bear,  
 Approaching Zeus Kronion, to him in turn they pray  
 That Atè may pursue him till he the penalty pay. 505

Give, then, to Zeus's daughters, Achilles, honour due,  
 They bend the minds of others as brave and strong as you.

And if Atrides brought not the gifts, and others yet,  
 But ever was by anger as furiously beset,

I would not, then, advise you to cast aside your wrath, 510  
 And bear aid to the Argives pressed by the direst scath;—

But many gifts he gives you and offers others great  
 To come, and sends the noblest of the Achaian state,

And the Argives dearest to you, that they may supplicate.  
 You should not blame their speeches, nor yet their feet

impede, 515  
 Though erstwhile you were blameless when you to ire  
 gave heed.

And thus we know the story of elder heroes' fame,  
 Whene'er on such a spirit transcendent anger came,  
 How he by gifts was softened and soothed by accents due.

I such a deed remember, ancient and nowise new; 520  
 And this I tell you plainly, who all are friends and true.

Kuretes and Aitolians, full strong in battle, fought  
 Around the city Kalydon, and mutual slaughter brought.

Th' Aitolians the defense of all-pleasant Kalydon bare,  
 And the Kuretes wished much to ruin it in war. 525

For Artemis gold-thronèd, irate, the evil willed,  
 Since Oineus had not offered the first fruits in the field;

While all the other godheads by hecatombs were fed,  
 Yet to great Zeus's daughter alone they were not made.

He knew not or forgot it, but much in spirit erred, 530  
 For she, in arrows joying, of race divine, was stirred

To wrath, and sent against him a white-toothed forest  
 boar,

Who on the land of Oineus wrought many an evil sore;  
 \*The Prayers.

And, heaped on one another, he cast great trees to earth  
With their very roots and the blossoms themselves of ripe  
fruit's birth. 535

But him the son of Oineus, great Meleager, killed,  
Who from full many a city brought dogs and huntsmen  
skilled.

By no small band of mortals was slain this monster dire,  
So great was he; and many he gave the mournful pyre.  
But she\* round him† incited a war and tumult sore, 540  
About the skin all-bristling and the head of the wild boar,  
Between the great Kuretes and Aitolians great-souled.—  
While Mars-loved Meleager the ranks of war controlled,  
So long to the Kuretes the tide of evil bare;

They could not leave their ramparts although they many  
were. 545

But when on Meleager came ire which, in the breast,  
Swells up the mind of others though they are prudentest:  
For with his mother Althaia he was enraged at heart,  
And with fair Kleopatra, his consort, stayed apart,  
(The daughter of Marpessa, endowed with ankles fair, 550  
The daughter of Evenus and Idas, who was there  
And then of all men earthly the bravest whom we know,  
Who 'gainst Apollo Phoebus, the King, took up his bow  
For his wife with beauteous ankles, whom in the mansions  
famed

Her‡ sire and honoured mother Alkyonè surnamed, 555  
Because her mother, having Alkyonè's sad lay,  
Mourned when far-darting Phoebus Apollo took away).  
But he§ remained beside her, digesting cruel ire,  
Enraged against his mother who had cursed with curses  
dire,

And, grieving much, had prayed to the gods for her  
brother slain. 560

And oft the earth all-fertile with her hands she struck  
amain,

Invoking gloomy Hades and dire Persephonè  
(While tears bedewed her bosom, and she sat with bended  
knee),

To give her son destruction; and heard in Erebus

\*Diana. †Meleager. ‡Kleopatra. §Meleager.

The darkness-walking Fury, with heart most rigorous; 565  
 And soon around their \* portals rose noise and tumult  
 grim,

The towers shook, and the elders of th' Aitolians prayed  
 to him,

And sent priests of the godheads, the best of all the state,  
 That he might come and guard them, and promised  
 presents great:

Where'er, in pleasant Kalydon, was plain of richest  
 yield, 570

They bade him to select thence a very beauteous field,  
 Equal to fifty acres; one half of vineland good,  
 One half of prairie fallow on which there was no wood.  
 And much horse-driver Oineus, the ancient, to him  
 prayed,

Ascending to the threshold of his room, with high roof  
 made, 575

And shook the well-joined door-posts and, kneeling, to  
 him prayed.

And very much his sisters and honoured mother made  
 prayer;

But he the more refused them; and many companions  
 there

Prayed him; they were the friendliest and dearest ones  
 of all;

But the mind within his bosom they did not turn  
 withal, 580

Till his room was strongly battered, and on the towers  
 elate

The Kuretes went and kindled fires in the city great.

His well-zoned consort, weeping, prayed Meleager then,  
 And showed him all the evils, as many as chance to men  
 Whose city may be taken: the warriors all they slay, 585  
 And fire destroys the city, and others lead away

Children and deep-zoned women to serve in slavery's day.  
 His soul was moved by hearing the tale of evil harms;

He went in haste and put on his form all-shining arms.

And thus he from th' Aitolians kept off the evil day, 590  
 Yielding to his soul's promptings, but they did not convey

\*The Kalydonians.

## BOOK IX

The many gifts and grateful; but ill he put away.  
 Yet think not thus in spirit, nor let a god coerce,  
 O friend, you in this matter; for it would be far w  
 To guard the burning vessels; go for the gift  
 stowed,

And you all the Achaians will honour like a god.  
 But if, without the presents, man-withering war you  
 You will not have such honour though you repel the

But swift-of-foot Achilles in answer him address  
 "My agèd father, Phoinix, Zeus-nurtured, I attest  
 That I this honour need not; since by great Zeus'  
 I think that I am honoured; that hest will me deta  
 Beside the curve-bowed vessels while life in me rem  
 And while my knees have motion. Another thing  
 But hide it in your bosom, and do not disarray  
 My soul by wail and weeping and flattery thus co  
 To the hero, son of Atreus;— to love him there's no  
 Lest thus I hold in hatred you in whose love I jo  
 'Tis good, with me, to annoy him who gives to me  
 Yet reign you as my equal and half my honour keep  
 But here, with us remaining, upon a soft bed sleep  
 And with the glowing morning we will consult ag  
 Whether we journey homeward or if we here rema

Thus he, and to Patroklos he nodded silently  
 Beneath his brows, that Phoinix a well-strewe  
 should see,  
 While they\* thought of the speediest way to lea  
 tent.—

Them Telamonian Ajax, divine, his counsel lent:  
 "Laertiades, Zeus-descended, Odysseus many-s  
 Depart we, for it seems that our aim is not fulfilled  
 This way; and it behooves us to tell with pr  
 tude

This story to the Danaans (although it is not go  
 Who now are sitting waiting. Yet Achilles has  
 pressed

A wild and haughty spirit deep in his sullen breas  
 Harsh one, who is not bended by his companions  
 Which by the ships we gave him, and which w  
 above

\*The ambassadors.

That which we gave the others; he feels not Pity's sway;  
 Yet some receive the ransom a brother's death to pay,  
 Or for his own son slaughtered; the murderer remains  
 At home among his people by paying many pains.  
 And his\* heart and manly spirit at length are set at  
 rest, 630

When he receives the ransom. The gods placed in your  
 breast

Relentless mind and evil for but a single maid.  
 Now have we offered seven in fairer charms arrayed,  
 And many gifts beside them; but have propitious mind,  
 And hold your house in reverence, for, 'neath your roof  
 enshrined, 635

Are we from all the Danaans, and we to you would fain  
 Be friendliest and dearest of the Achaian train."

Then fleet-of-foot Achilles to him replied in brief:  
 "O Telamonian Ajax, Zeus-born, the peoples' chief,  
 You seem in this to tell all as from your soul it springs; 640  
 But my heart is swollen by anger when I recall these  
 things,

How dishonour, 'mid the Argives, Atreides gave to me  
 As if I were a rover, disgraced on land and sea.—  
 Yet go and tell my message; for I shall not be won  
 To the cares of bloody warring, ere warlike Priam's  
 son, 645

Hektor divine, shall come to my tents and ships in ire,  
 While slaughtering the Argives, to burn the ships with  
 fire.

But Hektor, though desiring, will hold the battle's glow  
 Before my tented quarters and sable ship, I trow."

Thus he; and each one, taking the double cup, then  
 sped 650

Libations; to the vessels they went; Odysseus led.  
 Patroklos his companions and maids bade earnestly  
 Strew a thick bed for Phoinix, and that most speedily.  
 And they, obeying, made up the bed as he had told,  
 Of coverlets and sheep-skins and linen's finest fold. 655  
 The old man slept and waited till Dawn divine was sent  
 But Achilles lay in th' alcove of his well-compacted tent;  
 \*The nearest relation of the murdered.

And by him lay a woman whom he from Lesbos bare,  
The daughter of great Phorbas, Diomedè, with cheeks  
fair;

On the other side Patroklos lay, and by him lay the  
slave, 660

Iphis well-zoned, a present divine Achilles gave,  
When he captured lofty Skyros, city of Enyeus brave.  
But when they to the tents of Atrides great were borne,  
Th' Achaïans' sons received them with golden cups, in  
turn

Rising to show them honour, interrogating then. 665  
And first of all asked questions Agamemnon, king of men.

"Tell me, much-praised Odysseus, th' Achaïans' glory  
dire,

If he desired the vessels to guard from hostile fire,  
Or not, since his proud spirit is yet controlled by ire?"

To him divine Odysseus, much-enduring, said  
again; 670

"Most glorious Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men,  
He wishes not to extinguish his rage, but more his view  
To fill his mind with anger; he scorns your gifts and you.  
And bids you with the Argives devise some plan amain  
That you may save the vessels and the Achaïan train; 675  
And threatens in the morning as soon as Eos shine,  
To draw his well-banked vessels, all-equal, to the brine;  
And advises all the others their sails for home t' expand,  
For you will not discover the end of Ilion grand,  
Since much Zeus, widely-thundering, protects it with his  
hand. 680

And the folk have taken courage. And these can witness  
true,

Ajax and both the heralds, and both of prudence due.  
But there the aged Phoinix sleeps, as he gave command,  
That in the ships he follow to his dear fatherland  
To-morrow, if he wishes, but does in naught com-  
mand," 685

Thus he; and all were silent and sat in silence hence  
[And long admired his phrases, for he used much  
vehemence].

And long in mute affliction th' Achaïans' sons were there;

At last said Diomedes, the strenuous in war:

“ Most glorious Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men, 690  
Would that you had not prayed to blameless Pelides then,  
A thousand presents offering; he is haughty otherwise;  
And now in him much higher you make presumption  
rise.

At present let us leave him, whether he go or stay;  
And he again will battle whenever points the way 695  
His spirit in his bosom or when some god shall lead.  
Yet come, and as I tell you do all of you give heed:  
Now turn yourselves to slumber, and give your hearts  
recourse

To food and wine abundant; for these are strength and  
force.

But when rose-fingered Eos, the fair, appears again, 700  
Draw quickly 'fore the vessels the horses and the men,  
Exhorting; 'mid the foremost be you in battle dread.”

Thus he; and all the chieftains approved of what he  
said,  
Admiring much the speech of horse-tamer Diomed.  
Then, ere they sought their quarters, they poured liba-  
tions deep, 705  
And there lay down for slumber and took the gift of sleep.

## BOOK X.

### THE ADVENTURE OF DOLON.

Beside the ships the other chiefs of th' Achaians slept  
Through all the night unbroken, by soothing slumber  
kept;

Yet Atrides Agamemnon, the people's pastor kind,  
Held not to pleasant slumber, having much care in mind.  
As when the lord of Hera well-haired, with thunder's  
bale, 5

Prepares a mighty tempest, unspeakable, or hail,  
Or snow, when the snow sprinkles the corn-fields near  
and far,

Or else prepares the mighty mouth of all-bitter war;  
Thus often in his bosom King Agamemnon groaned  
From his heart's profoundest measures, and inward  
tremors owned. 10

As oft as to the Trojans' wide plain his eyes were turned,  
At the many fires he wondered which before high Ilion  
burned,

And the noise of flutes and pipings and the tumult of the  
men;

But when he saw the vessels and Achaian folk again,  
The hairs of his head, full many, did he from their roots  
dispart, 15

Enraged at Zeus, and greatly groaned in his mighty  
heart.

And in his mind this counsel appeared the best to be:  
To seek Neleian Nestor at once, and thus to see  
If he with him might fashion some blameless deft design,  
Which might ward off the evils of all the Danaan line. 20  
He stood erect and gathered his tunic round his breast,  
Clad his smooth feet with sandals of beauty manifest;  
He then the dark red skin of a lion fierce and grand  
Put on; it reached his ankles; he next took spear in hand.

And thus, too, Menelaos was seized by tremblings  
drear, 25

For sleep upon his eyelids came not from heavy fear,  
Lest the Argives suffer evil, who for his sake from far  
Had crossed the sea to Troja, waging audacious war.  
The skin of spotted leopard o'er his broad back he  
spread,

Then raised the brazen helmet and placed it on his  
head; 30

Thus being clad, his javelin he took in his stout hand,  
And went to incite his brother who held supreme com-  
mand

O'er all the Argives; honour divine to him they bare.  
He found him while his shoulders he decked with armour  
fair,

At the rear part of his vessel; and joy his coming  
spread. 35

Then war-strong Menelaos, the first one, to him said:



"Why thus, O cherished brother, do you your arms  
endue?

Do you expect some comrade the Trojan ranks to view?  
But very much I fear that no one will try this deed:  
To spy on hostile warriors, since lone he must proceed 40  
Beneath the night ambrosial; he must be bold, indeed."

To him King Agamemnon in turn made answer due:  
"Zeus-nurtured Menelaos, there's need for me and you  
Of counsel good and prudent, to save or yet to shield  
The Argives and the vessels, since Jove's mind is changed  
and steeled. 45

Sooth, he gives more attention to Hektor's sacrifice.  
For never did I hear of and ne'er saw with these eyes  
A single man accomplish such marvels in one day  
As Hektor, by Zeus cherished, has wrought to the dismay  
Of the sons of the Achaïans, with no aid divine be-  
stowed, 50

Yet is no cherished offspring of a goddess or a god.  
And works has he accomplished which, I think, will  
many a care

And long give to the Argives; so many ills he bare  
To the folk of the Achaïans. But come now, let us call  
Idomeneus and Ajax, running to the ships withal 55  
In haste; and I to Nestor divine myself will show  
And urge him on to action, if he desire to go  
To the sacred band of sentries and make there his demand.  
And most will they obey him, for his own son has com-  
mand

Of the guardsmen, with Meriones, the armour-bearer  
brave 60  
Of Idomeneus, since highest command to them we gave."

To him in turn made answer Menelaos, good in war:  
"How do you with these speeches commands and orders  
bear?

Shall I remain there with them, waiting till you come on,  
Or shall I run to meet you when I the work have  
done?" 65

And him in turn then answered Agamemnon, king  
of men:

"Remain here lest we wander out of each other's ken.

For many are the pathways which through the army lead.  
 But shout where'er you wander and bid them all take heed,  
 Naming each single warrior after his father's kind, 70  
 And treat them all with honour, nor be puffed up in mind.  
 E'en we ourselves should labour, for to us great Zeus gave,  
 When we were born, this sorrow of oppression deep and  
 grave."

Thus saying, he sent his brother and, ordering well,  
 bespoke,

But hastened after Nestor, the pastor of his folk; 75  
 And found him by his vessel all-sable and his tent  
 In his soft bed, and by him his varied arms were leant,—  
 His bucklers and two javelins and shining helmet's span.  
 Near lay the varied baldrick which girded the old man  
 When he put on his armour for war which men de-  
 stroy, 80

Leading his folk; nor yielded to age's fierce annoys.  
 And, rising on his elbow and lifting up his head,  
 He questioned in these phrases and to Atrides said:

"Who are you who through the vessels and host lone  
 pathway keep

Beneath night clad in darkness when other mortal  
 sleep? 85

[Or do you seek companions or to some guard proceed?]  
 Speak out; come not in silence; of what do you have  
 need?"

Then answered Agamemnon, the king of men elate:  
 "Neleides, O Nestor, th' Achaïans' glory great,  
 Know Atrides Agamemnon, to whom beyond the rest 90  
 Zeus sends continual labours while life is in my breast,  
 While my dear knees have motion. I err thus, since  
 sweet sleep

Upon my eyes delays not, and war and sorrows deep,  
 Which the Achaïans suffer, a wasting care impart.  
 For I fear much for the Danaans, and I hold no constant  
 heart; 95

But am in mind astonished, and the heart leaps from  
 my breast,

And my glorious members tremble through weakness  
 manifest.

If aught you can accomplish (since sleep comes not to  
you),

Let us among the sentries go down that we may view  
If they, by labour wearied and overcome by sleep, 100  
Slumber, nor hold their watches, wrapped in oblivion  
deep.

Yet hostile men sit near us, nor do we know aright,  
Whether they have intention to battle in the night."

To him Gerenian Nestor, the horseman, answered then:  
" Most glorious Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men, 105  
Not certainly Zeus Counsellor on Hektor will bestow  
All things which he has hoped for; yet he will give, I trow,  
To combat greater labours, if e'er Achilles start  
And from his rage consuming shall turn away his heart.  
You will I follow gladly to wake the others here, 110  
Odysseus and Tydides, illustrious with the spear,  
And fleet Oilean Ajax and Phyleus' valiant son.\*  
But let someone among you to call these heroes run;  
Great Ajax, like a godhead, and Idomeneus, the King.  
For their vessels are the farthest, nor near the  
gathering. 115

Though dear and much respected, Menelaos will I chide  
(Though he with me be angered), and nothing will I hide,  
Since thus he sleeps and singly permits you so to moil.  
But now he ought to urge on the elders all to toil;  
Since need has come upon us we can no more sustain." 120

To him in turn responded Agamemnon, king of men:  
" Another time, O ancient, he may be blamed by you,  
For often he is listless, nor cares to toil as due.  
Yet not to sloth he yielded, nor heedlessness of mind,  
But waited for my impulse and to my will inclined. 125  
But much the first he woke me and stood a time by me,  
And I sent him to summon those whom you wish to see.  
Yet let us go and meet them 'mid the guards before the  
gate;

For there did I admonish that the assembly wait."

To him Gerenian Nestor, the horseman, answering  
said: 130

" Thus no one of the Argives will be by anger led,

\*Meges.

Nor disobey him urging nor his commands expressed."

Thus saying, his ample tunic he put upon his breast;  
And 'neath his feet all-shining he bound his sandals fair;  
And fastened with a buckle his cloak of purple rare, 135  
Double, extending widely, a thick pile on its face.

He took his mighty javelin, pointed with the sharp brass,  
And hastened to the ships of th' Achaïans brazen-clad.

And first of all Odysseus (a mind like Jove's he had)  
Gerenian horseman, Nestor, woke up from slumber  
blind, 140

Vociferating loudly; the call soon reached his mind,  
And he came from his quarters, and thus his words were  
shown:

"Why by the ships in the army do you wander thus  
alone

Through the long night ambrosial? Whence comes so  
great a need?"

Gerenian horseman, Nestor, to him in answer said: 145  
"Laertiades, Zeus-descended, Odysseus many-skilled,  
Do not be wroth; such anguish all the Achaïans has filled.  
Yet follow, that another we from his sleep excite  
To give us fitting counsel, if 't is to fly or fight."

Thus he; and from his quarters wily Odysseus  
came, 150  
His bright shield on his shoulders he placed and went  
with them.

And next they sought the tents of Tydides Diomed;  
They found outside his quarters with all his arms be-  
spread;

Around him slept his comrades with shield beneath the  
head;

But their spears around were upright where they the  
spike-end drove; 155

And afar the brass flung flashes like the fires of Father  
Jove.

But the hero slept, and 'neath him a wild bull's hide  
was spread;

And a carpet brightly shining was stretched beneath  
his head.

Gerenian horseman, Nestor, stood by him and awoke;—

With heel, with foot he touched him and in reproaches  
broke: 160

"Awaken, son of Tydeus, why night-long slumber  
drain?"

Do you not know the Trojans, on a high part of the plain,  
Are near the ships, and small are the spaces which de-  
tain?"

Thus he, and very quickly he\* started up from rest;  
And him in turn haranguing, with winged words ad-  
dressed: 165

"You are harsh, old man, and never do you from  
labour cease.

Why do you not the younger Achaians' sons release,  
That they each of the leaders to action now excite,  
Going in all directions? But you are tireless quite."

Gerenian horseman, Nestor, to him this answer  
made: 170

"My friend, all these things truly and as is fit you said.  
For I have blameless children and people many in all,  
Each one of whom would hasten where there were need  
to call;

But need, the worst and greatest, does the Achaians  
hedge.

For now the die is standing upon a razor's edge, 175  
If, by th' Achaians, destruction, all-sad, or life be won.—  
Yet go now, rouse fleet Ajax and Meges, Phyleus' son  
(For you are much the younger), if pity for me guide."

Thus he, and round his shoulders he\* cast a lion's hide,  
Tawny and great; his ankles it reached; he\* took his  
spear. 180

And hastened, and the hero\* led thence the others near.

And, when among the guardsmen assembled thick  
they bare,

They did not find the leaders of the watchmen sleeping  
there;

But all were sitting watchful with arms within their hold.—  
And as the dogs guard sharply the sheep within a fold, 185  
Hearing a beast ferocious, who from the wood descends  
Passing along the mountains;—a mighty clamour blends<sup>†</sup>

\*Diomed.

Of men and dogs against him; and slumber from them  
flies;

In this way pleasant slumber was riven from the eyes  
Of the guards of evil night-time; for always to the  
plain 190

They turned to hear the Trojans coming on them amain.  
The ancient joyed in seeing and cheered by thoughts ex-  
pressed.

[And, when he had harangued them, with wingèd words  
addressed:]

“ Thus now, dear sons, be watchful and sleep let no  
one take,  
Lest mockery come upon us, which the hostile warriors  
make.” 195

Thus saying, the moat he passed through, and close to  
him there came

The leaders of the Argives called in the council's name.  
Among them was Meriones and Nestor's glorious son;  
For they were called to counsel when the council had  
begun.

They passed the sunken trench and sat down in a clear  
place, 200

Where no bodies of the fallen were in the vacant space.  
For there impetuous Hektor had turned back from the  
field,

When he had slain the Argives, and when the night con-  
cealed.

Then, sitting down together, words round the gathering  
run;

And Gerenian horseman, Nestor, 'mid them discourse  
begun: 205

“ Friends, is there here some warrior, urged by his  
mind aglow,

Who 'mid the great-souled Trojans may be inclined to go,  
To see if he may capture some foe in wanderings borne,  
Or seek among the Trojans some errant news to learn,  
Of what they are consulting? Whether it be their  
mood 210

To stay here by the vessels, but at a distance good,  
Or go back to the city when th' Achaians are subdued.

Should he all this accomplish and come to us again  
 Unscathed, transcendent glory were his among all men;  
 And great would be the riches presented to his hand. 215  
 For each one of the chieftains who o'er the ships com-  
 mand

Would give a black sheep, female, with lambkin by her  
 side

(A matchless prize!), and ever would he at feast abide."

Thus he; and all among them sat there full silently,  
 Till out spoke Diomedes, good at the battle cry: 220

"Nestor, my heart and spirit manly impels me here  
 To go among the army of the Trojans who are near;  
 But if some other warrior wishes to follow me,  
 A greater inspiration and source of trust 't would be.  
 One may note before the other (when two together go) 225  
 What is the better action; but if one only know,  
 His spirit may be slower, and weak may be his thought."

Thus spoke he; and full many to follow Diomed sought:  
 The two Ajaces wished it, servants of Ares' throne,  
 Meriones also wished it, and greatly, Nestor's son. 230  
 And Menelaos wished it, Atrides spear-renowned,  
 And eke Odysseus daring wished to seek the Trojan  
 ground,

For ever was audacious the mind within his breast.  
 The king of men, Atrides, them with these words ad-  
 dressed:

"Tydides Diomedes, most grateful to my mind, 235  
 Choose him to be your comrade to whom you are in-  
 clined,

The best of all those present; since many wish to go.  
 Nor you, in spirit modest, the braver man forego  
 From shame, and for companion the weaker one prefer,  
 Looking upon his lineage, or if he be kinglier." 240

Thus spoke he; since for yellow Menelaos his fears  
 were high.

But once more spoke Diomedes, good at the battle cry:

"If, sooth, on my companion you bid my choice be set,  
 How, now, can I Odysseus divine in aught forget?

Whose heart and manly spirit with skill surpassing  
 move 245

In every kind of dangers by Pallas Athena's love.  
 With him as my companion, e'en from the sparkling fire  
 We both would come back scathless, such skill does him  
 inspire."

Odysseus, much-enduring, divine, in turn replied:  
 "Tydides, do not praise me too much, and do not  
 chide; 250  
 For th' Argives know these matters which in your speech  
 appear.

But go we; night is waning, and coming morn is near;  
 The stars have journeyed onward, and more of night is  
 reft

Than two of its three portions; the third part yet is left."

Thus saying, they clad themselves in their armour,  
 dire as brave; 255  
 And war-strong Thrasymedes his two-edged falchion  
 gave

Tydides (by his vessel the chief had left his own),  
 And shield; and he a helmet to shield his head put on,  
 Of bull's-hide, coneless, crestless, which is kataitux  
 named;

This shields the head from danger for blooming youths  
 unfamed. 260

And Merion gave Odysseus a quiver, sword and bow,  
 And placed the hide-made helmet upon the head below;  
 By many straps within it the helm was firmly braced,  
 Without, the snowy tushes of a white-tusked boar were  
 placed

Thick round it in a circle which showed them here and  
 there 265

Distributed full deftly; within soft felt it bare.  
 From Eleon, Amintor Hormenides's home,  
 Autolykos had brought this when he robbed the spacious  
 dome;

He gave it to Kytherian Amphidamas to bear  
 With him to fair Skandia, who gave to Molos there 270  
 To be a xenial present. *He* gave to Merion,  
 His son; and, last, a shelter for Odysseus' head it shone.

But after both the heroes in dreadful arms were dressed,  
 They hastened on their pathway and left there all the best.



Pallas Athena sent them a heron on the right, 275  
Near by the way they journeyed; they saw it not with  
sight

Through the night wrapped in darkness, but heard the  
clang it made;

The bird Odysseus gladdened, who to Athena prayed:

“ Give ear to me, O daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,  
Who stand beside me ever in all works perilous, 280  
And I do not escape you when I move on my way.

Yet now again, Athena, befriend as most you may;  
Grant us back to the vessels transcendent fame to bear,  
And great works to accomplish to give the Trojans care.”

And next prayed Diomedes, good at the battle cry: 285

“ Hear me now, O Unconquered, daughter of Zeus Most  
High,

Attend me as you followed Tydeus divine in fame  
To Thebes, when for th’ Achaïans a messenger he came.

And left by the Asopos th’ Achaïans brazen-dressed,  
And there to the Kadmeians a message mild ad-  
dressed. 290

But when he journeyed backward he wrought deeds  
great and rude,

With you, O heavenly goddess, who favouring by him  
stood.

Thus now stand by me favouring and be my guard and  
guide,

And I to you will offer a heifer, forehead wide,  
A yearling, yet unmastered, whom never yoke con-  
trolled. 295

Her I to you will offer, circling her horns with gold.”

Thus spoke they, praying; Pallas Athena heard them  
thus.—

But when they supplicated the daughter of great Zeus,  
They went on like two lions through black night’s solitude  
Through slaughter and through corpses, through armour  
and black blood. 300

The manly Trojans Hektor let not in slumber rest,  
But bade his aids to summon to council all the best,  
As many of all the Trojans as were chiefs and rulers  
brave;

And, calling them together, he this wise counsel gave:

“Who is there that will promise to do this work for  
me, 305  
Urged by a mighty present? They pay enough shall be.  
For I will give two horses (with necks high-arched) and  
car,

(Which best amid th’ Achaians’ swift-going vessels are),  
To him who has the daring (and fame will him adorn)  
To seek the rapid vessels and from their midst to learn 310  
Whether the ships, as erstwhile, are guarded on the sands  
Or if th’ Achaian warriors, o’ermastered by our hands,  
Among themselves take counsel to steal away in flight,  
Nor wish, worn by dire labour, to guard them through  
the night.”

Thus spoke he; and a silence unbroken now begun. 315  
There was amid the Trojans Dolon, Eumedes’ son;  
The sire, a godlike herald, had gold and brass replete;  
The son in form was evil, but sped with rapid feet.  
And was among five sisters, Eumedes’ only son.

To Hektor and the Trojans he now a speech begun: 320

“Hektor, my manly spirit and heart, too, urges me  
To seek the rapid vessels and learn what there may be.  
But come, hold out your scepter and to me truly swear  
To give to me the horses and give with them the car,  
With brass-work variegated, which great Pelides bear; 325  
And I’ll not disappoint you, nor be a seeker vain,  
But go on through the army till by journeying I attain  
The ship of Agamemnon, where the best may be this  
night

To weave their plans in council, whether to fly or fight.”

Thus he; the prince the scepter took, giving the oath’s  
accord. 330

“Let Zeus himself be witness, Hera’s high-thundering  
lord,

That none else of the Trojans shall mount these steeds  
divine;

And I say that you shall ever in their full radiance shine.”

Thus he, but swore all vainly;\* yet it urged the youth  
to go.

\*Because the promise was not performed.

At once upon his shoulders he placed his crooked bow; 335  
 And put upon the outside a fold of gray wolf's hide,  
 And to his head a helmet of weasel-skin applied;  
 Then took up his sharp javelin, and from the army there  
 Went forward to the vessels. Yet was not doomed to bear  
 A message back to Hektor.—But when he left the  
 crowd 340

Of men and horse, all eager he went upon the road.  
 Odysseus saw him coming and to Tydides said:

“In truth, this man, Diomedes, has from the army  
 sped;

I know not if our vessels he visits as a spy,  
 Or if to rob the bodies which scattered round us lie. 345  
 But let us first allow him to cross a span of plain,  
 Then we will rush upon him and seize on him amain;  
 And if in the swift contest he with his feet outstrips,  
 Aye turn him from the army and press him to the ships,  
 Rushing on him with javelin, lest he fly toward the  
 town.” 350

Thus saying, by the wayside they 'mid the dead bent  
 down.

But he ran by them quickly with heedlessness which  
 dulls;  
 And when he was as distant as furrows ploughed by  
 mules \*

(For they in ploughing deep fallow to oxen are preferred),  
 Both chieftains rushed upon him;—he stood still when  
 he heard. 355

For he hoped within his spirit that Hektor ordered then  
 His comrades of the Trojans to call him back again.  
 But when he was the distance of a javelin's cast or less,  
 He knew the hostile warriors, and moved in his distress  
 His rapid knees to flying; and both rushed in pursuit. 360  
 As two dogs, knowing hunting and armed with teeth acute,  
 A fawn or hare press ever on through a woody space;  
 And he runs on before them and clamours in the chase;  
 Thus Tydides and Odysseus, razer of cities high,

\*This passage is very obscure. It has been explained  
 as the distance which mules gain on oxen in ploughing a  
 certain distance.

Kept him back from his people and drove him cease-  
lessly. 365

But when he soon would mingle with the vessel's guards,  
in flight,

Athena nerved Tydides with strength and boundless  
might,

That no one of the warriors of th' Achaians brazen-  
dressed,

Might boast that first he wounded and Tydides next  
oppressed.

Rushing with spear upon him, strong Diomed ad-  
dressed: 370

"Stop, or with spear I strike you; nor long will you  
withstand,

I think, nor yet escape from high ruin from my hand."

Thus he, and flung the javelin; with purpose missed  
the man;

The spear's point deftly polished o'er his right shoulder  
ran

Into the earth; he trembled and stood there, pale with  
fear, 375

And stammered, and the teeth in his mouth were chatter-  
ing clear.

And, panting, they approached him and seized him with  
their hands;

But he bespoke them, pouring his tear-drops on the sands:

"Take me a living captive, and I will ransom pay,

For brass and gold and iron well-wrought are in my  
sway. 380

From them on you my father will boundless price bestow,  
If he shall learn that living to th' Achaian ships I go."

Then Odysseus, many-planning, in answer thus re-  
joined:

"Be strong, and in no manner have fear of death in mind.

But come, and tell me plainly and let the truth be

known: 385

How thus amid the vessels from the host you came alone

Through the dark night, when other mortals to sleep are  
led?

Did you come here to plunder the bodies of the dead?

Or did great Hektor send you to view each thing you  
might

Amid the hollow vessels ? Or did your mind incite ?" 390

And him, then, answered Dolon, while his members  
shook amain:

" Though I desired not, Hektor brought on me many  
a bane,

Who said that he would give me the steeds with hoofs  
entire,

Of Achilles, and his chariot varied with brazen fire.

He bade me through the sable and rapid night to go 395

Full near the hostile warriors, that I might find out so,

Whether the ships, as erstwhile, are guarded on the sands,

Or if th' Achaian warriors, o'er mastered by our hands,

Among themselves take counsel to steal away by flight,

Nor wish, worn by dire labour, to guard them through  
the night." 400

Then Odysseus, many-planning, said, while a smile  
inspired:

" In truth now, mighty presents your mind within de-  
sired:

Warlike Aiakides' horses; and they for mortal men

Are difficult to master and drive before the wain,

For another than Achilles whom a deathless mother  
bore. 405

Yet come and tell this plainly, and tell it truly o'er:

Where did you now leave Hektor, the people's stay and  
guide,

Where lies his martial armour, where do his steeds abide ?

How do the other Trojans watches and tents provide ?

[Of what are they consulting ? Whether is it their  
mood 410

To stay here by the vessels, but at a distance good,

Or go back to the city since th' Achaians are subdued ?"]

To him in turn made answer Dolon, Eumedes' son:

" These matters very clearly will I to you make known.

Hektor is holding council by godlike Ilos' tomb 415

With those who to the honour of counsellor have come,

Apart from all the tumult; but, hero, of the guard

You ask; none in the army are chosen watch and ward.

The Trojans by the watch-fires are those to whom 't is need;

They wake and bid each other give to the watches heed. 420

The far-called allies slumber; and leave the watchings here

To Trojans, for their children and consorts are not near."

To him, then, said in answer Odysseus, schemer deep:  
"Are they mixed with the Trojans, horse-taming, when they sleep,

Or do they sleep asunder? Tell me that I may ken." 425

To him responded Dolon, Eumedes' offspring, then:

"To you will I full clearly all of these things expose.

Beside the sea are Karians and Paions, with bent bows,  
And Leleges and Kaukons and Pelasgians divine.

To Thymbra all the Lykians and Mysians proud incline, 430

And Phrygians, horse-taming, and Maionians, charger-borne.—

But wherefore do you ask me each of these things in turn?

If you amid the army of the Trojans wish to fall,

The Thrakian new-comers are apart and last of all;

Among them is King Rhesos, the son of Eioneus. 435

I saw his beauteous coursers, most great, most glorious,

Equal to winds in swiftmess and whiter than the snow;

His chariot was well-laboured with gold and silver's glow;

And huge the arms and golden (a miracle to see),

Which he possessed in coming; they seemed not fit to be

Borne by men who are mortal, but by th' immortal gods. 440

Yet take me to the vessels, swift-going, your abodes,

Or bind me now and leave me here in the rigid chain,

That you may go and try me, if I speak true or vain."

Then, gazing at him grimly, strong Diomed addressed:

"Harbour no thought to 'scape me, Dolon, within your breast. 445

You brought to us good tidings when you came to our hands.—

If now we should dismiss you or loose you from your bands,

To th' Achaïans, rapid vessels infuture you would fare,  
 Either to spy in secret or openly to war;  
 But if, by my hands mastered, you lose your life by  
 me, 450  
 No longer to the Argives will you annoyance be."

Thus he; Dolon endeavoured to touch with his stout  
 hand  
 His chin to supplicate him\*; he\* rushed on with his  
 brand  
 And struck his neck i' the middle; the blade both tendons  
 crossed,  
 And, while he† yet was speaking, the head in dust was  
 tossed. 455  
 From his head they took the helmet, prepared from  
 weasel-hide,  
 The bent bow and great javelin and wolf-skin spreading  
 wide;

These to Athena Plunderer divine Odysseus bare  
 High in his hands to greet her, and spoke these words in  
 prayer:

"Rejoice in these, O goddess, for you, the first of  
 all 460

Th' immortals in Olympus do we, invoking, call;  
 Yet to the tents and horses of the Thrakians guide again."

Thus he, and, from him raising on high, he placed  
 them then

Amid a tamarisk's branches, and a lofty signal made,  
 By gathering reeds and branches of the tamarisk wide-  
 displayed; 465

Lest they should err, returning through swift, black  
 night's alarms.

Then both of them went forward through sable blood and  
 arms.

And, going, soon they came to the bands of Thrakian  
 men,

Who slept, fatigued by labour, and by them on the plain  
 Their beauteous arms were lying, in deftly ordered  
 course, 470

\*Diomed. †Dolon.

Three-rowed; and by each warrior there was a yoke of horse.  
And in the midst slept Rhesos; and by him his fleet steeds  
Were bound by reins to the railing which round the  
chariot leads.

And first Odysseus saw him and Diomedes showed:

"This is the man, Diomedes, and these the horses  
good, 475

Which we heard of from Dolon, the warrior whom we  
slew.

But come now, and bear forward your powerful strength  
anew;

It seems you not to stand still, with arms; the horses free;  
Or you may slay the warriors, and leave the steeds to me."

Thus he; fierce-eyed Athena breathed in him strength  
again. 480

He killed those round about him; and from the men  
sword-slain

There rose a piteous groaning; with blood earth red-  
dened deep.—

And as a lion coming upon a flock of sheep  
Or goats which are unguarded, attacks with evil thought;  
Thus, then, the son of Tydeus the Thracian warriors  
sought 485

Till he had slain twelve heroes; Odysseus, counsel-skilled,  
Stood by, and whom Tydides had with his falchion killed,  
Him great Odysseus, taking by foot, drew back aplain,  
Thinking within his mind that the steeds with splendid  
mane

Would pass on through them lightly, nor in their spirits  
fret 490

By going o'er the bodies; for they were unwonted yet.  
But when now to the monarch great Tydeus' son arrived,  
Him, being the thirteenth, panting, of sweet life he de-  
prived;

For a dream of evil purport had stood above his head.  
[That night, like Oineus' offspring, by Athena's counsel  
sped.] 495

Meanwhile Odysseus steadfast loosens the whole-hoofed  
steeds,

Binds with the reins together and from th' assembly leads,



And with his bow drives onward, since the scourge which  
shines afar,

He did not think to take from the variegated car;  
Then whistles as a signal to Diomed divine. 500

But *he* thought of remaining, in bolder deeds to shine:  
Whether to seize the chariot where the varied armour lay,  
Drawing by the pole, or, raising on high, to bear away;  
Or whether other Thrakians he should deprive of life.  
While these thoughts in his spirit revolved in dubious  
strife, 505

Athena, standing near, said to Diomed divine:

"Son of great-minded Tydeus, to your return incline  
Toward the hollow vessels, lest there in flight you run,  
Or lest some other godhead may urge the Trojans on."

Thus she; he knew the voice of the goddess speaking  
so, 510

And quick the car ascended; Odysseus lashed with bow;  
And to the rapid vessels of the Achaians they fared.

Yet silver-bowed Apollo had kept no idle guard,  
But when he saw Athena with Tydeus' son intent,  
Wroth with her, to the Trojans' wide-spreading host  
he went, 515

And there roused up Hippokoon, the Thrakians' coun-  
sellor deep,

A cousin brave of Rhesos. And he leapt up from sleep;  
When he saw the space deserted where the swift coursers  
stood,

And warriors palpitating in slaughter and in blood,  
He wailed aloud and called on his comrade dear,  
by name. 520

But a clamour 'mid the Trojans, and a boundless tumult  
came,

And they all ran together and viewed the bold deeds  
wrought,

Which had been done by heroes who the hollow ships had  
sought.

But when they reached the place where great Hektor's  
spy was slain,

Odysseus, by Zeus cherished, the swift steeds stopped  
again; 525

And earthward leapt Tydides, and to Odysseus' hands  
 Consigned the bloody trophies, then mounted from the  
 sands.

And he lashed on the horses, they flew, to speed inclined,  
 [On to the hollow vessels, for 'twas grateful to their mind].  
 And Nestor first the tumult heard, and the chiefs ad-  
 dressed: 530

"O friends, ye Argive leaders and rulers manifest,  
 Shall I speak lies or truly? My mind bids me to tell.  
 The sounds of rapid horses fall on my ears full well.  
 Would that at once Odysseus and powerful Diomed  
 Might drive some whole-hoofed horses forth from the  
 Trojans led. 535

Yet in my mind full gravely I fear me lest the best  
 Of th' Argives suffer evil from the Trojan host infest."

Not yet the whole was spoken when they themselves  
 came there,

At once to earth descended, and glad indeed they were,  
 With right hand they saluted and many a friendly  
 word. 540

Gerenian horseman, Nestor, these questions first pre-  
 ferred:

"Come, tell me, famed Odysseus, th' Achaians' great-  
 est boast,

How did you seize these horses, going 'mid the Trojan host?  
 Did some god give them to you, who met you as you run?  
 For, sooth, they much resemble the bright rays of the  
 sun. 545

For always with the Trojans I mix, and I am bold  
 To say that I remain not by the ships, though warrior old;  
 But these resplendent coursers I saw not, knew not yet.  
 I think that they were given by some deity you met.  
 For Zeus, the cloud-compelling, loves both you heroes  
 thus, 550

And fierce-eyed Athena, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus.

Odysseus, many-planning, to him responded thus:

"Great glory to th' Achaians, Neleian Nestor, with ease  
 A god who wished had given us better steeds than these,  
 Since the gods are far the better. These steeds are  
 Thracian bred, 555

O ancient, and new-comers, to whom your questions led;  
And he who was their master was slain by Diomed;  
By him his twelve companions are laid, and all the best.  
We killed a spy, the thirteenth, near by the ships oppressed,

Whom Hektor and the other illustrious Trojans meant  
To be a dextrous searcher though all our army sent."

Thus saying, the moat he drove o'er the steeds with  
hoofs entire,  
Exulting, and th' Achaians came all in glad desire.  
But when the well-wrought quarters of Diomed they  
found,

Beside the horses' mangers with well-cut straps they  
bound

The steeds, where the fleet coursers of Diomed were  
found,

Eating of wheat all-dulcet. But in his vessel's stern  
The bloody spoils of Dolon Odysseus placed in turn,  
That they a sacred offering at Athena's shrine might be.  
They washed the sweat abundant from their bodies in  
the sea,

When they had entered in it, and from legs and neck and  
thighs.

But when the wave of ocean the sweat's abundant prize  
Had washed from off their bodies, they felt refreshed in  
heart,

And, going to baths well-polished, were cleansed in  
every part.

Both bathed and were anointed with oil full rich and  
fine,

And sat down to the banquet; and to Athena divine,  
Drawing from the full crater, they poured out dulcet wine.

## THE EXPLOITS OF AGAMEMNON.

Eos left her couch of slumber beside Tithonos dight,  
That she to the immortals and mortals might bear light.  
But mid th' Achaians' swift vessels Zeus savage Discord  
sent,

Who in her hands was holding relentless war's portent.  
She stood upon Odysseus' black vessel long and wide, 5  
And was there in the middle to shout to either side;  
Either to mighty Ajax,' the Telamonian's, tent,  
Or even to Achilles'; for they the farthest went  
To draw their equal vessels upon the barren sands,  
Confiding in their valour and the stoutness of their  
hands. 10

And, standing there, the goddess cried shrill and loud  
and dire;

In the heart of each Achaian she cast great strength and  
fire,

That they might war forever and eternal battle bear.

[At once the war was sweeter to them than back to fare  
Upon the hollow vessels to their dear fatherland.] 15

Then the son of Atreus shouted to the Argives his  
command

To gird them, and he put on his mail of brass, which  
shone,

And, first, about his legs he his beauteous greaves put on  
(Well-joined with silver buckles), and next around his  
breast

The corselet which once Kinyras had given to him as  
guest. 20

For a great fame came to Kupros, because th' Achaians  
to Troy

Were about to sail in vessels; to give the monarch joy  
He gave this. Of black kyanos\* ten bars were woven in,  
And twelve more bars were golden, and twenty were of  
tin;

\*An unknown mineral.

And three kyanian serpents rose up on either side 25  
Toward the neck, like rainbows which Kronion glorified  
Among the clouds—a marvel to speech-dividing men.  
And round about his shoulders he hung his falchion then;  
Its golden studs shone brightly; but all the sheath around  
Was wrought of radiant silver by golden strap-work  
bound. 30

He took his shield, man-covering, strong, many-dedal, fair,  
Which, running round its margin, ten golden circles bare;  
And on it twenty bosses were wrought of snowy tin,  
And one of sable kyanos the mid space was within.  
And Gorgon crowned the buckler (whose monstrous eye-  
balls sear), 35

Gazing with horrid glances, and there were Flight and  
Fear.

The belt was made of silver; and there upon it rolled  
A serpent of wrought kyanos, whose three heads' twisted  
fold

Grew from one neck. The helmet, surrounded by a  
cone,

Four-knobbed and decked with horsehair, upon his head  
was thrown; 40

The crest above the helmet nodded with dreadful look.—  
Two sharp and valid javelins, pointed with brass, he took;  
And from itself to heaven the brass sent sparkling fire;  
And Hera and Athena replied with thunder dire,  
And honoured thus the monarch of Mukenai, rich in  
gold. 45

And every chief commanded his charioteer to hold  
His horses in good order when he came to the fosse;  
But themselves, arrayed in armour, rushed eagerly to  
cross,

And there a quenchless clamour rose up before the dawn.  
The chiefs before the horsemen about the trench were  
drawn 50

In order; and the horsemen, a little way behind.  
But Kronides amid them a tumult ill designed,  
And sent from the high ether dewes wet with blood and  
dole,

For he thought to send to Hades full many a mighty soul.

On the other hand, the Trojans on a hill upon the  
plain

55

Round Polydamas all-blameless and great Hektor drew  
their train,

And Æneas whom the Trojans celestial honour gave,

And the three sons of Antenor, Polybos, Agenor brave,

And Akamas all-youthful who seemed a god revealed.

But Hektor 'mid the foremost bore his all-equal

shield.—

60

As when among the vapours appears a baleful star,

All-shining, then is hidden by the shadowy clouds which  
bar;

Thus Hektor in the vanguard among the first was known,

Then came among the hindmost; and all in brass he shone

Like the lightning of the Father, of ægis-bearing Jove. 65

The Trojans and Achaians against each other strove

As the reapers 'gainst each other upon a rich man's field,

Cut swaths of wheat or barley, and thick handfuls fall

and yield;

Thus slew they one another nor thought of baleful flight;

And like wild wolves they rushed on with equal heads in

fight.

70

And baneful Eris gladdened at seeing what they wrought,

For, of the gods, she only was with them while they

fought.

No other gods were present, but all in quiet sate

Within their lofty mansions, where to each one a great

And beauteous house was builded upon Olympus'

fold.—

75

On Kronion, dark-clouds-gathering, each one reproaches

rolled;

Because he wished the Trojans to give illustrious name.

The sire did not regard them but, exulting in his fame,

Drew back from all the others and took apart his seat,

Watching the Trojan city and the Achaian fleet, 80

And the flash of brazen lightning and the slain and those

who slew.

While yet the morn was passing, and the sacred day-

time grew,

So long the shafts struck both sides, so long the people  
fell;

What hour the lusty woodman prepares his evening meal  
Amid the mountain passes, and his hands are dulled in  
zeal, 85

Cutting great trees, his spirit by satiety is pressed,  
And a wish for food all-dulcet lays hold upon his breast;  
That hour the Danaans broke through the ranks by  
bravery,

Exhorting their companions who in the ranks might be.  
And first King Agamemnon among the foemen broke, 90  
And slew a man, Bienor, the pastor of his folk,  
Himself, then his companion Oileus, horseman good.  
Who leapt down from the horses and firmly 'gainst him  
stood.

As Bienor rushed straight forward, he\* struck with the  
sharp spear

The forehead; nor the vizor, brass-heavy, warded  
here; 95

That and the bone it passed through, and all the hidden  
brain

Was scattered; he was mastered as he rushed on amain.  
And king of men, Atrides, left them with bosoms bare,  
When he stripped off their tunics and left them lying  
there.

He passed on to slay Isos and Antiphos elate; 100

They were two sons of Priam—spurious, legitimate—  
And both were in one chariot; the spurious, charioteer;  
And Antiphos illustrious battled by his compeer.

Them both in Ida's passes Achilles once had bound  
With osier twigs; while tending their flocks of sheep he  
found, 105

And loosed them for a ransom. Yet now Atrides here,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, struck Isos with his spear  
Above the bosom's mamma, but struck close by the ear  
Antiphos with his falchion and cast him from the car.  
He knew them and he hastened to take their armour  
fair; 110

For by the rapid vessels he knew them well before,

\*Agamemnon.

When fleet-of-foot Achilles from the heights of Ida bore.  
 And as a lion lightly takes with his potent teeth  
 A fleet hind's tender offspring and grinds amain beneath,  
 (When he seeks his lair), and takes thus its tender life  
 away;— 115

Though she be very near him, she cannot aid nor stay;  
 For she at once is seized by a tremor all-intense,  
 And rushes through the forest and the oak groves dark  
 and dense,  
 Speeding along and sweating from the powerful beast's  
 attack;

Thus no one of the Trojans could fling the ruin back, 120  
 Yet themselves were by the Argives repulsed and turned  
 to flight.

He then attacked Pisander and Hippolochos, brave  
 in fight,

Sons of Antimachos warlike, who erst, receiving gold  
 Of Paris, splendid present, did most of all withhold  
 Helen from Menelaos, with hair like yellow gold. 125  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon for this his two sons felled  
 (Who both were in one chariot, and the rapid steeds  
 impelled);—

For the guide-reins brightly shining from their powerful  
 hands had fled,  
 And both were in confusion; and, like a lion dread,  
 Atrides rushed upon them; they prayed him from the  
 car: 130

“Take us alive, Atrides, and worthy ransom bear;  
 For Antimachos's mansions full many possessions hold,  
 Of brass and much wrought iron as well as stores of gold.  
 From these on you our father will boundless gifts bestow,  
 If he shall learn that, living, to th' Achaians' ships we  
 go.” 135

Thus weeping, with soft speeches, did they address the  
 king;  
 But he to them responded in accents withering:  
 “If, now, you are the sons of Antimachos war-skilled,  
 Who in the Trojans' council bade Menelaos be killed,  
 (When with Odysseus godlike ambassador he'd come) 140  
 And wished not to th' Achaians again to send him home;



Now shall you pay the price of your father's crime profound."

He said, and flung Pisander from the horses to the ground,

With spear his bosom striking; he lay supine on earth;  
And next he slew Hippolochos when he to earth leapt forth,

Cutting off his neck with falchion and cutting off his hands; 145

He flung the head like boulder to whirl amid the bands,  
And left.—Where most the phalanx was scattered on the plain,

He rushed and eke the other well-greaved Achaian train.  
Then footmen slaughtered footmen who fled by Fates' command,

And horsemen slaughtered horsemen, slaying with brass in hand; 150

(And from the plain beneath them the dust-cloud rose on high,

Which the sounding hoofs of horses had driven to the sky).

But aye King Agamemnon among the foremost shone,  
And ever slew in following and urged the Argives on. 155

As when a fire destroying falls on a close-set wood;  
And whirling tempests bear it on with a force renewed,  
And trees fall, roots and branches, urged by the rush of fire;

Thus before King Agamemnon Atreides' fury dire  
Fell the heads of flying Trojans; many high-necked coursers bare 160

Onward their rattling chariots through all the ranks of war,

Their blameless lords desiring; but these lay on the earth,

More grateful to the vultures than the wives beside their hearth.

But Zeus drew Hektor out of the dust and javelin's flood,

And from the human slaughter and tumult and the blood; 165

Atrides followed after and loud the Danaans cheered.—  
But the Trojans sought the tomb of old Dardanides  
revered,

Of Ilos, which in mid plain by the forest fig-tree stood,  
Desirous of the city; Atrides aye pursued  
With shouts; his hands unvanquished with dust and gore  
were stained.— 170

But when the Skaian portals and the beech-tree they\*  
attained,  
There at length they stood and waited those scattered in  
their train;

But these were yet a-flying, like oxen, on the plain,  
Whom a lion frightens, coming in the blackest of the  
night—

Frights all—for high destruction the fated one will  
blight; 175

The neck of this he crushes first with his powerful teeth,  
Then laps up all the entrails and the blood which flows  
beneath;

Thus followed them Atrides, King Agamemnon dread,  
And ever slew the hindmost; and ever thus they fled;  
And many from their chariots fell down supine and  
prone 180

'Neath the hands of Agamemnon; for much with spear  
he shone.

But when they came anear to the lofty wall and town,  
The Sire of men and godheads, coming from heaven, sat  
down

On the highest peaks of Ida, rill-rich, and in his hands  
Held lightning, and to Iris, gold-winged, gave his com-  
mands: 185

“Come, speed now, rapid Iris, Hektor with this invoke:  
While he sees Agamemnon, the pastor of the folk,  
Rushing among the foremost and breaking ranks of men,  
So long let him bear backward, but urge the others then  
To war with hostile warriors amid the powerful fight. 190  
But when, by javelin wounded or struck by arrow dight,  
Atrides mounts his chariot, I will give to Hektor strength  
To slay till to the vessels well-banked, he come at length;

\*The Trojans.

And the sun sinks in the waters, and the sacred shades  
bear sway."

Thus he; and wind-swift Iris him did not disobey. 195  
She went from Ida's mountains to sacred Ilion,  
And found there god-like Hektor, brave-minded Priam's  
son,

Standing amid the horses and chariots deftly-made;  
Then, standing close beside him, swift-footed Iris said:

"Hektor, O son of Priam, equal to Zeus in mind, 200  
Zeus Sire has sent me hither to tell what he designed.  
So long as Agamemnon, pastor of folk, you find  
Rushing among the foremost and breaking ranks of men,  
So long avoid the battle, but urge the others then  
To fight the hostile warriors amid the powerful fight. 205  
But, when by javelin wounded or struck by arrow dight,  
He leaps upon his chariot, then Zeus will give you strength  
To slay till to the vessels, well-banked, you come at length;  
And the sun sinks to the waters, and the sacred shades  
bear sway."

When she had spoken, Iris, swift-footed, went  
away. 210

But Hektor from his chariot in arms leapt to the earth,  
And, brandishing sharp javelins, through all the ranks  
went forth,

Urging them on to combat, and roused a battle rude.  
And they were turned from flying, and 'gainst th' Acha-  
ians stood;

On the other side, the Argives their phalanxes made  
strong, 215

And stood, renewing battle; Agamemnon rushed along,  
The first, and wished to combat by far the first of all.

Now tell to me, ye Muses, who hold th' Olympian hall,  
Who first King Agamemnon came to antagonize,  
If of the native Trojans or the renowned allies. 220

Antenor's son, Iphidamas, great and of valour deep,  
Was bred in fertile Thrakia, mother of many sheep;  
And Kisseus in his mansions reared while he needed care,  
(The father of his mother, Theano, with cheeks fair).  
But when he now the measure of glorious manhood  
spanned, 225

Kisseus at home detained him and gave his daughter's hand.

But married, from the bridal, hearing th' Achaians' fame,  
With twelve bow-curving vessels, which followed him,  
he came.

He left his equal vessels within Perkotè's bay,  
And, going as a footman, to Ilion bent his way; 230  
And he against Atrides, King Agamemnon, went.

When they came near together, upon each other bent,  
In sooth, Atrides missed him; his spear was turned aside.  
But Iphidamas struck the baldrick below the corselet  
wide;

In his strong hand confiding, the javelin on he bore; 235  
Yet not the all-varied girdle it pierced, but far before  
It struck against the silver, and its point was turned like  
lead.

Wide-ruling Agamemnon seized this with hand out-  
spread

And, raging like a lion, wrested it from his hand,  
And struck his neck with falchion and loosed his mem-  
bers grand. 240

Thus he, unhappy, falling, in brazen sleep was laid  
Far from his wedded consort (bearing his city aid);  
And knew naught of her favours though much he gave  
for her;

He gave a hundred oxen, and next he promise bare  
For goats and sheep a thousand, whose countless num-  
bers filled 245

His fields. But now Atrides, King Agamemnon, killed,  
And bore to the Achaians his armour fair and sheen.

But now as Koon saw it, illustrious 'mid men,  
Antenor's first begotten, a sorrow's powerful spell  
Veiled with a cloud his vision, because his brother fell. 250  
Unknown to Agamemnon divine, he took his stand  
With spear oblique, and wounded him in the middle hand,  
Below the elbow; through it the bright spear's point held  
then.

And shivered when he felt it Agamemnon, king of men;  
Yet thus he did not cease from the war and battle  
dread. 255

But rushed amain on Koon, holding his spear wind-fed.\*  
 But Iphidamas, his brother, and of his father born,  
 Koon drew by the foot and hastened, calling all the best  
 to turn.—

Him, drawing to the Trojans, beneath the bossy shield,  
 With brass spear Agamemnon struck down upon the field;  
 And, standing o'er Iphidamas cut off his head amain. 260  
 And there Antenor's offspring, by King Atreides slain,  
 Fulfilling fate, descended to enter Hades' dome.

But when he to the other orders of men had come,  
 He fought with spear and falchion and with huge stones  
 he found,

While yet his blood was heated and gushed free from the  
 wound; 265

But when the wound was stiffened and the blood dried up  
 at length,

Sharp pains came on and withered divine Atreides'  
 strength.

As when sharp pangs a woman in labour harshly hold,  
 Which her the Ilithyiae, who watch o'er births, have told  
 (Who are high Hera's daughters and bitter pains un-  
 fold); 270

Such was the piercing anguish which held Atreides here.—

He leapt upon his chariot and bade the charioteer  
 Drive to the hollow vessels; for he grieved in heart and  
 hands,

And shouted to the Danaans full loudly his commands:

“O friends, who of the Argives the chiefs and rulers  
 are, 275

Keep from the ocean vessels the savage din of war,  
 Since me wise Zeus permits not to battle all the day.”

Thus he; the fair-maned horses his driver lashed away  
 Upon the hollow vessels; both, not unwilling, fled;  
 Their breasts with foam was covered, and dust beneath  
 was spread; 280

And the worn king from battle the coursers bore afar.—

When Hektor knew Atreides had turned away from war.  
 The Lykians and the Trojans he urged with loud com-  
 mand:

\*Swift.

"Ye Trojans, Lykians, Dardans who battle hand to  
 hand,  
 Be heroes, friends, remember the force of rushing  
 might; 285  
 Their bravest chief has left them; and me great fame in  
 fight  
 Zeus Kronides has given; now your steeds with hoofs  
 entire  
 Drive straight against the Danaans, that you great  
 fame acquire."

Thus saying, the strength and spirit of each he roused  
 to dare.—  
 As when some hunter rouses his white-toothed dogs to  
 war 290

Against some forest monster—a lion or wild boar;  
 Thus did Hektor, son of Priam, equal to Ares, pour  
 The mighty-minded Trojans against th' Achaian train.  
 Himself amid the foremost went on in high disdain,  
 And fell among the warring like a falling hurricane, 295  
 Which, from above descending, drives on the violet seas.

Who was the first and latest Hektor Priamides  
 Slew in the rush of battle, when great Zeus glory gave?

Asaios first, Autonoos and next Opites brave,  
 Dolops, the son of Klytis, Oros, Opheltios, 300  
 With Agelaos, Aisymnos and war-strong Hipponoos.  
 He killed these Danaans leaders and, next, a multitude;  
 As when swift Zephyr lashes the clouds of Notos rude,  
 Striking with mighty whirlwind; and many swelled  
 waves roll fast,  
 And high the foam is driven <sup>by</sup> the wandering tempest's  
 blast; 305

Thus, many heads of warriors before great Hektor fell.

Then had there been destruction and deeds inevitable,  
 And now among the vessels th' Achaian host had fled,  
 Had not Odysseus called to Tydides Diomed:

"Why do we lose, Tydides, the thought of rushing  
 might? 310  
 Dear friend, come here beside me and stand by me in fight;  
 For if helm-glancing Hektor take the ships 't were scandal  
 dread."

Then powerful Diomedes to him in answer said:  
"Sooth, I will stay and suffer, but of little use 't will be,  
Since cloud-gathering Zeus the Trojans prefers in  
victory." 315

Thus he, and cast Thymbraios from his chariot to the  
earth,  
With spear his left breast striking; but Odysseus great  
cast forth

Molion, like a godhead, th' attendant of that king.  
And there they left them lying, since they'd stopped their  
combating.

Then both, going through the battle, confused and  
mingled all; 320

As when two boars in fury on dogs who hunt them fall;  
Thus, rushing back upon them, these gave the Trojans  
death;

And those who fled from Hektor divine, in joy took  
breath.

They took two chiefs with chariot, who were their  
people's best,  
Sons of Perkosian Merops, who far beyond the rest 325  
Knew auguries, nor suffered his children to evade  
To war, destroying heroes; but they in naught obeyed,  
And came without his knowledge; for the fates of black  
death led.

And then, in truth, Tydides, spear-famous Diomed,  
Bereft of life and spirit and took their armour good. 330  
But Odysseus both Hippodamas and Hypirochos subdued.

And there the battle equal for them Kronion drew,  
Gazing from Ida downward; and they each other slew.  
But in the hip Tydides now wounded with his spear  
Agastrophos the hero, son of Paion; for not near 335  
Him were his steeds for flying; and much he erred in  
mind.

For afar his servant held them, while he on foot declined  
Through all the foremost warring till he lost his precious  
life.

But Hektor in the orders knew soon and rushed to strife  
Against them, loudly shouting; and the Trojans followed  
him. 340

And seeing him, shook Tydides, good at the war-cry grim;  
And he at once Odysseus, who stood near him, addressed:

"This ruin rolls upon us, Hektor with strength infest;  
But come, let us await him and ward, remaining here."

Thus he, and lightly shaking, sent his long-shadowed  
spear 345  
And struck (and did not miss him, for his aim was at the  
head),

On the summit of the helmet; but brass from brass was  
shed,

Nor reached the skin all-beauteous; for the helmet's  
ward was brave,

Three-fold and lofty-crested, which Apollo Phoebus gave.  
And Hektor ran back quickly and mingled with his  
band; 350

And fell on his knees and stood there, held up by his  
strong hand

Braced on the earth supporting; and black night veiled  
his eyes.

While now Tydides followed his javelin's energies  
Far 'mid the foremost warring, where it was fixed in earth,  
Hektor his breath recovered and on his car leapt forth 355  
And drove amid the concourse and thus fate sable fled.

But, rushing on with javelin, strong Diomedes said:

"Again, O dog, you fly from your death; but evil sore  
Neared, though Apollo Phoebus guarded your life once  
more

(Whom you are wont to pray to, going 'mid the javelins'  
play). 360

Yet, if again I meet you, I certainly will slay,

If any of the godheads may be allied with me.

But now I war with others, whoever they may be."

Thus spoke he, and Paionides, famed with the spear,  
he slew.

But Alexander, husband of well-haired Helen, drew 365  
His bow against Tydides, the people's pastor brave;  
He\* lurked behind the column which men made o'er the  
grave

Of Ilos, son of Dardan, the people's chief of old.

\*Paris.



But Diomed took the corselet of Agastrophos all-bold,  
 All-varied, from his bosom, and from his body took 370  
 His shield and heavy helmet. Now Alexander struck,  
 (His bow's horn drawing deftly) his right foot where it  
 spanned,

And in no manner vainly the shaft fled from his hand;  
 And through it went the arrow and fixed itself in earth.  
 But he\* with joyful laughter from ambuscade leapt  
 forth 375

And vented idle boasting and to Tydides said:

"You by my shaft are wounded; not vain my arrow  
 fled,

Would that in flank it struck you and took away your life.  
 For in this way the Trojans might breath from evil strife,  
 Who fear you as the bleating goats fear a lion dread." 380

To him, without a tremor, strong Diomedes said:

"Bowman and rude insulter, illustrious with the bow,  
 A wantoner with maidens, if ever you shall show  
 Yourself in arms against me, your bow will not avail,  
 Nor yet your many arrows; but now while you assail 385  
 My foot, you vainly glory. It gives me no annoy,

As if a woman struck me or an unheeding boy.  
 The coward's shaft is feeble, and does not injure much.  
 I bear another weapon, and if it slightly touch,  
 It speeds, a piercing javelin, and carries death forlorn; 390  
 The wife of such a warrior† has both cheeks stained and  
 torn,

His children wander orphans; he reddens deep the  
 ground

With blood, and rots; more vultures than women gather  
 round."

Thus spoke he; and Odysseus, spear-famed, came near  
 and joined,

And stood before, protecting, while he‡ sat down be-  
 hind 395

And pulled out the swift missile from his foot, but pangs  
 severe

Thrilled him. His car ascending, he bade his charioteer  
 Drive to the hollow vessels, for he at heart was pained.

\*Paris. †One struck by Diomed's spear. ‡Diomedes.

But spear-renowned Odysseus alone of all remained,  
 Since no one of the Argives stood by; for all had fled; 400  
 And to his own great spirit, heaving a groan, he said:

"O me, what do I suffer! 'T were ill for me to fly,  
 Fearing the crowds about me; but it were worse if I  
 Were seized alone; the others great Zeus to flight inclined.  
 Yet why I am revolving these things within my mind? 405  
 For well I know that cowards desert the battle brand;  
 But who is brave in battle, it much behooves to stand  
 Strongly amid the warring; though wounds he feels or  
 brings."

While he in mind and spirit was thinking of these things,  
 So long the battle orders of bucklered Trojans pressed, 410  
 And pushed him to the middle, enclosing thus their pest.  
 As dogs and young men blooming a savage boar beset,  
 Who in a dense-set thicket his snowy teeth has whet  
 Within his jaws recurving, and his teeth gnash loud and free,  
 Yet they await his coming, though terrible he be; 415  
 Thus, then, around Odysseus, Zeus-loved, the Trojans bore.  
 He first high Diopites above the shoulder tore,  
 Rushing with the sharp javelin; and afterwards he killed  
 Both Ennemios and Thoon and, as he leapt afield  
 Out of his car, Chersidamas; beneath his bossy shield 420  
 He\* struck him 'neath the navel with spear; in dust he lay,  
 Clutching earth with his fingers. Odysseus turned away  
 And wounded with his javelin Charops Hippasides,  
 Who was the brother of Sokos, of highborn ancestries.  
 But Sokos came to aid him, Sokos, a godlike man; 425  
 He stood, approaching closely, and this discourse began:

"O many-praised Odysseus, insatiable of pain  
 And toil, to-day you glory o'er two Hippasidae slain  
 (Destroying two such heroes, spoiling their arms in strife),  
 Or you, struck by my javelin, shall lose your precious  
 life." 430

Thus saying, at th' equal buckler his mighty spear he  
 sent,  
 And through the shining buckler the rapid javelin went;  
 And the many-dedal corselet of the warrior was transfixed;  
 And all the flesh it tore off from the ribs, but was not mixed  
 \*Odysseus.

With the entrails of the hero; for Pallas willed it not. 435  
 And Odysseus knew the missile had reached no fatal spot,  
 And, stepping back, to Sokos in turn these words addressed:

“Unhappy one, high ruin to you has closely pressed.  
 ’T is true that you have stopped me from fighting those of  
 Troy;

But I this day destruction and sable fate’s annoy 440  
 Will give you (I affirm it), o’ermastered by my spear;  
 And you will give me glory, your soul to Hades drear.”

Thus he; but Sokos turned and in flight went back  
 again;

But in his back, while turning, the spear was fixed amain  
 Midway between the shoulders, and through his breast it  
 sped. 445

He fell with crash resounding; divine Odysseus said:

“O Sokos, son of Hippasos, steed-tamer, brave in war,  
 The end of death has reached you, nor did you fly afar.  
 Unhappy one, your father’s and honoured mother’s care  
 In death shuts not your eyelids, but savage birds will  
 tear, 450

Flapping you with dense pinions, hovering above their  
 prey.

But, when I die, th’ Achaians divine will honour pay.”

Thus saying, the valid javelin of Sokos brave he drew  
 Out of the bossy buckler and from his body, too.

The blood rushed when the javelin was drawn, and wrung  
 his soul.— 450

When the great-minded Trojans saw Odysseus’ black  
 blood roll,

They exhorted one another, and all rushed forth ’gainst  
 him.

But he receded ever and called his comrades grim;  
 Three times he called as loudly as e’er man’s head befalls;  
 Thrice Mars-loved Menelaos heard him and knew his  
 calls; 460

At once great Ajax nearing, he with these words bespoke:

“Zeus-born, Telamonian Ajax, the pastor of the folk,  
 The voice of bold Odysseus has come upon my ears;  
 As if the Trojans pressed him alone the sound appears,

And hold him there surrounded 'mid the battle well-  
arrayed. 465

But let us seek the tumult; for it is best to aid.  
I fear that, 'mid the Trojans, he suffer evil grim,  
Though brave, and that the Danaans grieve much, de-  
prived of him."

Thus saying, he went forward, and next the godlike  
man.

They found Zeus-loved Odysseus; round him the Tro-  
jans ran 470

As run, on mountain summits, the tawny jackals round  
A stag with spreading antlers who is stricken by a wound,  
Which a man has made by arrow sent onward from his  
bow;

Flying with feet it 'scapes him while the blood is warm in  
flow,

And the knees have power of motion; but with the swift  
shaft's wear, 475

The raw-devouring jackals him in the mountains tear,  
Among the shady thickets; but if a daimon leads  
A lion fierce, the jackals fly frightened, and he feeds;  
And thus around Odysseus, cunning and deft in war,  
Many strong Trojans gathered; but with his spear  
afar 480

The hero rushed and warded from him the cruel hour.  
Ajax came near him, bearing his buckler like a tower,  
And stood by him; the Trojans fled as their fear allowed.  
And warlike Menelaos meanwhile led from the crowd,  
Holding his hand; his servants drove his horses near  
anon. 485

But Ajax charged the Trojans and slew the spurious  
son,—

Doryklos, son of Priam, and wounded Pandokos,  
Lysander and Pylartes, and wounded Pyrasos.  
As when a brimming river with torrents floods the plain,  
Bornæ downward from the mountains with Zeus's heavy  
rain, 490

And many a withered oak-tree and many a pine bears free,  
And casts its mud and driftwood upon the barren sea;  
Thus, then, illustrious Ajax pursued the rout and slew

The horses and the warriors. For not yet Hektor knew;  
 Since in the farthest battle to left the fight he bare 495  
 By the river's banks, Skamander's; and most abundant  
 there

Fell the heads of warring heroes; and rose a quenchless cry  
 Around Idomeneus warlike and Nestor great and high.  
 And Hektor mingled with them and wrought achieve-  
 ments vast

With horsemanship and javelin and the ranks of youth  
 o'er cast. 500

But the divine Achaïans had not receded there,  
 If Alexander, husband of Helen with fair hair,  
 Had not stayed Machaon's warring, the pastor of the folk;  
 But he\* with three-barbed arrow in the right shoulder  
 struck.

And for him trembled greatly th' Achaïans breathing  
 strength, 505  
 Lest the foe should force the warring and slay the chief at  
 length.

Idomeneus full quickly spoke thus to Nestor divine:  
 "Neleian Nestor, glory great to th' Achaïan line,  
 Come, mount upon your chariot, let Machaon mount  
 beside,

And with the whole-hoofed horses to the ships most  
 swiftly ride. 510

For a healer has the value of many other men.  
 [To cut from flesh the arrows and use drugs soothing pain.]

Thus he; Gerenian horseman, Nestor, gave his consent,  
 At once his car ascended; with him Machaon went,  
 The son of Esculapius, a healer good and true. 515  
 He drove with whip the horses who, not unwilling, flew  
 Fast to the hollow vessels; to that they were inclined.

But Kebriones saw the Trojans whirled in confusion  
 blind,

And, going near to Hektor, to him these words addressed:  
 "Here are we now, O Hektor, amid the Danaans  
 pressed 520

At the verge of war ill-echoing; and the other Trojans all  
 Are mixed in dire confusion—their selves and steeds withal.

\*Paris.

And Telamonian Ajax confounds; him well I know  
 By the broad shield on his shoulders; yet thither let us go  
 With horses and with chariot straightway, for mostly  
 there 525

The horsemen and the footmen an evil contest bear,  
 Destroying one another; and a quenchless tumult reigns."

And, speaking thus, he scourged on the steeds with  
 beauteous manes

Beneath the lash shrill-sounding; they, feeling the whip  
 mar,

Between th' Achaians and Trojans rushed with the rapid  
 car, 530

Trampling on shields and corpses, all the axle-tree below  
 Was fouled by blood cast on it; the arching rims which go  
 Around the seat were spattered by drops from hoofs and  
 tire.

He sought to break th' assembly by rushing on like fire,  
 And sent upon the Danaans a tumult ill and drear, 535  
 And little ceased his warring or brandishing the spear.  
 And he went forth to combat the other ranks of men,  
 With javelin and with falchion and great stones gathered  
 then,

But ever shunned the battle with Ajax Telamon.  
 [For Zeus would have been angered if he fought a better  
 man.] 540

But Father Zeus, high-sitting, Ajax with terror filled.  
 He stood amazed and cast o'er his back his sevenfold  
 shield.

And gazed upon the tumult, like wild beast, tremblingly,  
 And went, oft looking backward, but slowly, knee by knee.  
 Just as a tawny lion, from stalls where oxen stay, 545  
 The dogs and rustics gathered hasten to drive away,  
 And do not let him seize on the fat of oxen great,  
 And watch all night; he, longing for flesh, drives on them  
 straight,

Yet by it profits nothing, for many javelins bear  
 In rapid rush against him, impelled by hands which  
 dare; 550

And blazing torches fright him, though he be much in-  
 clined.—

He goes away at morning afflicted in his mind;  
Thus Ajax from the Trojans went, grieved at heart full  
sore,

Unwilling, since great fear he for th' Achaians' vessels  
bore.

And as a stubborn donkey, whom boys drive by a field, 555  
(Against whom many cudgels, already broken, yield),  
Enters the field and grazes upon the harvest tall,  
And the boys beat him with cudgels although their force  
is small,

And hardly they expel him when he is filled withal;  
Thus the great-minded Trojans and allies called from  
far 560

After great Ajax ever, the Telamonian, bare. .  
And ever flung their missiles on the middle of his  
shield.

Yet sometimes mighty Ajax his rushing might revealed.  
And turned his footsteps backward and made the phalanx  
yield

(Of the horse-taming Trojans); then turned to flight his  
feet. 565

But kept all from advancing upon the vessels fleet;  
Himself raged in the midst of th' Achaian and Trojan  
bands;

And spears were flung against him by strong and daring  
hands.

Some in his ample buckler, where they had stuck remained  
And many in the middle (ere his white skin they at-  
tained), 570

Stood in the earth, desiring their full of flesh and bone.

Him when Eurypylos noticed, Euaimon's noble son,  
Pressed by the frequent missiles, he went to him and stood,  
And flung his shining javelin, which struck Apisaon good  
(The pastor of his people, great Phausias's son) 575  
'Neath the diaphragm, in the liver; his limbs were loosed

anon;

Eurypylos rushed forward, from his form the armour drew.  
But when godlike Alexander, lurking in ambush, knew  
That he took Apisaon's armour, at once his bow he drew  
And shot against Eurypylos and struck his dexter thigh 580

With shaft; the reed was broken, and the thigh pained heavily.

But Eurypylos receded 'mid his companions' bands,  
Avoiding fate, and shouted to the Danaans loud commands:

"O friends, ye Argive leaders and rulers, to the fray  
Turn all and stand together and ward the fatal day 585  
From Ajax, who by missiles is pressed; and he, I say,  
Cannot fly from war ill-echoing; yet with all strength  
press on  
And stand by mighty Ajax, the son of Telamon."

Thus spoke Eurypylos wounded; and they to him  
stood near,  
Their shields stayed on the shoulder, and all raised up the  
spear. 590

But Ajax came toward them and turned round when he  
came  
To the band of his companions.—Thus they fought like  
sparkling flame.

But Nestor from the battle the mares of Neleus took  
With sweat, and bore Machaon, the pastor of his folk.  
But fleet divine Achilles, when he saw the hero, knew; 595  
For he stood upon the stern of his monstrous ship to view  
The lofty toil and labour, the flight with tears bested.  
At once to his companion, Patroklos brave, he said,  
Calling beside the vessel; he heard and from the tent  
Came forth, the peer of Ares; here first his ills were  
sent. 600

The brave son of Menoitios said to him eagerly:

"Why do you call, Achilles? How have you need of  
me?"

And fleet-of-foot Achilles to him at once rejoined:

"Divine son of Menoitios, most cherished in my mind,  
I think that round my knees now th' Achaians will pray  
forlorn; 605  
For need has come upon them which can no more be  
borne.

Yet go, Zeus-loved Patroklos, ask Nestor in his car,  
Who is this wounded hero whom he removes from war.  
Behind, he bears all semblance to great Machaon's grace,



The son of Esculapius; but I did not see his face; 610  
For the horses rushed on by me, speeding in their career."

Thus spoke he; and Patroklos obeyed his comrade  
dear,

And ran forth to th' Achaian vessels and tents of fame.—

But when they\* to the quarters of the son of Neleus  
came,

Themselves descended quickly to the many-feeding  
earth; 615

And Eurymedon, th' attendant, let the old man's mares  
go forth

From the car; and from their tunics abundant sweat they  
dried.

Standing amid the breezes upon the ocean's side;

But they sat down on couches when they had reached the  
tent.

And well-haired Hekamedè for them a mixture blent 620  
(Whom the old man led from Tenedos razed by Achilles  
grim,

Great-souled Arsinoos' daughter, whom th' Achaians  
chose for him,

Because in giving counsel he was the best of all);

And, first, the beauteous table she placed for festival

(With kyanos feet, well-polished); on it, a brazen tray, 625

And on the dish an onion, the drinker's relish lay,

And honey new and fruit of the sacred barley's bloom;

And by them, a fair beaker which th' ancient brought  
from home,

Which golden nails disparted; and handles four were  
spread,

And round each well-wrought handle two golden pigeons  
fed. 630

This beaker had two bottoms. Another raised with toil

The full cup from the table, but Nestor, without toil.

In it for them the woman, like heavenly goddesses,

Mixed wine which came from Pramnè, on which she  
grated cheese

Of goat's milk, with brass grater, and sprinkled white  
meal o'er, 635

\*Nestor and Machaon.

And bade them drink the mixture when she had mixed  
the store.

When both by drinking freely had loosed their arid thirst,  
They cheered themselves with stories and with themselves  
discoursed.

But now divine Patroklos before the doors was known;  
The old man, when he saw him, rose from his splendid  
throne; 640

Taking his hand, he led in, to him a seat preferred.  
On the other hand, Patroklos declined and spoke the word:

“No seat, Zeus-nurtured ancient, you’ll not persuade  
me so

Revered and well-respected is he who sent to know  
What man you led back wounded. Yet I know him as I  
look, 645

For I behold Machaon, the pastor of the folk.

But now back to Achilles I go the tale to tell;

And you, Zeus-nurtured ancient, know in such matters  
well

That he is hard, and quickly might blame the innocent.”

Then Gerenian horseman, Nestor, to him this answer  
sent: 650

“Why is it thus Achilles mourns for th’ Achaian chiefs,  
Who bear the wounds of weapons, and does not know the  
griefs

Arisen through the army? For in the vessels lie

The bravest, who are wounded from far or struck close by.

Tydidēs e’en is smitten, full powerful Diomed; 655

And spear-renowned Odysseus and Agamemnon bled;

[And Eurypylos is wounded in the thigh by shaft shot  
far];

And this man is another, whom I just brought from war,  
Smit by a nerve-sent arrow. And Achilles, e’en though  
brave,

Cares nowise for the Danaans, nor does in pity save. 660

Waits he till the swift vessels which by the sea aspire,

When the Argives have been conquered, shall burn with  
hostile fire,

And we in turn are slaughtered? For my strength is now  
no more

Such as within my members agile it was before.  
 Would that I were as youthful, my strength as firm in  
 pose, 665

As when with the Eleians and us a strife arose  
 About some oxen driven, which I by plundering won,  
 When I killed strong Atymoneus, Hypirochos's son,  
 Who had his home in Elis. He in the foremost band,  
 Guarding the herd, was stricken by a javelin from my  
 hand. 670

He fell, the rustic people trembled and fled amain.  
 But we assembled plunder abundant from the plain:—  
 Full fifty herds of oxen, as many flocks of sheep,  
 As many swine we gathered, as many goats as cheap.  
 And, sooth, we took a hundred and fifty yellow steeds, 675  
 All female, and full many a colt with them proceeds.  
 And to Neleian Pylos we drove the spoil we had,  
 To the city in the night-time; and Neleus' mind was glad  
 That I had met much plunder, going in youth to war.  
 But the heralds summoned loudly when the morning shone  
 afar 680

The men in sacred Elis to whom a debt was due;  
 The Pylian chiefs assembled and made division true  
 Of plunder (for th' Epeians were owing many a debt;  
 For we were few in Pylos, and many an ill beset.—  
 For in the years before this great Hercules oppressed, 685  
 When he came to the city, and slaughtered all the best.  
 For blameless Neleus erstwhile twelve blooming sons  
 enjoyed;

I am the sole survivor; the rest were all destroyed.—  
 And by these things elated, th' Epeians brazen-dressed  
 Heaped on us many an insult, devising deeds unblest).-690  
 A herd of beeves the ancient took and a flock of sheep,  
 Selecting full three hundred and eke the men to keep.  
 (For, him great debts were owing in Elis the divine),  
 And four prize-bearing horses, with cars of high design,  
 Going to take their prizes; since they were going to race 695  
 For tripods, but King Augeias detained them in that place,  
 And then dismissed the drivers who for the horses grieved.  
 But the ancient was indignant at the words and works  
 received,

And took a boundless portion and gave his folk the rest.  
 [To divide, that none, defrauded of his share, should go  
 distressed.] 700

And we these things accomplished and made through all  
 the town

Offerings to all the godheads. When the third day came  
 down,

At once all the Epeians came with steeds with hoofs entire  
 In force, and both Molions put on their armour dire,  
 Though boys as yet, and knowing little of rushing  
 might. 705

The city Thyroessa is there, a lofty hight  
 Afar on the Alpheios, last town of sandy Pyle;  
 This they besieged, desiring to raze the town the while.  
 When all the plain they passed o'er, Athena came by  
 night

With message from Olympus to put on armour bright 710  
 And gathered there in Pylos a people prone in thought  
 And very fierce for warring. Neleus allowed me not  
 To arm myself for battle, and he concealed my car,  
 And said that I knew nothing of all the works of war.  
 Yet I among our horsemen shone with a radiance  
 bright, 715

Though being a footman with them; for Athena led to  
 fight.

The Minyeios is a river which near Aren meets the brine.  
 There we, the Pylian horsemen, awaited Morn divine,  
 And, meanwhile, crowding after, the footmen came in  
 swarms;

And thence with all our forces, bedight with shining  
 arms, 720

To Alpheios' sacred currents we came with noontide's  
 glare.

And there to Zeus prepotent we made our offerings fair:  
 A bull to the Alpheios, one to Neptune we preferred;  
 But to fierce-eyed Athena a heifer of the herd.

And then we took our supper by the army's compan-  
 ies, 725

And slumbered in our armour where the river's current  
 flies.

And the great-souled Epeians leagured the town afar  
And wished to raze, but ere this came a mighty work of  
war.

For when the sun resplendent above earth's surface drove,  
We met in battle, praying to Athena and to Jove; 730  
Yet when the strife the Pylians and great Epeians shook,  
The first, I slew a warrior and his whole-hoofed horses  
took;

The famous spearman, Moulíos, Augeias' son-in-law.  
Who had his eldest daughter, Agamedè, without flaw,  
Who knew as many drugs as the wide earth's regions  
rear. 735

But I, as he rushed forward, struck him with brazen spear;  
Prone to the dust he tumbled, and I sprang in his car  
And stood among the foremost. But fled confused afar  
The mighty-souled Epeians, when they saw the warrior  
fall.

[The leader of their horseman and the best among them  
all]. 740

But I rushed in upon them like a sable hurricane,  
And seized on fifty chariots; from each two men amain  
Seized earth with teeth and bit it, o'ermastered by my  
spear.

Now I had slain the Molions, the sons\* of Aktor, here,  
Had not their sire wide-ruling Posidon saved them  
there 745

From hostile war, concealing them in much dusky air.  
Then Zeus gave to the Pylians a mighty power again,  
For, so long as we sped after upon the ample plain,  
We killed them and collected the shining arms they wore,  
Till to wheat-rich Bouprasion our steeds and chariots  
bore, 750

And to the rock Olenia and Alisios' so-called tomb,  
Whence Athena turned the people back on their pathway  
home.

There I killed the hindmost warrior and left him on the  
field.

But th' Achaians from Bouprasion to Pyle their swift  
steeds held,

\*The reputed sons.

And all praised Zeus, 'mid godheads, and Nestor 'mid all  
men. 755

And thus I was, if ever I lived, or now or then,  
Among men who are mortal.—But Achilles sole and lorn  
Will glory in his valour and greatly will he mourn,  
I think, when he has tidings that all the folk are dead.  
O friend, on you Menoitios this firm injunction laid, 760  
That day he sent from Phthia to Agamemnon's home.  
I and divine Odysseus were there within the dome,  
And heard all in the mansions just as he gave commands.  
And we came where the palace, well-dwelt, of Peleus  
stands;

And through Achaia fertile we sought a host to win. 765  
There then we found the hero, Menoitios, within,  
And you beside Achilles. And horseman Peleus old  
To Zeus, who joys in thunder, burned on fire manifold,  
In an alcove of the palace, an ox's fatted thighs  
And poured from golden beaker black wine in sac-  
rifice. 770

And both of you were busied with the ox's flesh which  
blazed,

When we stood in the portals; Achilles rose amazed  
And led, by the hand taking, and bade us take a seat,  
And placed before us xenia, such as for guests are meet.  
But when we now were sated with food and drink pro-  
fuse, 775

I told to you my story and bade you follow us.  
You two were very willing, but they did much suggest.  
Old Peleus to Achilles, his son, his charge expressed,  
Ever to be the bravest and shine above the rest.  
Menoitios, son of Aktor, to you these words gave forth: 780  
'My son, Achilles is greater than you are by his birth,  
Yet you in years are older, and he is stronger far;  
So give him prudent counsel and admonition bear  
And teach; then on the better his preference will be set.'  
Thus did the old man bid you, but you in all forget. 785  
Yet even now to warlike Achilles you might say,  
If he to you would listen. Who knows if, while you pray,  
Some favouring god may rouse him; good is a comrade's  
word.

If he avoid in spirit some prophecy preferred,  
Which him his honoured mother, learning from Zeus,  
has told, 790

Then let him send you forward with the Myrmidonians  
bold

To be a light of safety to the Danaans from far;  
Let him give his beauteous armour to guard you in the  
war;

And if the Trojans, thinking you him, from war are borne,  
The brave sons of th' Achaians may breathe a time, though  
worn; 795

Though slight the respite given to those by warring torn.  
But you with strength unwasted will push the warriors  
spent

In fight, toward the city, from vessels and from tent."

Thus spoke he; and his\* spirit was moved within his  
breast;

To Aiakides Achilles, by the ships, in haste he pressed. 800  
But when near to the vessels of divine Odysseus run  
Patroklos (by the forum and the court where right was  
done,

And where by them the altars of th' immortal gods were  
set),

There him Eurypylos (wounded in the thigh by arrow)  
met,

Zeus-descended Euaimonides; limping, from war he  
sped; 805

And copious sweat was pouring from shoulders and from  
head;

But from the wound malignant the black blood slowly  
flowed;

Yet still his dauntless spirit with quenchless fervour glowed.

And, seeing him, felt pity Menoitios' powerful son,

And, while he grieved about him, with wingèd words  
began; 810

"Unhappy chiefs and rulers who guide the Danaan  
band,

And will you (far from kindred and from your fatherland)

Glut the swift dogs in Troja with snowy fat amain?

\*Patroklos.

But come, Zeus-nurtured hero, Eurypylos, tell me plain:  
Do yet th' Achains stand up against huge Hektor near, 815  
Or will they meet destruction, o'ermastered by his spear?"

Anon Eurypylos prudent to him in answer said:

"No more, Zeus-born Patroklos, will the Achaians have  
aid,

But in the sable vessels by the ocean's strand will fall;  
For all the kings and chieftains who were the best of  
all, 820

Lie in the vessels wounded by arrow or spear dire,  
Struck by the hands of Trojans whose strength grows  
ever higher.

Yet save me from destruction, leading to my black bark;  
Cut from my thigh the arrow, wash out the blood all-dark  
From it with tepid water; and let soft drugs be brought, 825  
Healing, which you before this, they say, Achilles taught,  
Which Chiron erstwhile taught him—the justest centaur  
told;

For Machaon and Podaleros, who are physicians bold,—  
One in the tent is lying, I think, and has a wound,  
And he himself the need of a skillful leech has found. 830  
The other waits sharp warring from the Trojans on the  
plain."

To him the powerful son of Menoitios spoke again:  
"How will these works be ended? Hero Eurypylos,  
What shall we do? I am going that I the tale of loss,  
Told by Gerenian Nestor, th' Achaians' fence and  
guard, 835  
May tell Achilles warlike; nor you I leave thus marred."

Thus saying, the peoples' pastor held 'neath the breast,  
he led

To the tent; his servant, seeing, of ox-hides made a bed.  
When there he was extended, from the thigh with knife he  
cut

The sharp and bitter arrow and washed the black blood  
out 840

Of it with tepid water, and applied the bitter root,  
Pain-healing, then he rubbed it, which all the pain released;  
And soon the wound was dried up, and all the bleeding  
ceased.



## BOOK XII

## THE BATTLE AT THE WALL.

Thus now within the quarters Menoitios' brave son\*  
 Restored Eurypylos wounded; but confusedly fought on  
 The Argives and the Trojans. Yet Fate no more allowed  
 The Danaans to be guarded by the moat and rampart  
 broad,

Which they'd raised around the vessels and dug the moat  
 before; 5

For nowise to the godheads famed hecatombs they bore  
 That they the rapid vessels and mighty plunder won  
 Might guard; for in despite of th' immortal gods 't was  
 done.

And short the time allotted for it to stand entire.—  
 While Hektor yet was living, and Achilles raged in ire, 10  
 And the city of King Priam stood firm and integral,  
 So long rose up unbroken th' Achaians' mighty wall.  
 But when of all the Trojans death had the bravest reft,  
 And, of the many Achaians, some died and some were left,  
 And the city of King Priam fell in the tenth year banned, 15  
 And the Argives went in vessels to their dear fatherland,  
 Posidon and Apollo devised a plan at length

To lay the wall in ruin, using the rivers' strength,—  
 All which from Ida's mountains rush forward to the sea:  
 Heptaporos and Rhesos, Karesos, Rhodios free, 20  
 Granikos and Aisepos and divine Skamander's wave  
 And Simois, where full many a shield and helmet brave  
 Prone in the dust had fallen, and the race of demigods.  
 Phoebus Apollo turned all together with their floods.

One day, and sent their currents to strike against the  
 wall; 25

Zeus rained apace that sooner the wall, sea-washed, might  
 fall.

Himself, the great Earth-Shaker, with trident in his hands  
 Led, and washed out with billows all the foundation bands  
 \*Patroklos.

Of beams and massy rock-work, which th' Achaians laid  
with pain,

And to the Hellespontos rapid he made all plain. 30

But again with sands he covered the waste and mighty  
shore,

When he the wall had leveled, and turned the streams  
once more

Back to their ancient channels to flow with beauteous foam.

Posidon and Apollo thus in the years to come

Would do; but, then, in fury the fight and clamour  
burned 35

Around the well-built ramparts; and the towers' smit  
beams returned

The echoes, while the Argives, by Zeus's scourge subdued,

Amid the hollow vessels enclosed, unwilling stood,

Fearing the might of Hektor, the master strong of flight;

But he fought on as erstwhile, as with a whirlwind's  
might. 40

As when 'mid dogs and hunters a boar or lion turns,

And from his savage eyeballs the desert's vigour burns;

And they, themselves arranging in troops, against him  
stand,

And fling their frequent javelins against him with stark  
hand;

And his high courage never before them fears nor flies, 45

Yet bravery kills him; often he turns about and tries

The ranks of men; wherever he goes the hunters shun;

Thus through the throng whirled Hektor, urging his com-  
rades on

To pass the fosse. The horses, swift-footed, did not dare,

But loudly neighed and halted before the steep banks  
there. 50

The wide moat gave them terror, not easy 'twas to cross,

Nor, standing near to leap it; for both sides of the fosse

Had hanging banks around it; and all the trench was  
mixed

And fortified with palings which th' Achaians' sons had  
fixed;

And dense they were and mighty, a guard 'gainst men  
infest. 55

And there not well a charger with well-wheeled chariot  
pressed

In entrance; but the footmen desired the way to try.

Then said to valiant Hektor Polydamas, who stood by:

“Hektor and ye other leaders of Trojans and allies,  
We drive our rapid coursers through the trench in heed-  
less guise; 60

’T is very hard to cross it, for sharp stakes in it stand,  
And just behind them rises th’ Achaians’ rampart grand.  
And no wise is it fitting for descent or fight of horse,  
Where, I think, they would be wounded, wedged in the  
narrow course.

But if Zeus, lofty-thundering, with ill intent displayed, 65  
Destroys th’ Achaian warriors and gives the Trojans aid,  
I would, in truth, wish greatly that this at once appear:

That th’ Achaians die inglorious, afar from Argos, here;  
But if they turn against us and from the ships beat back,  
And we should be entangled in the trench in helpless  
wrack, 70

I think that then not even a messenger will go

To tell it to the city, ’scaping th’ Achaian foe.

But come, and as I tell you, let all of you obey:

Let th’ attendants keep the horses by the fosse, not far  
away;

But let us, clad in armour, all after Hektor great 75  
Follow, pressed close together; and th’ Achaians will not  
wait,

If the ends of their destruction hang over them by fate.”

Polydamas thus; and Hektor favoured the counsel  
sound;

At once from car in armour he leapt upon the ground.

Nor did the other Trojans convene in horsemen’s line, 80

But all at once rushed forward, beholding Hektor divine.

Then each one gave his orders to his own charioteer

To keep the steeds in order beside the fossa near;

Then they drew off, arranging their force for fight anon,

And parted in five columns, which with their chiefs rushed  
on. 85

And they who went with Hektor and famed Polydamas,  
Were far the most and bravest, and most desired to pass,

When they had rent the rampart, to the hollow ships to war;

And, third, Kebriones followed; for Hektor by the car  
Had left a weaker warrior than Kebriones by far. 90

More Paris and Agenor ruled, with Alkathoos;  
And Helenos led the third with divine Deiphobos;  
They were two sons of Priam; next hero Asios led,  
Hyrtakides, great Asios, whom horses tall and red  
Bore from Arisba's city and from Selleis' shore.— 95

The brave son of Anchises, Æneas, the fourth ruled o'er,  
With Akamas, Archelochos, knowing well all strategies.—  
Sarpedon was the chief of the far-renowned allies;

And bold Asteropeios and Glaukos with him pressed,  
Who seemed of all the others to be the very best, 100

Excepting great Sarpedon who shone in all the fields.

But they with one another joined well-wrought ox-hide  
shields,

And straight against the Danaans went on and thought  
withal

That these would not oppose them but in the black ships  
fall.

Thus, then, the other Trojans and the far-called  
allies 105

Obeded the counsel given by Polydamas famed and wise.

But Asios Hyrtakides, chief of warriors would not hear

Of parting from his horses and attendant charioteer,

But with his steeds and chariot to the rapid ships came  
near.

Foolish!—for thus in nowise did he escape ill fate, 110  
Exultant on his horses and chariot elate,

And turn back from the vessels to wind-swept Ilion;

For ill named fate before him and over him was thrown

By Idomeneus's javelin, Deukalion's famous son.

For he rushed on the vessels amid the left of war, 115

Where the Achaians retreated with courser and with car.

There drove he car and horses, nor found the portals closed

To him in the high arches, nor the long bar opposed.

But men held wide the portals amid the vessels there

To save those of their comrades who fled away from  
war. 120

Straight there he held his horses, attended by his band  
Crying loud; they thought th' Achaïans would make no  
further stand,

Yet in the sable vessels would o'er each other fall.  
The fools!—But in the portals they found the best of all—  
Two brave sons of the Lapithae, two warriors mighty-  
souled; 125

They were Pirithoos' offspring; one, Polypoites bold,  
The other was Leonteus, peer of Mars homicide.  
These stood before the gates of the ramparts high and  
wide.—

As when among the mountains two high-topped oak-trees  
stay,

Which battle with the rain-storm and wind for many a  
day, 130

By mighty roots adhering in wide-extended course;  
Thus these two chiefs, relying upon their hands and force,  
Waited great Asios coming and did not fear nor fly.

But they\* rushed to the rampart, well-built, raising  
high

Their shields of arid ox-hides, and raised a sounding  
cry 135

Around the monarch Asios, Orestes, Iamenos,  
Oinomaos, Thoon, Akamas, the son of Asios,  
First these twain† to th' Achaïans, well-greaved, entreaty  
bare

(For they within were standing) to guard the vessels  
there;—

But when they saw the Trojans rushing upon the wall, 140  
And fear and flight and clamour upon the Danaans fall,  
Then these two darted forward and fought before the gate,  
Just as two wild boars savage who in the mountains wait  
The ever-coming tumult of dogs and hunting train,  
And rush obliquely onward and break the wood amain; 145  
And from its roots they tear it, and sounds the gnash of  
teeth,

Till someone flings his javelin and takes away their breath;  
And thus the brass resplendent on their breasts a clangour  
brought

\*The allies. †The Lapithae.

Against the striking missiles; for mightily they fought,  
In the troops above them trusting and in their own power  
vast. 150

And from the towers well-built the guards rock frag-  
ments cast,  
Guarding themselves and quarters and the ships which  
journey fast.

As fall to earth the snowflakes, by a strong wind sent forth,  
Which whirls the shadowy vapours and on the fertile  
earth

Pours thick; thus did the missiles flow from the powerful  
hands 155

Of those amid th' Achaian and 'mid the Trojan bands.

And helmets sounded harshly, by rocks like millstones  
struck,

And bossy shields resounded when they received the shock.  
Hyrtakides, King Asios, then, with a heavy groan  
Struck both his thighs in anger and called in angry  
tone: 160

“Zeus Father, 't is most true that you have deceitful  
grown;

For I held not the opinion th' Achaian hero bands  
Would hold against our vigour and our unconquered  
hands.

They are like varied-waisted wasps or the honey bees,  
Who excavate their dwellings in roads' rugosities, 165  
Nor leave their hollow mansions, but wait within them  
penned

The men who come to hunt them and there their young  
defend;

Thus these will not abandon the portals, though but twain,  
Before they shall be captured or else they shall be slain.”

Thus he, but by his speeches persuaded not Zeus'  
mind; 170

Since all the fame to Hektor he in his thought designed.

[Others round other portals contended in the fight.

'T is hard for me to tell all these deeds, like god, aright.

For all around the rampart rose a boundless stony fire,  
And th' Argives sad their vessels held by compulsion  
dire; 175

And all the gods were sorely afflicted in the mind  
 (As many as in the battle to the Danaans inclined).  
 The Lapithae the warring and hostility begun.]

Then powerful Polypoites, Pirithoos's son,  
 Struck Damasos with spear through the brass-cheeked  
 helmet's zone; 180

The brass helm did not stay it, but the brass point broke  
 the bone.

All the brain within was shattered; it tamed him fiery-  
 willed;

And next the heroes Pylon and Ormenos he killed.—

Leonteus struck with javelin Antimachos's son,  
 A scion of Mars, Hippomachos, striking hard by the  
 zone. 185

Next his keen sword from scabbard he drew, and through  
 the band

Rushed on and struck Antiphates (the first one) hand to  
 hand,

And he supine fell earthward; then, piled confused, went  
 forth

Orestes, Iamenos, Menon to the many-feeding earth.

While from these slain they stripped off their armour  
 glittering sheen, 190

The youths (the most and bravest) followed with spirit keen  
 Polydamas and Hektor, and great was their desire  
 To lay the wall in ruin and burn the ships with fire.

While yet they spoke in counsel, standing beside the fosse,  
 An omen showed above them, who were full fain to  
 cross; 195

A lofty-flying eagle, borne to the army's left,  
 Which bore a blood-stained serpent within its talons cleft  
 (Monstrous, alive and panting), nor yet did fight forsake.  
 For it struck the bird which held it on the breast, beside  
 the neck,

In its contortions backward; the bird, by anguish  
 cowed, 200

Dismissed the dragon earthward, which fell among the  
 crowd;

And next, on the wind's breathings, flew off with clangour  
 loud,

And the Trojans shuddered, seeing the varied serpent nigh.  
Then said to valiant Hektor Polydamas, standing by:

"Hektor, you blame me ever when we in council sit, 205  
Though giving wholesome counsel; for 't would nowise  
befit

A citizen to speak ill, neither in council's hour,  
Nor yet in time of warring, but aye to augment your power.  
But I will speak out plainly what seems to me the best:  
Let us not keep on warring for the Danaan ships infest. 210  
I think 't will be accomplished as now this sign of loss  
Has come upon the Trojans, who much desire to cross.

The lofty-flying eagle, borne to the army's left,  
Which bore a blood-stained serpent within its talons cleft,  
Monstrous, alive, but loosed it before it reached its  
nest, 215

And did not finish bearing to still its young's unrest:  
Thus we, if both the portals and th' Achaian wall afield  
We break with mighty effort, and the Achaians yield,  
Not joyous from the vessels shall we pursue our way,  
But leaving many Trojans whom th' Achaians in the  
fray 220

Will kill by brass in warring to guard the vessels lined.  
Thus an augur would interpret, who wisely in his mind  
Knows portents; and the people would turn their minds  
to him."

Helm-glancing Hektor answered, gazing with glances  
grim:

"Polydamas, no longer you speak fair words to me; 225  
You know another counsel better than this will be.  
But if in sober earnest and truth such words you say,  
Then, sure, some god has taken your mind and sense  
away.

You bid me slight the counsel of Zeus, high-thundering  
god,  
Who himself gave me the promise and confirmed it with  
his nod. 230

And you bid me to obey the wing-extending birds of air;  
In naught do I regard them, for them I do not care;  
Whether they journey dexter, toward the Sun or Morn,  
Or if they journey leftward, to dusky Even borne.



Let us in all the counsel of mighty Zeus obey, 235  
 Who over all immortals and mortals all bears sway.  
 This is the best of omens—to guard our fatherland.  
 Wherefore 'mid war and battle do you in terror stand?  
 Since, if we all should perish and in destruction lie  
 Around the Argive vessels, you need not fear to die;—240  
 For your heart is not enduring in fight—you know not  
 war.

But if you leave the battle or would another bar  
 From combat by exhorting to leave the field of strife,  
 Soon, smitten by my javelin, shall you depart from life.”

Thus saying, he rushed forward; the others followed  
 close 245

With widely-echoing clamour; but thunder-joying Zeus  
 Sent down from Ida's mountains a storm of wind full sore,  
 Which straight upon the vessels an evil dust cloud bore,  
 And at the time he softened th' Achaians' spirit brave,  
 But glory to the Trojans and mighty Hektor gave. 250  
 And in his signs confiding and their own might withal,  
 They made th' attempt to break through the great Acha-  
 ian wall.

Towers' battlements they pulled down, the parapets they  
 broke,

The buttresses projecting they loosed with levers' stroke;  
 (With them, earth-laid, th' Achaians had braced the  
 towers from fall). 255

They pulled these down, expecting to break th' Achaians'  
 wall.

By no means did the Danaans give up the roadway yet,  
 But with their ox-hide bucklers fenced well the parapet,  
 And from it struck their foemen who went beneath the wall  
 And from the towers th' Ajaces gave orders to them all, 260  
 Went everywhere among them and roused th' Achaians'  
 force,

And used with one fair speeches, with another, stern dis-  
 course

(Whoe'er they saw neglectful in all the works of war):

“O friends, who 'mid the Argives are excellent or are  
 Mediocre or weaker (since not all men befall 265  
 Like forces for the battle), now, there is work for all;

And you yourselves must know this. Yet let no one turn  
back

To the ships (who hears a menace from the Trojans on his  
track).

Yet turn your footsteps forward, exhort each other true,  
Should Zeus, th' Olympian lightener, give to us to pur-  
sue 270

(If we repel the battle) the foemen to the town."

Thus, calling in the vanguard, both urged th' Achaians  
on.

As when the frequent snow-flakes fall on a winter day,  
When prudent Zeus has given the snowstorm to bear sway,  
And thus displays to mortals his weapons as they be;— 275  
Laying the winds in slumber he pours unceasingly  
Till he conceals the mountains' high peaks and loftiest  
tops,

The plains of blooming lotus and men's luxuriant crops;  
And pours upon the harbours and the shores of the gray  
main,

And the advancing billows alone its course restrain, 280  
But all the rest is covered when Zeus' shower falls amain;  
Thus thick the stones were flying in the air to either hand;  
Some flew against the Trojans, some, 'gainst th' Achaian  
band;

And over all the ramparts a sounding clamour rose.

But ne'er had famous Hektor and the mighty Trojan  
foes 285

Broken the rampart's portals and the long bar put on,  
Had not wise Zeus incited Sarpedon, his own son,  
'Gainst th' Argives, like a lion 'gainst oxen crooked-  
horned.

At once his shield all-equal before himself he turned  
(All-beauteous, brazen, hammered, which the brass-  
smith glorified 290

And on the inside sewed it with many a thick ox-hide).

And endless golden striping around the orb appears.  
Then, holding this before him and brandishing two spears,  
He hastened like a lion, in mountains bred and born,  
Whom long the pangs of hunger for want of flesh has  
torn; 295

And his great mind commands him to try to seize on sheep,  
 And even to the sheepfold well-fortified to creep,  
 E'en should he find the shepherds beside it in the yard  
 With dogs and with their javelins, holding the sheep in  
 guard,

He bears not, without trial, to be driven from the  
 ground, 300

But leaps within and takes one, or is stricken by a wound,  
 Amid the first, by javelin which some quick hand has held.  
 Thus, then, divine Sarpedon was by his mind impelled  
 To rush upon the bulwark and break the barrier down.

At once he said to Glaukos, Hippolochos's son: 305

"Glaukos, why are we honoured in Lykia most of all,  
 With flesh and seat at table and brimming cups withal,  
 And each one gazing on us among the godheads ranks?  
 We share a great enclosure upon the Xanthos' banks,  
 Fair for productive vine-land and for wheat-bearing  
 land. 310

For this it now beseems us 'mid the Lykians first to stand  
 And meet the burning battle that some well-armed Lykian  
 say:

'Not ingloriously our monarchs in Lykia bear sway,  
 Eating fat sheep and drinking the honey-dulcet wine.  
 High are their spirits, warring in the foremost Lykian  
 line.' 315

O friend, should it be fated, if we this warring flee,  
 That we should ever after ageless and deathless be,  
 I would not combat ever among the first in fame,  
 Nor send you to the battle which glorifies men's name.  
 But now (since, sooth, ten thousand Keres of death press  
 nigh, 320

Whom 't is not given to mortal either to shun or fly),  
 Go we to conquer glory or else to be a prey."

Thus he; and Glaukos heeded and did not disobey.  
 Both went straight on, the Lykians' great nation leading  
 on.

And, gazing on them, shuddered Menestheus, Peteus'  
 son; 325

For they went to his turret, bearing an evil grief.  
 He viewed th' Achaian forces that he might see some chief

Who might from his companions the coming ruin bar.  
 He saw the two Ajaces, insatiable of war,  
 Standing, and near them Teucer, who had just left his  
 tent; 330

But nowise could they hear him, whate'er the shout he  
 sent,

So great the din and clangour; and the tumult rose to  
 heaven,

Which from smitten shields and portals and horse-haired  
 helms was given;

For all the gates were bolted. The Trojans 'mid the din  
 Remained and tried to break them and thus by force go  
 in. 335

To Ajax herald Thootes at once he sent withal:

"Go forth, divine Thootes, and, running, Ajax call;  
 But to call them both were better, and 't would be best of  
 all,

Since here upon us quickly will come destruction sore.  
 For so the Lykian chieftains press on, who e'en before 340  
 Were full of strength and ardour amid the powerful fight.  
 But e'en if there, about them, labour and war excite,  
 Let mighty Ajax only, the Telamonian, go;

With him let Teucer follow, who knows so well the bow."

Thus he; the herald, hearing, obeyed his thoughts ex-  
 pressed, 345

And ran along the rampart of th' Achaians' brazen-dressed  
 And stood beside th' Ajaces and quickly to them said:

"Ajaces, you two leaders of th' Achaians brazen-clad,  
 The cherished son, Zeus-nurtured, of Peteus asks of you  
 To go there that a season the toil to both accrue. 350

For both to go were better; 't were best of all to do,  
 Since there upon them quickly will come destruction sore.

For so the Lykian leaders press on, who e'en before  
 Were full of strength and ardour amid the powerful fight.

But e'en if here, about you, labour and war excite, 355  
 Let mighty Ajax only, the Telamonian, go;

With him let Teucer follow, who knows so well the bow."

Thus he; great Telamonian Ajax his words obeyed,  
 And to Oiliades quickly his wing'd words conveyed:

"Ajax, with Lykomedes, who has abundant might, 360

Stand here and urge the Danaans full powerfully to fight.  
 For I am going thither war from them to repel;  
 But I will come back quickly when I have aided well."

Then, speaking thus, departed Telamonian Ajax grim;  
 His brother by one father, brave Teucer, went with  
 him, 365

With them Pandion carried great Teucer's bended bow.—  
 When now great-souled Menestheus' turret they came  
 below,

Going within the rampart, they found them labouring sore.  
 For now upon the breastworks like a dark whirlwind bore  
 The valiant chiefs and leaders of all the Lykian foes; 370  
 And they met there in battle while din and clamour rose.

But Telamonian Ajax first slew a hero bold,  
 The comrade of Sarpedon, Epikles mighty-souled,  
 Striking with great stone jagged which in the wall lay free  
 Beside the highest breastwork; and this not easily 375  
 A man could hold in both hands, though he were very  
 young

(One such as now are mortals); he raised it high and  
 flung,

And broke the four-coned helmet and with it crushed the  
 bone

Of all the head in pieces; he\* like a diver prone  
 Fell from the lofty turret; his life the bones forsook. 380  
 But Teucer powerful Glaukos, son of Hippolochos, struck  
 With shaft while he was rushing beneath the lofty wall  
 (Seeing his arm was naked), and stopped his warring all.  
 But Glaukos from the rampart leapt covertly to ground,  
 That no one of th' Achaians might see and mock his  
 wound. 385

Yet grief possessed Sarpedon when Glaukos went away  
 (For he at once perceived it), but did not leave the fray,  
 Yet Alkmaon, son of Thestor, struck with his javelin  
 thrown,

And from him drew the javelin;—following the javelin,  
 prone

He† fell; his brass arms varied clanged o'er him in the  
 sands. 390

\*Epikles. †Alkmaon.

Sarpedon dragged the bulwark, seizing with sturdy hands,  
And all the rampart followed; the wall above him lay  
Deprived of all defences; and he made for many a way.

Ajax and Teucer met him; and one a shaft impressed  
On his great buckler's baldrick, shining upon his  
breast. 395

But Zeus the Keres warded from off his son amain,  
So that beside the sterns of the ships he'd not be slain.  
Then Ajax, rushing forward, smote hard against his  
shield;

The spear drove on clear through it and him, though  
fierce, repelled.

A space he left the bulwark, but went not quite away, 400  
Since his eager soul was hoping to gain great fame that  
day.

He turned around toward them and the godlike Lykians  
hight:

"Why thus remiss, O Lykians, are you in rushing  
might?

'T is arduous for me singly, though mighty force I sway,  
To break the wall, thus making to the hollow ships a  
way; 405

Yet go we joined; for many do more in labouring."

Thus spoke he; and they revered th' exhorting of  
the king,

And fiercer pressed, encircling their monarch counselling.  
On the other side the Argives confirmed their phalanx  
stark,

Which was within the rampart, for great appeared the  
work. 410

Nor could the mighty Lykians break through the Danaan  
wall

To make upon the vessels their passageway withal;  
Nor could the warlike Danaans the Lykians bear back  
Defeated from the rampart since first they made attack.

And as two men contending, with measures in their  
hands 415

Dispute about the limits which bound some common  
lands,

And in a little circuit contend for equal right;

Thus were both sides divided by the rampart in the fight.  
 Each struck the other's buckler before his breast displayed  
 Ox-hide and deftly-circled, and targets lightly made. 420  
 And many in the body were struck by rude brass there,  
 Who turned while they were fighting, and thus the back  
 laid bare;

And many were struck by missiles which through their  
 bucklers set;

And all the towers and ramparts with blood of men were  
 wet,

From Trojans and Achaians, from each side equally. 425  
 But not thus were they able to make th' Achaians flee,  
 But held as a just woman, who labours with her hands,  
 Holds up the equal balance, and wool and weight with-  
 stands,

Adjusting till they balance, so a scanty wage be wrung,  
 For her children; thus the battle and war all-equal hung, 430  
 Before Zeus loftiest glory Hektor Priamides gave,  
 Who first within the rampart of the Achaians drave,  
 And shouted to the Trojans with clear-resounding call:

“ Press on, horse-taming Trojans, and break the Argive  
 wall,

And cast upon the vessels the fiercely-burning fire.” 435

Thus spoke he in exhorting; and all heard his desire,  
 And rushed straight on the rampart in crowded throngs,  
 and here

The battlements they mounted, holding the pointed spear.  
 But Hektor seized a rock which before the portals stood;  
 Above the stone was pointed, below, 'twas broad and  
 crude; 440

And two men of the people, although the best by far,  
 Not easily could raise it from earth upon a car  
 (Such as to-day are mortals); he shook with ease alone.  
 [The son of wily Kronos had lightened thus the stone.]

And as a shepherd lightly a male sheep's white fleece  
 bears 445

(In either stout hand taking), and the weight but little  
 wears;

Thus Hektor raised the rock and bore straight against the  
 bars,

Which fortified the portals, close-joined, against all jars;  
 Double they were and lofty, two cross-bars held within  
 (One fitted to the other), and one key fitted in. 450

He came, and standing near them, with might the middle  
 struck,

Himself with spread legs bracing to give no feeble shock.  
 He broke off both the hinges; within the huge rock rolled;  
 The portals loudly sounded; nor did the cross-bars hold;  
 The beams broke and were scattered confusedly 'mid the  
 din 455

Before the rock's strong impulse. There Hektor famed  
 rushed in,

Like the swift night in aspect; he blazed with dire brass  
 spanned,

Which wrapped him round the body; he held two spears  
 in hand,

And no one might repel him except the godheads dire  
 When he rushed through the portals; his eyes burned  
 bright with fire. 460

And he urged on the Trojans, turning toward the crowd,  
 To scale the wall; they hearkened to his exhortation loud,  
 And quickly passed the rampart, and poured on eagerly  
 Through the portals deftly laboured. But the Danaans  
 turned to fly

Upon the hollow vessels; and rose a ceaseless cry. 465

### BOOK XIII

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#### THE BATTLE BY THE SHIPS.

When Hektor and the Trojans came near the vessels  
 there,

Zeus suffered them beside them labours and griefs to bear  
 Unceasingly, and backward his sparkling vision spanned  
 Far off, intently gazing on th' equestrian Thrakians' land,  
 The highborn Hippomolgians', the Mysians' who ken 5  
 Close fight, the milk-fed Abians', the justest of all men.

But he on Troy no longer his sparkling eyes inclined,



Since none of the immortals (he thought within his mind)  
Would go to bear the Danaans or else the Trojans aid.

But King Posidon nowise in idle watch had stayed, 10  
For he had sat and gazed on the war and fight the while,  
High on the loftiest summit of Thrakian Samos' isle,  
Rich in its woods; and from it all Ida met his view,  
And rose the town of Priam, and th' Achaians' vessels, too.  
He sat there, leaving Ocean, and mourned th' Achaians  
thus 15

O'ermastered by the Trojans, and strongly raged at Zeus.  
And quickly he descended the mountain steep and rude,  
With rapid feet progressing, the mountains great and wood  
Beneath the feet immortal of rushing Neptune shook.

Three times he strode advancing, but with the fourth  
stride took 20  
The goal he sought for—Aigai. His famous mansions  
there,

Within the sea's abysses, were builded, shining fair,  
Golden and deathless ever. There, to the car he turned  
His brass-hoofed steeds, swift-flying, with golden manes  
adorned.

He put gold round his body and took a whip of gold, 25  
Well-made, his chariot mounted and o'er the billows rolled.  
The ocean monsters 'neath him sported in gamboling,  
From all the sea's recesses; they recognized the King;  
With joy the wave was parted; they flew most rapidly,  
Nor from below was moistened the brazen axle-tree. 30  
His agile horses bore him thus to th' Achaian ships.

There is a spacious cavern in Ocean's lowest deeps  
Midway 'twixt rugged Imbros and Tenedos displayed;  
And there Earth-Shaker Neptune his rapid coursers  
stayed,

And loosed them from the chariot and gave to them to  
eat 35

Ambrosial food, and fastened gold fetters on their feet,  
Unbreakable, unloosing, that surely they remain  
There for the King returning, who sought th' Achaian  
train.

The thickly thronging Trojans, like whirlwind or like  
fire,

Followed Priamides Hektor with sareless hot desire, 40  
 Raging and shouting loudly, and hoped the ships to gain,  
 And slaughter there beside them all the Achaian train.

But earth-surrounding Neptune, the Shaker of the  
 Earth,  
 Urged the Argives on to warring, from the deep sea coming  
 forth,  
 Having the form of Kalchas and his accents undis-  
 tressed; 45

And first the two Ajaces, both eager, he addressed:  
 "Ye two Ajaces, succour th' Achaians by your might,  
 Your ancient force remember, think not of trembling  
 flight.

Elsewhere I am not fearful of the Trojans' matchless  
 hands,  
 Who passed the wall stupendous with thronging crowded  
 bands; 50

For the well-greaved Achaians, will 'gainst all fury hold.  
 But here I fear me greatly lest grief to us be told;  
 For rabid Hektor leads them, resembling sparkling fire,  
 And boasts himself the offspring of Zeus, prepotent sire.  
 But may some of the godheads place in the mind and  
 breast 55

Of both to stand here bravely and to exhort the rest;  
 Thus may you ward him rushing on the rapid ships in  
 fight,

Though even the Olympian himself should him incite."

Then earth-surrounding Neptune, in closing his dis-  
 course,  
 Struck both chiefs with his scepter and filled with powerful  
 force. 60

He made their members lighter, their feet and hands on  
 high.

Then like the hawk swift-winged he raised himself to fly,  
 Who from a cleft and lofty rock-wall starts up amain,  
 That he may chase some other bird flying o'er the plain;  
 Thus from the two Posidon, earth-shaking godhead,  
 burst. 65

But, of the two, fleet Ajax, Oilean, knew him first,  
 And said at once to Ajax, the son of Telamon, bold:

“ Ajax, since of the godheads who high Olympus hold,  
 One, like the seer, commands us beside the ships to fight:  
 (For this augur is not Kalchas who prophecies aright); 70  
 For the traces of his feet and his legs to me were shone  
 Lightly, when he departed; with ease the gods are known;  
 And me myself my spirit within my very breast  
 Incites now more than ever to war and fight as best;  
 My feet beneath and hands, which are placed above, drive  
 on.” 75

To him then said in answer great Ajax Telamon:

“ Thus now around my spear-shaft my strong hands  
 keenly meet,  
 And strength in me has risen; below, with both my feet  
 Am I impelled, desiring, e'en though I be alone,  
 To meet in combat Hektor, Priam's sateless raging  
 son.” 80

Thus they betwixt each other such conversation joined,  
 Glad with desire of battle, which the god put in their mind.

Meanwhile earth-girdling Neptune the rear Achæians  
 stirred,

Who by the rapid vessels their spirits lax restored;  
 Since by the heavy labour their precious limbs were  
 quelled, 85

And pain was in their spirits, whenever they beheld  
 The Trojans who, with tumult, the rampart great, had  
 passed.

And, seeing them, the tear-drops from 'neath their brows  
 fell fast,

For they thought their death impended. Yet the Shaker of  
 the Earth,

Going among them lightly their phalanx strong sent  
 forth. 90

And first he reached, exhorting, Teucer and Leitos,

Then Peneleus heroic, Thoas, Deipyros;

Then, Antilochos and Nerion, masters of war confest;—  
 These he incited onward and with wingèd words addressed.

“ For shame, young men, ye Argives, I trusted you  
 would brave 95

The full tide of the battle and thus our vessels save;

But if you show remissness and in the dire war yield,

This very day shines for you to be by Trojans killed.  
 Ye gods, how great a marvel thus with my eyes I see;  
 How shameful! since I trusted ne'er such an end would  
 be: 100

That the Trojans to our vessels should come, who aye  
 before

Were like the timid wild stags, who in the forests bore  
 Themselves the prey of jackals and pards and wolves in  
 turn;

In weakness thus they wandered, since not for fighting  
 born;

E'en thus, before, the Trojans cared never to remain, 105  
 Though little, 'gainst the might and the hands of th' Argive  
 train.

But now far from the city, by the hollow ships they fight  
 Through the baseness of the ruler and the people's luke-  
 warm might,

Who, with their chief contending, desire not to defend  
 The rapid-going vessels, but find by them their end. 110

If wide-ruling Agamemnon Atrides, hero brave,  
 Caused all when fleet Achilles he such dishonour gave,  
 By no means must we slacken our toil in warring dure.  
 But be we cured the sooner; good minds are light to cure.

Yet you no more with honour relax your rushing might, 115  
 O best of all the army. I would not wish to fight  
 With any man whatever, who shuns the combat's part,  
 Being thus weak, unwarlike, but am wroth with you in  
 heart.—

Soft ones, some greater evil will soon to us be joined  
 By this your careless baseness; let each one bear in  
 mind 120

Men's scorn and men's reproaches; for mighty strife is  
 nigh.

Now by the ships strong Hektor, good at the battle cry,  
 Wars mightily and breaks through the gates and the long  
 bar."

Thus ordering, the Earth-Shaker th' Achaians roused  
 to war

And round the two Ajaces the powerful phalanx stood; 125  
 And Ares, going among them, could not reprove their mood,

Nor Athena, rousing-people. For the best of all the line  
 Waited there for the Trojans, led on by Hektor divine.  
 Javelin was braced to javelin, buckler to buckler pressed;  
 And shield on shield was driven, and crest supported  
 crest, 130  
 And warrior pressed to warrior; the helms, decked with  
 horse hair,  
 Struck bright rims when they nodded; so dense the men  
 stood there;  
 And in their hands: audacious they shook their spears with  
 might,  
 And wished to go straight onward, desiring much to fight.  
 First thronged the Trojans forward, and Hektor led  
 them on, 135  
 Desiring to rush onward, like baleful rolling stone  
 Which a torrential river drives from a cliff-brow bold,  
 And breaks with boundless torrent the reckless fragment's  
 hold;  
 And high it leaps in flying, and roars the wood amain;  
 But it runs on unpausing down to the level plain; 140  
 And there it rolls no longer, though it all eager be;  
 And thus did Hektor menace to go on to the sea  
 And make his passage lightly through Achaian ship and  
 tent,  
 Slaying; but when he chanced on the phalanxes close pent,  
 He stopped in closest contact. Th' Achaians' adverse  
 band, 145  
 Striking with swords and javelins, pointed on either hand,  
 Repelled him from their phalanx; he turned, forced to  
 retire,  
 And shouted to the Trojans all loudly his desire:  
 "Ye Trojans, Lykians Dardans, who battle hand to hand,  
 Stand fast; since long th' Achaians my power will not  
 withstand, 150  
 Though like a firm-based turret they have themselves  
 arrayed;  
 Yet they, I think, will draw back before my spear dis-  
 played,  
 If, sooth, the best god aids me, Hera's high-thundering  
 lord."

Thus saying, the strength and spirit of each one he restored.

Deiphobos, elated, stalked 'mid them on the field, 155  
 Priamides, before him he held his equal shield,  
 With feet he came on lightly beneath his buckler sheer.  
 But Merion aimed at him his brightly shining spear,  
 And hit, (and did not miss it) the equal shield he wore,  
 Of bull's-hide, but he pierced not; the spear-shaft far  
 before 160

Was broken at the socket; but Deiphobos inclined  
 From himself the bull's-hide buckler and feared much in  
 his mind

Warlike Meriones' javelin. That hero, very wroth,  
 Went back among his comrades, and was irate at both:  
 The victory lost and javelin which shivered at the blow. 165  
 To th' Achaians' tents and vessels he turned himself to go  
 To seek another long javelin left in his quarters nigh.

But the others kept on fighting, and rose a boundless  
 cry.

Then Teucer Telamonian, the first one, slew a man,  
 Great Imbrios, the spearman, horse-wealthy Mentor's  
 son. 170

He dwelt erst in Pedaion before th' Achaians came there,  
 And had Priam's spurious daughter, Medesikastè fair.  
 But when the equal vessels of the Danaans thither came  
 He went again to Ilion, excelling there in fame,  
 And dwelt in Priam's palace, honoured like his sons  
 dear. 175

But Telamonian Teucer struck him beneath the ear  
 With long spear and withdrew it; then like an ash he fell,  
 Which on a mountain's summit (afar discernible),  
 Cut by ax brazen, scatters its soft leaves on the ground;  
 Thus fell he, and about him his brass-decked arms gave  
 sound. 180

And Teucer rushed upon him to spoil his armour sheer;  
 But at him Hektor, rushing, flung his resplendent spear.  
 Yet he beheld, avoiding the brazen spear anon,  
 And Hektor struck Amphimachos, son of Kteas, Aktor's  
 son,

As he advanced to battle; the spear his bosom stung; 185

He fell with crash resounding, and his armour o'er him  
rung.

But Hektor rushed the helmet, joined round his forehead  
bold,

To ravish from the head of Amphimachos great-souled;  
Yet Ajax flung at Hektor, while he was rushing on,  
His shining spear, but reached not his body, for it shone 190  
With frightful brass protecting; the buckler's boss he  
smote,

And with great fury struck it, so Hektor turned about  
From both the bodies laid there, which th' Achaians drew  
away.

Then Stichios and Menestheus devine (the rulers they  
Of the Atheniau warriors), bore great Amphimachos 195  
To the Achian army; and th' Ajaces Imbrios  
Brought back, and both the chieftains were fain for battle  
there.

And as a goat two lions from dogs with sharp teeth tear,  
And through the thickset brushwood the plundered portion  
bear,

Add, high above earth taising, within their strong jaws  
hold; 200

Thus held aloft the body of th' Ajaces, warrior bold,  
And stripped it of the armour; but from the tender neck  
Oiliades the head struck (for Amphimachos's sake  
Irate), and through the concourse, like rolling ball, he  
cast;

And at the feet of Hektor it fell in dust at last. 205

Then in his heart Posidon felt grievous anger swell,  
Since in the heavy battle his cherished grandson fell,  
And he the tents and vessels of the Achaians sought,  
Exhorting all the Danaans; to the Trojans cares he  
brought.

Idomeneus spear-famous came now upon him there, 210  
Going from his companion who had just come from war  
By sharp brass was he wounded in the leg, behind the knee.;  
So his companions bore him who, ordering carefully  
The leeches who attended, came from his tent once more;  
For he desired the battle again with longing sore. 215  
But to him King Posidon, Earth-Shaker, then begun,

Taking the tone and voice of Thoas Andraimon's son,  
 Who ruled o'er the Aitolians in lofty Kalydon  
 And in the whole of Pleuron, and godlike honour bore:

"Where have the threats evanished. O Kretan coun-  
 sellor, 220

Idomeneus, th' Achaïans against the Trojans made?"

To him in turn Idomeneus, the Kretan leader, said:

"O Thoas, no man the cause is, so far as I can see;  
 For all of us Achaïans know war full skillfully;  
 And heartless Fear holds no one, and no one slothfully 225  
 Flies from destructive warring; yet some way it seems  
 thus

To be a thing most grateful to high prepotent Zeus,  
 For th' Achaïans to die inglorious afar from Argos' shore.  
 Yet, Thoas (for you ever were brave in war before  
 And urged the others onward when you saw them  
 inert), 230

Do not now cease your efforts, but every man exhort,"

And next earth-shaking Neptune to him replied in turn:  
 "Idomeneus, from Troja let not that man return,  
 But let him be the sport of the dogs to his despite,  
 Who by his own volition is lax to-day in fight. 235  
 But come, your arms bring hither; there's need for us to  
 haste,

If we are any profit, and we are two at least.

And virtue may be gathered from sorry men combined;  
 And we two know to battle with men of warlike mind."

Thus saying, again the godhead to the toil of warriors  
 went.— 240

But when Idomeneus came to his well-constructed tent,  
 He put about his body fair arms, and two spears spanned,  
 And hastened, like the lightning, which Kronion, with his  
 hand

Seizing, darts with vibration from lit Olympus' hight,  
 Showing a sign to mortals; for the rays are wondrous  
 bright; 245

Thus, while he ran, the brass shone which round his  
 breast was set.

But him his good attendant, Meriones then met  
 Still near the tent, for seeking a brazen spear he went;—



The strength of King Idomeneus to him these accents sent:

"Merion, son of Molos; fleet-footed, friend! most dear,  
250

Where do you go, thus leaving the war and battle here?

Is it that you are wounded, and the spear-point grieves  
with wear?

Or is it that some message for me you hither bear?

Yet in my tent I wish not to sit, but fight with men."

To him then prudent Merion in answer spoke again: 255  
["Idomeneus, bearing counsel to the Kretan brazen-dressed];

I come, if any javelins within your quarters rest,  
To seek one; that is broken which erst I had in use;  
Flung hard against the buckler of fierce Deiphobos."

To him in turn Idomeneus, the Kretan leader, said: 260  
"If spears you wish, I've twenty and one more at your  
stead,

Standing within my quarters against the shining wall,  
Which I have ta'en from Trojans when they were slain in  
moil.

For I fight not hostile warriors far distant on the fields.—  
By this I have possession of spears and bossy shields 265  
And helmets and cuirasses which radiant splendour shed."

To him Meriones prudent again in answer said:  
"In my tent and sable vessel are likewise at my beck  
Full many a Trojan trophy, but are not near to take.  
I say that I forget not to be of rushing might; 270  
But 'mid the foremost warriors in fame-conferring fight  
I stand, whenever rises war's combat manifest.

It may be that some other of th' Achaians brazen-dressed  
May not observe me warring, but you, I think, have seen."

To him the Kretan leader, Idomeneus, answered  
keen: 275

"I know full well your virtue; what need this to expose?  
For if now by the vessels for ambuscade we chose  
The best of all among us, where best men's worth are  
known,

And who may be a coward, and who is brave is shown"  
(For the colour of the base one a thousand hues  
express, 280

His heart within his bosom allows not quietness,  
 He changes his position and sits on both his feet;  
 The heart within his bosom throbs with a noisy beat,  
 While he's thinking of destruction; and a gnash of teeth  
 appears.—

But the colour of the brave man shifts not, and nought he  
 fears, 285

When first he takes his station in the ambuscade of men,  
 But prays to combat quickly in the heavy battle then).  
 But no one could reproach you in hands or valour here;  
 Yet if you in the battle were struck from far or near,  
 The weapon did not strike you upon the neck or back, 290  
 But in the breast or entrails it met you in attack,  
 While you were going onward amid the foremost train.  
 But come, let us no longer speak of these things in vain,  
 Standing, lest, passing measure, someone may reprimand;  
 But you, going to the quarters, take a strong spear in  
 hand." 295

Thus spoke he; and Meriones, to rapid Ares peer,  
 Went to his quarters quickly and took a brazen spear,  
 And went then with Idomeneus, desiring greatly war.  
 And thus man-slaying Ares goes to the fight afar;  
 Terror, his dear son with him, powerful, not knowing  
 fear, 300

Follows and fills with terror high chiefs with minds austere;  
 These two from Thrakia coming, with th' Ephyri bear arms  
 Or with the great-souled Phlegyi; nor do they give their  
 harms

To both the hosts contending, but glory to one side;  
 Such Idomeneus and Merion, leaders of heroes, hied 305  
 On to the burning battle, with bright brass helmeted.  
 And first to him Meriones his thoughts in words conveyed:  
 "Deukalides,\* where think you to enter in the fight?  
 Whether toward the middle or on all the army's right,  
 Or farther to the leftward, since I believe that there 310  
 The hardest war is waging for th' Achaïans with long hair."

The Kretan chief, Idomeneus, to him these words pre-  
 ferred:

"Among the middle vessels the others stand on guard,

\*The son of Deukalion.



And corselets newly burnished, and bucklers shining keen,  
 As they came on together. His were intrepid breast,  
 Who gazed glad on such labour nor felt his mind distressed. 345

The two strong sons of Kronos, dissenting in the heart,  
 Constructed thus for heroes full many a grievous smart.  
 For Zeus desired the conquest on Hektor, Troy to fall,  
 To glorify fleet-footed Achilles; not at all  
 He wished th' Achaian people to die at Ilion, 350  
 Yet glory gave to Thetis and her brave-minded son.  
 The Argives were incited by Neptune who had come  
 From the gray sea in secret; to see them thus succumb  
 To Trojans grieved him sorely, at Zeus he angered dire;  
 For both by birth were equal and had a single sire. 355  
 Yet Zeus was born the elder and greater knowledge swayed.  
 Neptune for this avoided the giving open aid,  
 But urged the people ever in secret (like a man).—

The line of powerful combat and war with equal ban  
 They with alternate changes to either side drew free, 360  
 Unbreaking and unloosing, which loosened many a knee.

Then Idomeneus, half-hoary, urged on the Danaan  
 might,  
 Rushing upon the Trojans, and turned them back in  
 flight.

For there he slew Othryoneus who from Kabesos came,  
 And came there newly, hearing much of their wars by  
 fame, 365

And sued for Priam's daughter, the best of all in form,  
 Without a dower, Cassandra, and promised to perform  
 A mighty work—to drive back from Troy th' Achaian  
 band.

Old Priam promised truly to give to him her hand;  
 And he fought on, confiding in the pledges which were  
 made. 370

Idomeneus aimed at him his shining spear displayed,  
 And struck him striding proudly; the brazen arms he  
 wore

Sufficed not to repel it; the stomach's midst it tore.  
 He made a thud in falling; *he\** boasted, saying then:

\*Idomeneus.

"Orthryoneus, I praise you above all mortal men, 375  
 If, truly you accomplish all the pledges false and wild  
 You made to Dardan Priam who promised you his child.  
 But now, what things we promise we will to you perform,  
 And give Atrides' daughter, who fairest is in form  
 (Leading away from Argos), to wed, if you destroy, 380  
 With us allied, the city of many-peopled Troy.  
 But come to th' ocean vessels, that a discourse be had  
 About the pact, we being, as sires-in-law, not bad."

Saying thus, hero Idomeneus dragged by the foot the  
 slain

Amid the powerful battle. But Asios amain 385  
 Came there on foot to avenge him, before his steeds im-  
 pelled,

Whom, breathing on his shoulders, th' attendant driver  
 held;

And he desired in spirit to smite Idomeneus,  
 Who struck him with the javelin (anticipating thus)  
 In throat beneath the chin and drove the brass through  
 quite. 390

He fell as falls an oak-tree or some tall poplar white,  
 Or as a pine tree lofty which men of craft have hewed  
 In mountains with sharp axes to be some vessel's wood;  
 Thus he before his horses and chariot lay there spanned,  
 Gnashing his teeth and taking the bloody dust in hand. 395  
 His driver lost the senses which he before possessed,  
 And did not have the courage to fly the hostile quest  
 By turning back the horses. War-strong Antilochos  
 Transfixed his midst with javelin; and the cuirass of  
 brass

He wore did not defend him; in the stomach's midst it  
 stayed; 400

And he, yet palpitating, fell from the car well-made.  
 The son of great-souled Nestor, Antilochos, drove amain  
 The horses from the Trojans to the Achaians' well-  
 greaved train.

At Idomeneus, Deiphobos, approaching very near  
 And grieving much for Asios, flung with his shining  
 spear. 405

But Idomeneus beheld it, and shunned the spear of brass,

For he was well protected by the shield's all-equal mass  
 He bore; and it was fashioned from oxen's hides, arrayed  
 Deftly with brass resplendent, and with two handles made.  
 Beneath this all was sheltered; the brazen spear flew  
 o'er; 410

The shield resounded drily when the javelin grazed it sore.  
 Yet not in vain Deiphobos' strong hand the javelin flung,  
 But Hippasides Hypenor, pastor of peoples, stung  
 'Neath the breast upon the liver; his knees were loosed  
 'neath him.

And loud Deiphobos boasted, shouting with accents  
 grim: 415

"Not unavenged lies Asios; yet rather he, I trow,  
 To Hades' massive mansion with powerful gates will go  
 Rejoicing in his spirit, since I have given a guide."

Thus he; pain seized the Argives to hear him thus  
 deride,

But most the mind of warlike Antilochos it thrilled; 420  
 And, though he grieved, he left not his comrade on the  
 field,

But ran there to protect him and sheltered with his shield.  
 Yet his two dear companions to his assistance run  
 (They were divine Alastor and Mekisteus, Echios' son),  
 And bore to the hollow vessels, groaning in disarray. 425

Idomeneus ne'er slackened his mighty strength, but aye  
 Did he desire to cover some Trojan with dark night,\*  
 Or fall with crash resounding, warding th' Achaians'  
 blight.

Alkathoos, the hero, Zeus-bred Aisyetes' son  
 (Who the daughter of Anchises to be his wife had won, 430  
 Hippodamia, the eldest, who all the others passed,  
 Whom sire and honoured mother loved in their mansions  
 vast

Full well; for all her equals in age she much surpassed  
 In beauty, works and prudence; thus, her in marriage led  
 The best and bravest warrior in Ilion wide-spread).— 435  
 Him then, beneath Idomeneus, Posidon mastered there,  
 And dimmed his eyes resplendent and chained his mem-  
 bers fair.

\*To kill.

For he nowise was able to turn aside or flee,  
 Yet like a silent pillar or as a high-leaved tree  
 He stood; his middle bosom Idomeneus with spear 440  
 Wounded and broke about him his brazen tunic sheer,  
 Which erstwhile from his body had kept black death at  
 bay;

But now it sounded drily as the spear cut on its way.  
 He fell with crash resounding; the spear fixed in his heart  
 Which, while it palpitated, shook the spear's extremest  
 part; 445

But then impetuous Ares\* relaxed in power at length.  
 And much Idomeneus boasted, shouting with all his  
 strength:

"Deiphobos, do we think right, that it is fair in us  
 To kill three for one warrior; since you are boasting thus?  
 Yourself, unhappy hero, stand up against me here 450  
 And see that I of Zeus's high lineage appear;  
 He first begot King Minos, who Kreta's guardian shone;  
 And Minos for his son had blameless Deukalion;  
 Deukalion begot me, the king of many men  
 In wide-extending Kreta; the vessels brought again 455  
 Here to your sire an evil, to you and those of Troy."

Thus spoke he; and Deiphobos considered in annoy:  
 Whether to seek some Trojan, great-souled, to help anon,  
 By turning back among them; or try them, though alone.  
 And thus, while he considered, it seemed to be the best 460  
 To seek at once Æneas; he found him standing pressed  
 'Mid the last crowd; for ever he raged at Priam divine  
 Who him, being good 'mid warriors, did not due rank  
 assign.

He, standing close beside him, with winged words ad-  
 dressed:

"Æneas, Trojan counsellor, it now beseems you  
 much 465

To aid your sister's husband, if any care can touch.  
 Yet come to guard Alkathoos, who once while you were  
 small,

As husband to your sister, nurtured you in his hall;  
 Idomeneus spear-famous has just now slaughtered him."

\*The spear.

Thus he, and in his\* bosom aroused a spirit grim. 470  
 Æneas sought Idomeneus, desiring much to fight.

But not like tender stripling was Idomeneus seized by  
 fright,

Yet stayed, like boar in mountains, confiding in his might,  
 Who waits the mighty tumult of men borne in attack

(Amid some place deserted), and bristles up his back; 475

Both eyes with flame are sparkling; he whets his teeth  
 again,

Desiring to fling backward the dogs and eke the men;

Thus Idomeneus spear-famous did not go back but stayed  
 For war-swift Æneas, rushing; and called his friends to  
 aid,

Gazing upon Askalaphos, Aphareus, Deipyros, 480

Antilochos and Merion, in warring vigorous;

These he exhorted loudly and spoke with winged words  
 thus:

“Hither, my friends, and help me, who am alone;  
 I fear

Much fleet Æneas rushing, who comes upon me here;

And he is very powerful to slaughter men in fight, 485

Is in the flower of manhood when greatest is man’s might.

If we were aged equal while such a soul I bear,

He would acquire great glory or I from him would tear.”

Thus spoke he; and they all had one only thought in  
 mind,

Stood near and from their shoulders their bucklers broad  
 inclined. 490

On the other hand Æneas called to his comrades’ line,

Viewing Deiphobos, Paris and eke Agenor divine,

Who were the Trojan leaders with him; but after them

A mass of people followed, as sheep pursue a ram

From the field, to drink; the shepherd rejoices in his  
 mind; 495

Thus in Æneas’ bosom a joy his soul entwined,

When he saw following after himself the people’s band.

But they around Alkathoos sought battle hand to hand  
 With lengthy spears; and sounded the brass about the  
 breast

\*Æneas’s.



With a terrific crashing, smit by the spears infest 500  
 They aimed at one another; two warriors prominent,  
 Æneas and Idomeneus, like Ares excellent,  
 Desired with brass unpitying each other's flesh to tear.  
 Æneas first his javelin against Idomeneus bare;  
 But he beheld it coming and shunned the brass spear  
 sent: 505

And Æneas' spear vibrating into earth's bosom went;  
 Thus then in vain the javelin his sturdy hand forsook.  
 But the Kretan Oinomaos in the middle stomach struck,  
 And burst the corselet's hollow, and through the bowels  
 went forth

The brass; and, in dust falling, he seized with palm the  
 earth. 510

Idomeneus from the body drew his long-shadowed spear,  
 But by no means was able the other armour sheer  
 To tear off from his shoulders; for he by shafts was  
 pressed.

His ankle-joints no longer were firm for toil infest:  
 Neither to seek his javelin, nor keep the foe away. 515  
 Thus he in standing battle warded the fatal day,  
 For him no longer lightly his feet bore from the fight.—  
 While slowly he receded, a javelin shining bright  
 Deiphobos flung at him (for ever ire austere  
 He held 'gainst him), but missed him; yet Askalaphos  
 with spear, 520

The son of Enyalios, he struck; the javelin grand  
 The shoulder pierced; and, falling, he\* seized earth with  
 his hand.

Not yet did loudly-shouting strong Ares know aright  
 That his own son had fallen amid the powerful fight;  
 Yet sat on high Olympus beneath fair clouds of gold, 525  
 Excluded from the battle, by Zeus' designs controlled.  
 The other gods immortal were there, from warring  
 banned.—

But they around Askalaphos rushed, battling hand to  
 hand;

Deiphobos the helmet bright from Askalaphos took;  
 But, peer of rapid Ares, Meriones, rushing, struck 530  
 \*Askalaphos.

His arm with brazen javelin; and, loosened from his hand,  
 The oblong helm fell earthward, resounding on the sand.  
 Meriones, like vulture, rushed on his foe anew  
 And from the lowest forearm his valid spear withdrew,  
 And went back to his comrades. But him\* his brother  
 true, 535

Polites, there extending both hands around the waist,  
 Led from ill-echoing warring to the spot where had been  
 placed

His rapid steeds who waited behind the fight and war,  
 Having their chariot driver and variegated car.  
 They bore him to the city, groaning apace and worn; 540  
 And from his hand just wounded the flowing blood was  
 borne.

But the others kept on fighting, and rose a boundless  
 cry.

Then Æneas rushed on Aphareus, son of Kaletor high,  
 And in the throat (while turning to him) struck with sharp  
 spear

The head inclined one-sided, and shield and helmet  
 sheer 545

Clung to him; and around him death, slaying-life, bore  
 sway

Next Antilochos saw Thoon while he was turned away  
 And wounded, rushing on him, and cut off all the vein  
 Which through the back runs inward till it the neck at-  
 tain;

He shore the whole; supinely Thoon fell in dust and  
 sands, 550

And to his dear companions extended both his hands.  
 Antilochos rushed on him, th' arms from his shoulders  
 took,

Looking around; the Trojans, standing about him, struck  
 (First one and then another) his broad all-varied shield,  
 But could not mar the soft flesh of Antilochos afield 555  
 With cruel brass, for Neptune, Earth-Shaker, Nestor's son  
 Guarded amid the tempest of many missiles thrown.  
 For he ne'er was free from foemen, 'mid whom his way he  
 took,

\*Deiphobos.

Nor held his spear in quiet, but ever turned and shook  
It in the pressing tumult, and at his mind's command 560  
Prepared to fling the javelin or rush on hand to hand.

Yet, thinking thus, he 'scaped not Adamas in the field,  
Asiades, who struck him in the middle of the shield  
With sharp brass, rushing near him; the spear's force  
in the strife

Was dulled by blue-haired Neptune, who grudged to him  
this life. 565

One half of it remained there, like stake fire-burned  
around,

In Antilochos's buckler; one half lay on the ground;  
He\* went back to his comrades to shun the black death  
near.

But as he went Meriones followed and struck with spear  
A span below the navel; and there the worst by far 570  
Is wound received by mortals in miserable war.

There, then, was fixed the javelin; he fell on it and round  
The javelin palpitated like ox in mountains bound,  
Whom herdsmen lead unwilling, by force, with twisted  
thong;

Thus he, struck, panted shortly (it was not very long), 575  
Till hero Merion, going anear his agonies,  
The spear drew from the hody; and darkness veiled his  
eyes.

But Helenos the temple of Deipyros smote near  
With mighty Thrakian falchion, and cut off the helmet  
sheer;

And this, cast off, fell earthward; one of th' Achaians who  
fought 580  
(While 'mid his feet 't was rolling), delayed in flight and  
caught.

But night with dusky shadows concealed his† eyes' bright  
glare.

Yet grief seized on Atrides Menelaos, good in war,  
With threats against the hero, King Helenos, he flew,  
Brandishing his sharp javelin; his bow's horn th' other  
drew. 585

And both thus came together, while one desired to fling

\*Adamas. †Deipyros.

His spear acutely-pointed; the other, shaft from string;  
 Priamides the hollow of the corselet on his breast  
 Struck with the pointed arrow; that the bitter shaft re-  
 pressed.

As when beneath the ample fan on some threshing  
 floor 590

The black-skinned beans or vetches leap, in abundant  
 store,

Beneath the blast shrill-sounding and the winnower's  
 impulse sore;

E'en thus from the cuirass of Menelaos, famed in war,  
 By mighty force rejected, the bitter shaft flew far.

Atrides Menelaos, impetuous 'gainst the foe, 595  
 Struck him upon the hand which held fast the polished  
 bow;

And through the hand was driven to the bow the brazen  
 spear.

He\* went back to his comrades, shunning the black fate  
 near,

Hanging his hand and dragging behind the ashen spear.

But this great-souled Agenor at once drew from his  
 hand 600

And bound the wound together with well-twisted woolen  
 band

(Like sling), which his attendant for the people's pastor  
 held.

Straight 'gainst famed Menelaos Pisander was impelled;  
 Whom the evil fate of death led on to the end of all,—

Before you, Menelaos in dreadful fight to fall. 605

And when they, going together, were to each other near,

In truth Atrides missed him, for turned aside his spear;

But Pisander struck the shield of Menelaos glorious,

Yet by no means was able to drive quite through the brass.

The broad shield held the javelin; at its extremity 610

The spear broke; with glad spirit he† hoped for victory.

Atrides drew his falchion, which silver studs revealed,

And rushed upon Pisander who took from 'neath his  
 shield

A beauteous ax, well-brazen, which a long handle took,

\*Helenos. †Pisander.

Of olive deftly-polished; at once both heroes struck. 615  
Then Pisander shore the crest off the helm with dense  
horse hair,

Under the crested summit; but Menelaos there  
Struck him upon the forehead at the extremest nose,  
As he approached; and sounded the bones which there  
oppose;

Both bloody eyes fell earthward before his feet in dust; 620  
He writhed full sore in falling. His heel the other thrust  
Upon the breast, despoiling his arms with proud discourse:

"Do you leave thus the vessels of the Danaans with  
swift horse,\*

Ye haughty-minded Trojans, sateless of baleful war?  
In other wrong and insult you nowise lacking are, 625  
With which, foul dogs, you wronged me; nor did you fear  
in mind

High-thundering Jove's dire anger, who is to guest-friends  
kind,

Who will, for your transgression, destroy your city high.—  
You took my wedded consort and stores of wealth thereby,  
And recklessly departed though they received with care 630  
And now within the vessels, which o'er the ocean fare,  
You wish to slay th' Achaïans and cast destroying fire.  
Yet shall you cease from warring, though great be your  
desire.

Zeus Sire, they say your wisdom excels the minds of all  
The men and gods, yet from you all of these things  
befal. 635

Thus now these haughty Trojans you gratify withal,  
Whose strength is ever daring in wrong, who never can  
Be satisfied with warring in war with equal ban.  
In all there is repletion. In sleep and love's romance,  
In dulcet song and chorus, and in the blameless dance. 640  
A man would seek for fulness sooner in these by far  
Than warring; but the Trojans are insatiable of war."

Thus saying, from the body the bloody arms withdrew  
Illustrious Menelaos and gave his comrades true:  
Himself again went forward 'mid the foremost com-  
bating. 645

\*By being slain.

But next Harpalion, son of Pylaimenes, the King,  
 Attacked him. With his father he sought the Trojan  
 plain

For warring, but returned not to his fatherland again;  
 He struck Atrides' buckler in the midst, as near he drew,  
 With spear, but was not able to drive the brass quite  
 through; 650

He went back 'mid his comrades, his fate avoiding thus,  
 Gazing in all directions, lest someone strike with brass  
 His body. But Meriones a brazen shaft let slip  
 At him going back, and struck him upon the dexter hip;  
 The arrow pierced the bladder beneath the bone laid  
 bare. 655

In the hands of his dear comrades at once he sunk down  
 there,

Breathing away his spirit; he lay like worm stretched  
 forth

Upon the ground; the sable blood flowed and wet the  
 earth.

The great-souled Paphlagonians did every care employ  
 And placed him on his chariot and led to sacred Troy, 660  
 By torment racked. His father went with them, and  
 amain

Shed tears; yet never vengeance for his dead son was ta'en.

But Paris' mind was angered much for the hero slain,  
 Who 'mid the Paphlagonians to him a guest was brought;  
 For this he, touched by anger, a brass-tipped arrow  
 shot.— 665

A certain man, Euchenor, was seer Polyidos' son,  
 And was both good and wealthy and dwelt in Corinth's  
 town,

Who knew his fate destroying when on the ships he sped.

For oft good Polyidos, the ancient, to him said

That he at home would perish, smit by a sickness rude, 670

Or 'mid th' Achaian vessels by those of Troy subdued;

The heavy fine he 'scaped thus which the Achaians as-  
 signed\*

And dire disease, nor suffered the sorrows in his mind.

And he by Paris' arrow 'neath jaw and ear was struck,

\*For not going to war.

And life soon left his members, and hated darkness  
took. 675

Thus then they kept on fighting like sparkling fire aglow.  
But Zeus-loved Hektor knew not, by no means did he know  
That by the vessels leftward the people died in war  
By the Argives, and th' Achaïans soon victory would bear;  
For so earth-girdling Neptune urged th' Argives on to  
fight, 680

And aided them in combat with his own strength and  
might.

Yet Hektor held where first he the gates and wall had  
passed,

Breaking the densest phalanx of bucklered Danaans fast.  
There were the ships of Ajax, and Protesilaos' own  
Upon the shelving border of the hoary ocean drawn; 685  
Above, the wall was fashioned there at its lowest height;  
And there the men and horses were fiercest in the fight.

And there were the Boeotians and Iæonians with robes  
long,

And Lokrians and Phthians and Epeians great and strong,  
Guarding with zeal the vessels from him who, rushing,  
came, 690

But could not push back Hektor divine, like sparkling  
flame.

Th' Athenians' chosen warriors among the foremost shone,  
And all their force commanded Menestheus, Peteus' son;  
With him there followed Phidas, brave Bias, Stichios.—

Th' Epeians were ruled by Meges Phylides, Drakios 695  
And Amphion. O'er the Phthians war-strong Podarkes  
sate

With Medon, Ajax' brother, son illegitimate  
Of Oïleus, like a godhead; in Phylakê he dwelled  
Far from his native country, for he a man had killed,  
Brother of his step-mother, Eriopis, who was won 700  
By Oïleus in marriage. Podarkes was the son  
Of Iphiklos, in the city of Phylakê begot.

Thus they before the Phthians, great-souled, in arms well-  
wrought

Kept guard before the ships and 'mid Boeotians fought.

But Ajax in no manner, Oïleus' rapid son, 705

Went from, though but a moment, great Ajax Telamon;  
Yet as the wine-dark oxen drag on the well-joined plough  
In fallow with like spirit; and all around the brow  
The streams of sweat abundant around the horn's  
base start,

And but the yoke well-polished keeps the two steers  
apart, 710

Going along the furrows; and the plough the deep corn  
land

Divides; thus stood together these two on either hand.  
And with the Telamonian were people many and skilled,  
Who followed as companions and took from him his  
shield,

When toil and labour wore him, and sweat o'erflowed his  
knees. 715

But the Lokrians did not follow great-souled Oiliades;  
For not to standing battle their constant spirits bare,  
Since they had no brazen helmets, crested with dense  
horse hair,

And had no shields well-circled nor ashen spears for fight;  
Yet they in bows confiding and twisted wool slings  
dight, 720

Followed the chief to Ilion, and with their frequent stroke  
Against the hostile warriors the Trojan phalanx broke.  
Vanward the two Ajaces, in dedal armor dressed,  
Fought Hektor and the Trojans in brass arms manifest.  
The hidden Lokrians shot them; the Trojans naught of  
war 725

Remembered, much confused by the arrows shot afar.

Then had with dire destruction the Trojans fled anon,  
From the tents and from the vessels, to wind-swept Ilion,  
Had not by daring Hektor Polydamas stood and said:

"Hektor, by wholesome counsel your spirit is not led. 730  
Because a god has made you in works of warring best,  
For this, do you in counsel wish to excel the rest?

In nowise are you able for everything to care.

To one a god has given to shine in works of war;

[Another he gave dancing; another, harp and song.] 735

And in another's bosom Zeus, thundering far and strong,  
Placed valid understanding whence many men are blest;



And such has saved e'en cities; who owns it knows this best.

But now I tell you plainly, as best it seems to me,  
For all around the garland of war is burning free. 740  
The mighty-minded Trojans, since o'er the wall they bore,  
Hold off beneath their arms, or fewer fight with more,  
Scattered among the vessels. Yet here the chieftains call  
Going back, that we consider what is the loss of all:  
Whether amid the vessels of many banks we fall; 745  
If some kind godhead winks the victory to bestow,  
Or if now from the vessels we, while uninjured, go—  
I fear lest the Achæians be paid for yoster's pains;  
Since in the ships a hero, sateless of war, remains;  
I think that he no longer will from all battle hold;" 750

Polydamas thus; the faultless advice pleased Hektor bold,

[At once, then, from his chariot in arms he leapt to earth];  
And, after he bespoke him with winged words broke forth:

"Polydamas, remain here and keep here all the best;  
But I will hasten hither to meet the war in fact; 755  
Yet I again will come back when I command bestow."

Thus spoke he, and rushed onward, like mountain  
topped with snow,  
Shouting, and through the Trojans and the allies he flew.  
And all around Polydamas, the son of Pantikos, drew  
(Lover of manly virtue), where they heard Hektor's  
cry. 760

He\* went amid the vanguard, seeking if he could spy  
Deiphobos and; with him, the force of Helenos,  
And Adamas and Asios, the son of Hyrtakos.  
But some he found no longer uninjured, yet unslain;  
And some lay by the vessels of the Achæian train, 765  
Beneath the hands of Argives deprived of cherished life,  
And some were in the rampart, or shot or struck in strife:  
But quickly to the leftward of the tearful battle's line  
He found the lord of Helen well-haired, King Paris divine  
Encouraging his comrades, and urging on to fight. 770  
But, standing close beside him, he with reproaches light;

\*Hektor.

"**Al-Paria**, best in beauty, erotic, false, perverse,  
Where are divine Deiphobos and King Helenos's force,  
Where Adamas Asiades and Asios, Hyrtakos' son,  
And where is eke Orthryoneas? Now all high Ilion 775  
Sinks from its loftiest summit, and sure is ruin high."

Then godlike Alexander in turn made this reply:  
"Hektor your spirit blames me when I no blame should  
bear;

Another time more careless may I have been in war;  
Not now, for not unwarlike in all my mother bore.— 780  
Since first you roused our comrades to war by ships and  
shore,

Since then a ceaseless battle we with the Danaans fought;  
And those, our friends, have perished whom even now you  
sought.

I think that now Deiphobos and King Helenos's might  
Have gone, both sorely wounded, by the long javelin's  
flight 785

In the hand; but great Kronion kept off destruction dire.—  
Yet now, lead on wherever your heart and soul inspire,  
And we will promptly follow; and we in naught, I trow,  
Will lack in eager virtue, so far as strength may go.  
Beyond our strength we cannot, though very eager,  
war." 790

So saying, the chief persuasion to his brother's spirit  
bare,  
They hastened where the battle and greatest combat  
rolled,

Around Polydamas blameless and Kebriones all-bold,  
Round Phalkes and Orthraios and Polyphetes run,  
Palmys, Askanios, Morys, sons of Hippation; 795  
They from Askania fertile had come the day before  
To take their turn in warring; and Zeus to battle bore.  
Like the dire breath of whirlwind they rushed along amain,  
Which 'neath Sire Zeus's thunder rushes upon the plain,  
And with a mighty tumult is mingled with the main; 800  
And many billows boil up from the many-sounding sea,  
Swollen and white with foam-caps, and throng on angrily;  
Thus some Trojans pressed together, arrayed for battle's  
force,

Then more in brass resplendent followed their leader's  
course.

And Hektor led them, equal to Ares homicide, 805  
Priamides; before him he held his buckler wide,  
All-equal, thick with ox-hides, with much of brass o'erlaid,  
And round about his temples his glittering helmet swayed;  
And, to all sides advancing, the phalanxes he tried,  
To see if they would face him beneath his buckler wide; 810  
Yet he confused the spirit in no Achaian breast.

But Ajax first, advancing with mighty strides, addressed:  
"O fatuous, come on nearer; why thus the Argives  
fright?

For we in powerful battle are not unskilled to fight.  
Yet we Achaians are mastered by Zeus with evil  
whips.— 815

Your soul, perhaps, is filled with the hope to take the ships;  
But here our hands are ready to ward you from the shore.  
And your well-peopled city, it may be, long before  
Will by our hands be taken, and in its ruins lie.

For you yourself, I say that the time is coming nigh 820  
When, flying, you will pray to the other gods and Jove,  
That your fair-maned horses bear you swifter than hawks  
above,—

Bearing you to the city in dust along the plain."

While thus he spoke, full dexter a bird flew o'er the  
train—

A lofty-flying eagle; a shout th' Achaians sped, 825  
Glad at the sign; in answer illustrious Hektor said:

"Babbler and boaster, Ajax, what was this speech you  
made?

Would that I were as certain for all my days to be  
Son of Zeus aegis-bearing with Hera mother to me,  
And that I were as honoured as Pallas and Phœbus  
are, 830

As now this day shall evil to all the Argives bear;  
And with them you shall perish, if ever you shall dare  
To wait for my long javelin, which your body delicate  
Will rend; but Trojan vultures and dogs yourself will sate  
With flesh and fatness, falling amid th' Achaian ships." 835

Thus saying, he led onward; and from the people's lips,

Who followed, rose great clamour, and the troops cried  
out behind.

'Gainst them the Argives shouted and lost not constant  
mind;

They waited for the Trojans, attacking with their best.—  
The cry of both reached ether and Jove's splendour mani-  
fest. 840

## BOOK XIV

## THE DECEPTION OF ZEUS.

The shout did not 'scape Nestor, though drinking with  
his guest

Yet he to Asklepiades\* these wingèd words addressed:

"Think now, divine Machaon, what are these works  
in truth,

For at the vessels greater is the shout of blooming youth.  
But sit here now and drink of the cup of sparkling wine, 5  
Till well-haired Hekamedè the heated bath assign;  
Then you may wash your body from the bloody tabes' flow,  
But I go to a watch-tower and quickly all will know."

Thus saying, he took the buckler good of his son afield,  
Horse-taming Thrasymedes' who had his father's shield.10  
He took a valid javelin, pointed with the sharp brass,  
And stood outside the quarters and soon saw the shameful  
pass:—

The haughty-minded Trojans were thundering in the rear,  
Th' Achaians, in confusion, their wall, in ruins drear.

As when the great sea darkens along the silent wave, 15  
Presaging the swift pathways of winds which shrilly rave;  
No billow rolling forward or backward o'er it tends,  
Before the blast selected by Zeus on it descends;  
Thus did the ancient ponder, hovering 'twixt doubtful  
ends,—

Whether the swift-horsed Danaans' assembly to invoke, 20  
Or Atrides Agamemnon, the pastor of the folk.

\*Machaon.

While thus he meditated, it seemed the better view  
 To go to Agamemnon.—But they\* each other slew;  
 The solid brass which girded the fenceless body round,  
 By two-edged spears and swords struck, gave a sonorous  
 sound. 25

But the Zeus-nurtured monarchs met Nestor in the pass,  
 Ascending from the vessels—all who were smit by brass:—  
 Atrides Agamemnon, Diomed, Odysseus' might.—  
 For the ships were drawn far distant from the now raging  
 fight,

On the shore of hoary ocean; for these the first of all 30  
 They drew ashore and builded along the sterns a wall.  
 And, though the strand was spacious, the seashore could  
 not hold

Their vessels, and the people were crowded manifold;  
 And thus in ranks they drew them and filled the harbour  
 wide

Of all the shore to headlands which rose on either side. 35  
 Thus these had come together, leaning on spears for rest,  
 To see the war and tumult, with grieved minds in the breast.  
 But meeting ancient Nestor, their souls were thrilled by  
 dread.

And, after he addressed him, King Agamemnon said:  
 "O Nestor, son of Neleus, the Achaians' glory great, 40  
 Why leave war man-destroying to come to our debate?  
 I fear lest fiery Hektor accomplish now his word,  
 Which once amid the Trojans with menace he preferred:—  
 That not from 'mid the vessels to Ilion would he come,  
 Ere with fire he burned the vessels and gave ourselves  
 black doom. 45

Thus spoke he in haranguing; now all that end attain.  
 Ye gods, in sooth the others of the well-greaved Argive  
 train

'Gainst me in mind are angered (e'en as Achilles burns),  
 And wish no more to battle beside the vessel's sterns."

Gerenian horseman, Nestor, to him this answer sent: 50  
 "The very things you speak of pass to accomplishment,  
 Nor could their course be altered by Zeus high-thundering  
 even;

\*The combatants.

For the wall now lies in ruins, to which our trust was given,

Which we held for men and vessels a guard inviolate.

Yet they by the swift vessels hold battle obstinate, 55  
 Nor might you well distinguish, though looking much about,  
 On which side the Achæians are most confused in rout,  
 They die in such confusion, while the shouts to heaven ascend.

But let us now consider what way these things will end,  
 If advice bring any profit; I do not bid you war; 60  
 For the wounded are not able to fight in battle's jar."

Now him in turn then answered Atreides, king of men,  
 "Nestor, since by the sterns of the ships they fight amain,  
 And the wall helped not when builded, and the trench by it designed,

For which the Danaans suffered much, hoping in their mind 65

That for them and for the vessels a firm defence 't would bring;

It seems to Zeus prepotent, in sooth, a grateful thing  
 For th' Achæians to die inglorious, afar from Argos, here.  
 For I know when he was willing the Danaans aid to bear,  
 And I know that now he honours the Trojans like the gods, 70

But binds our rushing valour, our strength and hands corrodes.

But come, and as I tell you, let all list to my plea:—

Let us drag down all vessels which are close beside the sea  
 And, drawing forward, launch them upon the ocean brine,  
 And moor them high at anchor till comes the night divine;— 75

If the Trojans cease from warring, we may launch all in the line.

There's no shame in flying evil, e'en if it be at night.  
 Better to fly from evil than be captured in the fight."

Then, gazing on him grimly, wily Odysseus said:

"Atreides, what a speech from your hedge of teeth has fled! 80

Lost one! Would you commanded some worthless band,  
 in sooth,

And did not thus rule o'er us, to whom Zeus gave from  
youth

To age to wage stern battle, till each of us shall die.  
Would you thus leave the Trojans' wide-streeted city high,  
For which in pain we suffered so many an evil bale? 85  
Be silent! Lest some other of th' Achaians hear this tale,  
Which ne'er a man should suffer beyond his mouth to  
stray,

Who in his understanding knows what is fit to say,  
And who is scepter-bearer, and whom so many obey,  
As those among the Argives you ruled and hither led; 90  
[And now I blame your judgment for the words which you  
have said;]

For you bid us, while the battle and war are raging free,  
To draw the well-banked vessels down to the barren sea,  
That the wishes of the Trojans may better thus befall  
(Though they throughout are victors, and high ruin o'er  
us fall.) 95

For th' Achaians will not keep warring when the ships are  
drawn asea,

But will look about behind them and from the combat flee.  
Your counsel will be noxious, O people's leader, then."

To him in turn made answer Agamemnon, king of men:  
"Odysseus, much my spirit you touch with reprimand. 100  
Th' Achaians' sons, unwilling, I by no means command  
To drag the well-banked vessels down to the ocean swell.  
Would that there were some counsellor better advice to  
tell;

If younger or if elder, to me 't were solace high."

Then 'mid them spoke Tydides, good at the battle  
cry: 105

"That man is close beside you—we need not long inquire,  
If you wish to be persuaded and are not roused by ire;  
Since I by birth am youngest among you here by me,  
Yet from a valiant father I boast myself to be.

[Tydeus, o'er whom in Thebai the heaped-up earth was  
borne.] 110

For once to noble Porthus three blameless sons were born,  
Who made their home in Pleuron and Kalydon's steep  
hight:—

Agros and great Melas; the third was Oineus, knight,  
 The father of my father, in valour eminent.  
 And he, in truth, remained there, but my sire to Argos  
 went 115

In exile; for Zeus willed it, and all the other gods.  
 He wed Adrastus' daughter and dwelt in his abodes,  
 In wealth, rich, and sufficient he had of corn-land trim;  
 And many fertile gardens of plants were spread round him.  
 And many herds he mastered and passed th' Achaïans  
 all 120

In spear-skill; you should know it, since it is true withal.  
 Thus think not I am evil by birth, unwarlike even,  
 Nor disregard the counsel which I have justly given.  
 Come, let us go to battle from hard necessity,  
 Though wounded, keeping shelter through the hos-  
 tility 125

From weapons (lest among us some wound on wound  
 receive),  
 And, inciting, urge the others, who ere this a reprieve  
 Bore to their minds by standing aloof and fought not  
 fain."

Thus he; and much they listened and all obeyed him then  
 And hastened forth; and led them Agamemnon, king of  
 men. 130

Th' illustrious Earth-Shaker had kept no idle guard,  
 But, seeming like an old man, he met them as they fared;  
 The right hand of Atrides Agamemnon now he took  
 And, after he addressed him, with wingèd words bespoke:

"Atrides, now most surely Achilles' wrathful heart 135  
 Rejoices in his bosom to see th' Achaïans smart  
 In grievous flight and slaughter; his mind is all perverse.  
 Thus may he evilly perish and may a godhead curse.  
 With you not altogether the happy gods are wroth;  
 But yet, I think, the Trojans' leaders and chieftains  
 both 140

Will fill the plain with dust-clouds; and you will see them  
 blent

In flight toward the city, from vessel and from tent."

Thus saying, he shouted loudly and rushed upon the  
 plain.



He shouted as nine thousand or e'en ten thousand men  
 In warring, brought together in Ares' strife infest; 145  
 Such voice the King earth-shaking sent from his mighty  
 breast,

And cast great force and spirit in each Achaian heart,  
 That they in war and battle might take unending part.

But golden-thronèd Hera gazed downward with her  
 eyes

From Olympus' highest summits, and saw him (from the  
 skies) 150

Toiling amid the battle which warriors glorifies  
 (Her brother-in-law and brother), and she in mind was  
 glad.

Then she beheld Zeus sitting on the highest peak which  
 had

Ida, of many fountains, and loathed him in her mind.

Then ox-eyed revered Hera with care a plan de-  
 signed 155

To cheat full well the spirit of aegis-bearing Zeus.

And in her mind this counsel appeared the best for use:—

To go to Ida's mountain, adorning every charm,

So he might wish in loving to lie beside her form;

Thus she might pour around him harmless and pleasant  
 sleep, 160

And o'er his eyes and eyelids and mind of prudence deep.

She went within her chamber which her dear son had  
 made,

Hephaistos, who dense portals in the door-posts had  
 arrayed

With secret bolt; no other of the gods could disunite.

Here entering, she closed up the portals shining bright. 165

And first her lovely body she cleansed from every soil

With an ambrosial lotion, anointing with rich oil,

Ambrosial and all-pleasant, and which an odour bore,

So when she moved in Zeus's mansion with brazen floor,

The odour reached to earth and e'en to heaven fair. 170

Thus she her beauteous body anointed, and her hair

Combed and the shining tresses were plaited by her hands,

Fair and ambrosial, flowing from her head in deathless  
 strands.

She put on th' ambrosial garment, Athena for her made  
And polished to a luster, with much dedal work displayed; 175

She clasped with golden buckles the robe about her  
breast,

And girt herself with girdle which a hundred tassels  
dressed;

And placed her three-gemmed earrings, wrought into  
priceless worth,

Into her well-pierced ear-lobes; and many a grace shone  
forth.

Then the divine of goddesses a veil o'er all put on, 180

Beauteous and newly-fashioned and radiant as the sun;

Beneath her feet smooth-shining she bound her sandals  
fair.—

When she had placed about her all her adornments rare,  
She hastened from her chamber and Aphroditè pressed  
Far from the other godheads and with this speech addressed: 185

“To what I say, dear daughter, would you lend favour  
kind,

Or would you fain deny me from anger in your mind,  
Because I help the Danaans, and you the Trojans aid?”

Jove's daughter, Aphroditè, to her this answer made:

“O revered goddess, Hera, daughter of Kronos  
great, 190

Speak what you wish; my spirit bids me accommodate,  
If I have power to compass, and if it may be sped.”

Then revered Hera, planning her guile, in answer  
said:

“Give that desire and passion with which you hold in  
thrall

All of the gods immortal and mortal men withal. 195

For I go the farthest limits of the bounteous earth to view,

And Ocean, sire of godheads, and mother Tethys, too;

Who bred me in their mansions and reared with care  
profuse,

Receiving me from Rheia, when widely-thundering Zeus

Cast Kronos under earth and beneath the barren sea; 200

These, now, I go to visit and loose th' infinity

Of strifes. For long already have each of them declined  
The marriage-bed and loving; since ire fell on their mind,  
If, by my words persuading, I might the twain's hearts  
move

To share their couch together and join again in love, 205  
By them were I called ever beloved and well-revered."

Laughter-loving Aphroditè to her these words preferred:  
" 'T were not allowed nor seeming to gainsay your request;  
For you slumber in the arms of Zeus who is far the best."

Thus she, and from her bosom the broidered cestus  
loosed, 210

Varied, whence all allurements of passion are produced;  
It held desire and loving, and love's converse confined,  
Seductive speech which slyly steals e'en the prudent mind.  
As in her hands this cestus she put, she thus addressed:

" Take now this varied cestus and place it in your  
breast; 215

In it all things are hidden; I think you will not find  
The object unaccomplished which you desire in mind."

Thus she; and ox-eyed Hera, revered, her smiles ex-  
pressed

And, smiling, placed the cestus at once within her breast.

Jove's daughter Aphroditè, went to her palace dight; 220  
But Hera hastened onward and left Olympus' height,  
And, passing o'er Pieria and fair Emathia, so  
Came to th' equestrian Thrakians' high mountains clad in  
snow

To the very highest summits, nor touched earth with feet  
free;

Then she went forth from Athos upon the billowy sea, 225  
And came to island Lemnos, the city of Thoas divine.

There she encountered Slumber, the brother of Death  
malign;

Him with her hand she clung to and spoke the word, saying  
then:

" Sleep, King of all the godheads as well as of all men,  
If e'er you heard my wishes, now once again obey, 230  
And I will hold you grateful until my latest day.

The bright eyes 'neath Jove's eyelids close for my sake in  
sleep,

While I lie yet beside him in love and loving deep,  
And I will give as present forever undefiled,  
A throne all-beauteous, golden, which Vulcan, my dear  
child, 235

Lame in both feet, shall labour and give to you complete;  
Upon it you, in feasting, may place your shining feet."

To her in turn responded in answer Sleep sedate:  
 "O Hera, revered goddess, daughter of Kronos great,  
 If it were any other of the eternal gods, 240  
 Well might I soothe to slumber, though it were e'en the  
 floods

Of the great river Ocean, who is the sire of all.  
But not to Zeus Kronion would I approach withal,  
Nor would I lull to slumber unless himself had told.  
For once before your mandate instructed me o'erbold 245  
That day when the high-minded son of Zeus, Herkules,  
(Who the Trojans' town had ruined), sailed from Ilion on  
the seas.

Then sooth, I lulled to slumber aegis-bearing Zeus's mind,  
Poured round about him gently, while you his\* ills de-  
signed,

Exciting on the ocean the winds of rushing force,      250  
And then to Kos well-peopled you bore him\* from his  
course.

Far from his friends and comrades. But Zeus awoke  
distraught

By rage; he flung the godheads about his house and sought  
Me most, and from the ether had cast in ocean then  
Lost me, had not Night saved me, Mistress of gods and  
men; 255

To her I came in flying; he stopped, though all irate.  
For he feared that he should compass deeds to rapid  
Night ingrate.

And now again you bid me this other danger try."

Then ox-eyed, revered Hera to him said in reply:  
 "O Sleep, why in your spirit are thoughts like these ar-  
 rayed?"

Think you that Zeus, wide-thundering, bears to the Tro-  
jans aid

**\*Herkules.**

And zeal as when he angered for Hercules his son ?  
 But come, and I will give you to wed a younger one  
 Of the Graces; and your consort shall she be called for  
 aye.

[Pasithea, for whom ever you long for every day."] 265

Thus she; and Sleep was gladdened by the answer  
 which she gave:

"Come now, and vow this to me by th' inviolate Strygian  
 wave;

And with one hand lay hold of the many-feeding earth,  
 And on the marble ocean let the other hand go forth;  
 That all the nether godheads who are round Kronos'  
 throne 270

Be witnesses before us to guard the vows we own:—

That you will give a younger of the Graces to my sway,  
 Pasithea, whom I hope for and long for every day."

Thus he; and white-armed Hera, goddess, obedience  
 bore,

And vowed as he had ordered; by all the gods she  
 swore, 275

Who are the Sub-Tartarean and whom men Titans call.

But when she vowed and ended the firmest oath of all,

They from the town of Lemnos and Imbros went away,

Wrapped in dusk air, and lightly sped forth upon their  
 way.

They came to fount-rich Ida, mother of monsters curst, 280

To Lektos, where the ocean they left behind them first;

Both went on land; the forest high 'neath their feet shook  
 free.

And there Sleep stayed in waiting, before Zeus' eyes might  
 see,

A lofty fir ascending, which then the tallest grew,

Amid the firs of Ida, through air to ether true. 285

There sat he densely covered by boughs of fir-trees tall,

Like that bird with shrill accents which godheads chalkis  
 call,

Which lives amid the mountains; kumindis named by  
 men.

But Hera went forth quickly to lofty Gargaros then,  
 The top of highest Ida; cloud-gathering Zeus beheld. 290

When first he saw her passion his prudent spirit quelled,  
 Such as when first together they came in love sincere,  
 To secret couch retiring; nor knew their parents dear.  
 But he stood just before her and spoke the word and said:

“Hera, why from Olympus have you so quickly  
 sped? 295

Your horses are not with you nor the car on which you  
 ride.”

To him, guile meditating, Hera revered replied:

“I go the farthest limits of the bounteous earth to view,  
 And Ocean, sire of godheads and mother Tethys, too;  
 Who bred me in their mansions and reared with care  
 profuse; 300

These, now, I go to visit and countless strifes to loose.  
 Since very long already have each of them declined  
 Their marriage-bed and loving; for ire fell on their mind.  
 My horses at the lowest of fount-rich Ida stand,  
 Who will bear me bravely onward o’er wet wave or arid  
 land. 305

I now come here to seek you, from Olympus’ summit  
 grand,

Lest you sometime be angry if I in secret go  
 To the palaces of Ocean, whose currents deeply flow.”

But Zeus cloud-gathering answered in his reply to her:  
 “Hera, a later season will come to journey there; 310  
 But come, let us together in loving be reclined.  
 For never thus the love of goddess or womankind  
 Poured round about me, mastered the mind within my  
 breast;

Not when I loved the wife of Ixion manifest,  
 Who bore to me Pirithoos, counsellor like a god; 315  
 Nor when, fair ankled Danaë, born of Akrisios’ blood,  
 Who bore to me great Perseus, most famous of all men;  
 Nor when the far-famed daughter of Phoinix met my ken,  
 Who bore divine Rhadamanthus and Minos eke to me;  
 Nor when I loved in Thebai Alkmen’ and Semelè; 320  
 The first one bore me Herkules, my son of daring mind;  
 Semelè bore me Bacchus, a joy to mortal kind;  
 Nor when I loved Demeter, Queen with the beauteous  
 hair;

Nor when to glorious Leto and yourself e'en love I bare,  
As now I love you fiercely, and sweet desire holds me." 325

To him, guile meditating, Hera revered made plea:  
"Most reckless son of Kronos, what is this speech you  
said!

If now you wish in loving to seek a common bed  
Upon the top of Ida, conspicuous in all modes,  
How would it be if someone of the eternal gods 330  
Should see us while we slumbered and all the gods should  
show?

Then, nowise could I venture within your hall to go,  
When I from bed had risen: 't would be with shame  
combined.

Yet if you really wish it, and 't is grateful to your mind,  
You have a chamber ready which your dear son has  
made, 335  
Hephaistos, and thick portals in the door-posts has ar-  
rayed;

There let us go for slumber, since you by love are led."

Then great Zeus, cloud-compelling, to her in answer  
said:

"Hera, fear not that godhead or man will be allowed  
To see; for I will cover with such a golden cloud 340  
That Helios shall not see us while we together be,  
Whose sight is very piercing in its sharp power to see."

Thus saying, the son of Kronos seized in his arms his  
wife;

The earth divine beneath them to freshest grass give life,  
And dewy lotos, crocus and hyacinth sent forth, 345  
All soft and densely spreading, which raised them high  
from earth.

Thus were they couched together; the cloud above  
wrapped well,

All-beauteous and golden, and glittering dewdrops fell.

Thus, silent slept the Father where Gargaros loftiest  
swelled,

Mastered by sleep and loving; his wife in arms he  
held. 350

Then to th' Achaians' vessels sweet Sleep ran on his way  
To earth-surrounding Neptune a message to convey.

And, standing close beside him with wingèd words addressed:

“ Be forward now, Posidon, to aid the Danaans pressed,  
And give them fame, though little, while Zeus is sleeping  
yet; 355

Since I a veil of slumber soft have around him set;  
And Hera in sweet loving deceived him so he slept.”

Thus saying, to the famed nations of men his path he kept,

Yet more had urged Posidon to aid the Danaan band.

At once far 'mid the vanguard he\* rushed and gave command: 360

“ Argives, do we grant Hektor the victory again,  
That he may take the vessels and lustrous glory gain ?

Yet this he says in boasting, since Achilles stays apart  
Beside the hollow vessels with anger in his heart.

But you for this great warrior shall feel no great desire, 365

If we urge one another and mutual aid inspire.

But come, and as I tell you, let all of you obey.

Clad in the largest bucklers and best in the array,

With heads concealed by helmets emitting blazing light,

In hand our long spears holding, let us go forth to fight; 370

And I will lead you onward; Hektor Priamides' fire,

I think will not await us, though he have much desire.

[What man is strong in battle and has a little shield,

Let him procure a greater and his to weaker yield.]”

Thus he; and well they heard him and their obedience bore. 375

The kings themselves arrayed them, though they were wounded sore:—

Atrides Agamemnon, Odysseus, Diomed,

And changed, amid all going, their martial arms outspread.

The good put on the best arms and worse to weak men gave.

But when around the body they'd put brass shining brave, 380

They went on, and Posidon earth-shaking led the band,

Holding in his hand valid a long and dreadful brand,

\*Posidon.



Like lightning ('t is not lawful to strive 'gainst this in fight  
Destructive, yet the warriors avoid, restrained by fright).

On the other side famed Hektor the Trojan force ar-  
rayed.— 385

Then azure-haired Posidon and Hektor famed displayed,  
In sooth, the direst struggle of the extended war;  
And one aid to the Trojans, one to the Argives bare.  
The sea against the vessels and Argive tents dashed high;  
The warriors came together with mighty battle cry. 390  
Not so the wave of ocean against the firm land roars,  
By Boreas' wild breath driven from ocean to the shores;  
Not such a crackling rises from the fire in burning flood,  
Amid the mountain passes, when it sweeps to burn the  
wood;

Not so the winds re-echo 'mid the oaks of foliage  
high, 395

When most they rage in anger and howling loud, sweep by;  
As from Achaians and Trojans the cry of battle gushed,  
As dreadfully they shouted when they together rushed.

But first illustrious Hektor at Ajax flung with spear  
(When he was turned toward him), and did not miss him  
here, 400

But struck him where two baldricks upon his breast were  
crossed;

One held his shield—the other, his falchion silver-bossed;  
The two his soft flesh guarded. But wroth was Hektor  
grand

Because the rapid javelin in vain had left his hand.

He went back to his comrades, avoiding thus his fate. 405

But cast at him retiring Telamonian Ajax great

With rock, for there were many, the props of swift ships  
there,

Which rolled beneath those fighting; one such he raised  
in air

And, near the neck, his bosom struck o'er the buckler  
stout,

Whirling like top in casting; and it whirled all about. 410

As from its roots an oak-tree, by stroke of Zeus, the Sire,  
Falls prone, and from it sulphur gives forth an odour dire;  
And who is near and sees it feels strength and courage loose

For in its sweep is dreadful the thunder of great Zeus;  
Thus fell the strength of Hektor quickly to earth in  
dust. 415

His hand dismissed the javelin, his shield o'er him was  
thrust,

And helmet; and about him his arms distinct with brass  
Sounded; and loudly shouting, rushed on th' Achaian  
mass,

Hoping to drag him backward; but none of them could  
wound

The pastor of the people before the best came round:— 420  
Polydamas, Æneas, with them, Agenor divine,  
Sarpedon, Lykian leader, and blameless Glaukos e'en.

And no one else neglected, but their well-orbed shields  
before

Him held; and his companions raised in their hands and  
bore

Away from toil and battle and reached his coursers  
good, 425

Who there behind the battle and all the warring stood,  
Having their chariot driver and variegated car;

They bore him, deeply groaning, to the city from the war.

But when they reached the ford which across the river  
run,

Fair-flowing, eddying Xanthos, Zeus's immortal son, 430  
They took him from the chariot and laid him on the plain,  
And poured upon him water; and he found breath again,  
And raised his eyes, though kneeling, and vomited black  
blood;

Again he fell back earthward, and sable night endured  
Both eyes with mist; his spirit the missile yet sub-  
dued. 435

But when the Argives saw that Hektor was borne afar,  
They rushed upon the Trojans fiercer, remembering war,  
Then fleet Oilean Ajax was far the foremost here,  
And rushed upon great Satnios and wounded with sharp  
spear,

Enopides, whom a blameless Naiad to Enops bore, 440  
While he his herds was grazing along Satniois' shore  
Him spear-famed Oiliades, approaching very near,

Wounded in flank; face upward he fell, and round him  
here

Trojans and Danaans battled amain in powerful fight.  
Polydamas, spear-wielder, came as avenger dight, 445  
The noble son of Panthos, and struck the shoulder right  
Of Prothoenor, son of Areilykos, and thrust  
The strong spear through the shoulder; the other fell in  
dust

And seized earth with his hand, but Polydamas loud  
boasts sped.

"In truth, I think not vainly the javelin onward fled 450  
From the skilled and valid hand of Panthoides great-  
souled;

Yet some Argive in his body received I think to hold  
It as a staff to lean on, going to Hades' house."

Thus he; pain touched the Argives to hear him boast-  
thus;

But Telamonian Ajax was roused the most of all 455  
In his bold mind; for nearest him was the hero's fall.  
Swiftly at him retiring he flung his shining spear.  
Polydamas avoided the sable ruin near,  
Leaping aside; Archelochos, Antenor's son, the blow  
Took, for the gods had counseled to give destruction  
so. 460

It struck him at the junction between the neck and head,  
At the vertebra placed lowest and both the tendons shred,  
The head and mouth and nostrils of him in agonies  
Fell to the earth much sooner than fell the legs and knees.  
Then to Polydamas blameless great Ajax called again: 465

"Polydamas, consider and truly tell me then:—

Is not this hero equal to Prothoenor slain?

To me he seems not evil, nor of an evil source,

But brother of Antenor, tamer of savage horse,

Or son; to me his lineage seems nearest to that kind." 470

Thus he, and well he knew him; but pain seized the  
Trojans' mind.

Then Akamas Boeotian Promachos with javelin slew,  
Who wheeled to guard his brother while by the feet he drew.  
Much Akamas boasted o'er him and shouted loud and  
fell:

"Ye archers of the Argives, of threats insatiable, 475  
 Not to us only labour and grief will come amain;  
 But you, as battle passes, thus, also, will be slain.  
 Consider how your Promachos sleeps, mastered by my  
 blade,

That vengeance for my brother remain not long unpaid.  
 And thus should every hero wish, while he draws his  
 breath, 480

To leave at home a brother, avenger of his death."

Thus he; pain struck the Argives to hear him boasting  
 thus;

But most he roused the mind of warlike Peneleus;  
 He rushed upon great Akamas, who did not wait the  
 shock

Of rushing King Peneleus, who thus Ilioneus struck, 485  
 The son of flock-rich Phorbas, beloved the most of all  
 The Trojans by King Hermes, who gave him wealth  
 withal.

His mother bore to Phorbas Ilioneus alone.—

He struck him 'neath the eyebrow, full in the eyeball's  
 zone,

And drove the pupil outward; the spear through eye and  
 head 490

Rushed clear; he fell, extending both of his hands out-  
 spread.

But Peneleus from the scabbard his falchion sharp drew  
 forth,

The neck struck in the middle and flung the head to earth,  
 Together with the helmet; and still the valid spear

Was in the eye; he held it up, like a poppy's head, 495  
 And showed it to the Trojans and thus, in boasting, said:

"Command for me, O Trojans, the sire and mother lorn  
 Of illustrious Ilioneus in their abodes to mourn.

For not the wife of Promachos, great Alegenor's son,  
 Will meet with joyful visage her dear lord, when are  
 gone 500

We, sons of the Achaians, upon our ships from Troy."

Thus spoke he; and the members of all\* shook with  
 annoy;

\*All the Trojans.

And each one looked about him to flee high ruin told.

Now tell to me, ye Muses, who Olympian dwellings  
hold,

Who first of the Achaians took men's spoils stained with  
gore, 505

When illustrious Earth-Shaker the battle backward bore.

First Telamonian Ajax, then, wounded Hyrtios bold,

Gyrtiades, the leader of the Mysians mighty-souled;

Antiochos slew Phalkes and Mermeros despoiled;

Meriones Hippotion and mighty Morys killed; 510

And Teucer Periphetes as well as Prothoon slew;

Atrides next Hypenor, the people's pastor true,

In the soft flank parts wounded; the brass the entrails  
tore

And drank them; and the spirit, driven by impulse sore,

Rushed through the wound inflicted; and darkness veiled  
his eyes. 515

Oileus' fleet son, Ajax, gave most to death in prize;

For no one was his equal to follow with his feet

The men who fled and trembled when Zeus gave rout complete.

## BOOK XV

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### THE RALLY BY THE SHIPS.

. But when the trench and palings were passed by flying  
bands,

And many of them were mastered beneath the Danaans'  
hands,

The Trojans by the chariots stood in confusion deep,

Pallid with fear, in terror; but Zeus woke from his sleep

Upon the peaks of Ida by Hera golden-throned. 5

He started and stood upright, and Achaians and Trojans  
scanned:

The Trojans were in tumult, behind them thundering,

The Argives urged the tumult; with them was Neptune,  
King.

He saw great Hektor lying upon the plain beneath;  
 Around him sat his comrades, while he strained hard for  
 breath. 10

And he had lost his senses and vomited black blood;  
 For not the weakest Argive had cast the missile crude.  
 The Sire of men and godheads felt pity, seeing him,  
 And, sternly eying Hera, addressed with accents grim:

"In truth, your wile, O Hera, worker of ill and blight, 15  
 Has stopped great Hektor's battle and turned his folk to  
 flight.

I know not if you'll gather the first fruits of the woes  
 Of your ill machinations and if I scourge with blows.  
 Yet, do you not remember when you were hung on high,  
 And from your feet two anvils I hung to mortify, 20  
 And round your hands put fetters, unbreakable, of gold?  
 And you were hung 'mid ether and 'mid the clouds un-  
 rolled.

The gods in wide Olympus were touched by ire profound,  
 Yet could in nowise loosen, though close they stood  
 around;

Yet whom I seized, from heaven's threshold I cast him  
 forth, 25

So he was faintly breathing, when he fell on the earth;  
 Not thus the heavy anger for Hercules divine  
 Departed from my spirit, whom o'er the barren brine  
 You drove (persuading Boreas and storms) with ill de-  
 sign;

And e'en to Kos well-peopled far from his course you  
 bore; 30

Him thence I liberated and led him back once more  
 To courser-feeding Argos, though he had suffered sore.  
 I bring this to your memory that you may cheats evade,  
 That you may know if loving and bed can bear you aid,  
 In which you mingled, going from the gods and cheating  
 me." 35

Thus he; and ox-eyed Hera, revered, feared mightily,  
 And, after she addressed him, with wingèd words replied:

"Know this now, Earth and Heaven, extending o'er us  
 wide,  
 And the Stygian water, flowing beneath terrestrial clods,—

The greatest oath and direst among the happy gods,— 40  
 And your own head all-sacred and our own nuptial bed  
 (An oath which in no season by me were rashly said),  
 Not by my act earth-shaking Posidon disarrayed  
 The Trojans and great Hektor, and gave the Argives aid;  
 Yet his own mind commanded, and by it was he borne, 45  
 For, seeing by the vessels, he pitied th' Argives worn.  
 But I would e'en advise him to go to any spot,  
 Which your, Zeus dark-cloud-gathering, commandments  
 may allot."

Thus spoke she; and the Father of men and gods expressed  
 A smile, and her in answer with wingèd words addressed: 50

"If you, then, ox-eyed Hera, revered, think with me  
 now,

A seat with the immortals, as erstwhile, I allow,  
 In this thing, too, Posidon, though otherwise inclined,  
 Should change at once his counsel to suit yours and my  
 mind.

But if you now sincerely and truly speak in all, 55  
 Go now amid the concourse of the gods and hither call  
 Iris and King Apollo, illustrious with the bow;  
 That she amid the brass-clad Achaïans' army go  
 To say to King Posidon that he shall cease from war,  
 And to his own high mansions at once with speed repair. 60  
 But let Apollo Phoebus Hektor to battle set,  
 With strength once more inspire him, so he the pains  
 forget

Which now afflict his spirit, and turn again in fight  
 Th' Achaïan army backward, urging in powerless flight,  
 That, flying, 'mid the vessels of many banks they fall, 65  
 Of Achilles, son of Peleus; and he\* shall urge withal  
 Patroklos, his companion, whom famed Hektor with the  
 spear

Shall kill before high Ilion, where many others near  
 Patroklos slew; among them, Sarpedon great, my son.  
 Thus, by irate Achilles Hektor shall die o'erthrown. 70  
 And from that moment ever I'll accomplish for your sake  
 \*Achilles.

Withdrawal from the vessels, till the Achaians take  
 The city, lofty Ilion, by Athena's counsels sage.  
 Ere this, I'll never cease from my all-consuming rage,  
 Nor suffer an immortal to lend the Danaans aid, 75  
 Before Pelides' wishes are accomplished as he prayed:  
 When first to him I promised and nodded with my head,  
 That day, when goddess Thetis touched my knees while  
 much she pled

To honour great Achilles, city-destroyer dread."

Thus he; and white-armed Hera, goddess, did not  
 deny. 80

She went from Ida's mountains to great Olympus high.  
 As when a hero's spirit in rapid thought is tost,  
 Thinking in his keen spirit when he much earth has  
 crossed:—

"I went here, there," revolving full many a matter lost.  
 Thus revered Hera quickly flew with desire aflame 85  
 And came to high Olympus. To Zeus's house she came  
 Where the immortal godheads were gathered round in  
 groups;

When they saw her all rose up and greeted with their cups.  
 But she passed by the others; from Themis with cheeks  
 fair

She took the cup (for foremost she ran the cup to bear) 90  
 And, when she had bespoken, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

"Hera, why have you come here? You seem by fear  
 oppressed.

Sooth, Kronides has frightened you much, your consort  
 dread."

To her then goddess Hera, white-armed, in answer said:  
 "Ask me not, goddess Themis, about these things; you  
 know 95

What is his haughty spirit, all cruel when aglow.  
 Yet you within the mansions of the gods at th' equal  
 board

Preside, and with th' immortals hear me while I record  
 Such ills as Zeus announces; I think that not in all  
 The spirit will be gladdened (of men nor gods withal), 100  
 Though some may yet be feasting with a hilarious mind."



Thus saying, revered Hera sat on the seat assigned;—  
The gods in Zeus's mansions were grieved: with lips  
she smiled

Alone; nor was the forehead o'er her dark brows be-  
guiled;

She spoke to all, incited by indignation's fire: 105

"Simple are we who oppose thus Zeus in our foolish  
ire!

In sooth, we, going nearer, are eager to ensnare  
By force or by persuasion; for us he has no care,  
But sits apart impassive; for he boasts him far the best  
Among the gods immortal in strength and power con-  
fest. 110

Wherefore endure the evil he sends to each of you.

I think he gave to Ares a mighty pain to rue:—

For his son, most loved of mortals, in battle is o'er-  
thrown,

Askalaphos, whom Ares impetuous calls his own."

Thus spoke she; but King Ares struck both his power-  
ful thighs 115

With prone hands and, lamenting, uttered his agonies:

"Do not be angered with me, who on Olympus dwell;  
I seek th' Achaians' vessels t' avenge my son who fell,  
E'en though it be my ruin, smit by Zeus' thunder, thrust  
To lie there with the bodies amid the blood and dust." 120

Thus spoke he, and commanded his servants Fear and  
Flight,

To yoke his steeds and put on his armour shining bright.  
Then had yet greater, direr anger and rage appeared  
From Zeus, had not Athena (for all the gods she feared)  
Rushed forward through the entrance and the throne she  
sat on left. 125

The buckler from his shoulders and helm from head she  
reft,

The brass spear from his hand took, and stood against the  
wall,

And, next, impetuous Ares rebuked with words withal:

"Mad and of fatuous spirit, would you your loss decide?  
Are your ears so vain for hearing, your sense and shame  
destroyed? 130

Did you not hear what Hera, the white-armed goddess,  
 said,  
 And she just now her journey from Zeus Olympian sped ?  
 Or do you wish, receiving full many an ill, to flee  
 Back to Olympus grieving, by dire necessity ?  
 And make a mighty evil for all the rest to grieve ? 135  
 For at once the haught Achaïans and TrojanShe will  
 leave,

And come to great Olympus and all his fury vent,  
 And seize each one in order, guilty and innocent.  
 Thus, now again I bid you th' ire for your son to rein.  
 For, already, someone better in force or hands is slain 140  
 Or will be slain hereafter; it would a hard thing be  
 To guard from death the lineage of all humanity."

Thus saying, impetuous Ares she seated on his throne.  
 But Hera called Apollo out of the hall anon  
 And Iris, who for godheads is messenger confest; 145  
 And, when she had bespoken, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

" Zeus bade you both to Ida go with the swiftest pace;  
 But after you arrive there and gaze on Zeus's face,  
 Do what he may exhort you and by command make plain."

Thus revered Hera speaking, at once retired  
 again 150

And on her throne was seated; the two in haste flew past,  
 And came to rill-rich Ida, mother of monsters vast.  
 They found wide-thundering Kronides sitting on Gar-  
 garos' height;

Around him like a garland an odorous cloud was dight.  
 Before Zeus cloud-compelling both of the twain in-  
 clined 155

And stood; he saw and felt not dire anger in his mind,  
 Since speedily the words of his dear wife they obeyed,  
 And, Iris first addressing, his wingèd words conveyed:

" Hasten, begone, fleet Iris, and to Posidon, King,  
 Announce all this I tell you, nor lying tidings bring; 160  
 Bid him to cease from warring and leave the battle-line,  
 And go among the godheads or to the sea divine.  
 But if my words he heed not, yet scorn with fury blind,  
 Let him at once consider within his soul and mind:

Though he is very powerful he cannot stand 'gainst me; 165  
 Since I say that I am better by far in might than he,  
 And elder born; yet fears not his spirit mutineer  
 To boast himself my equal whom e'en the others fear."

Thus he; and wind-swift Iris left no command undone,  
 But went from Ida's mountains to sacred Ilion. 170  
 As when snow or cold hailstones fly from the clouds of  
 morn,

Driven onward by the impulse of Boreas ether-born;  
 Thus speedily fleet Iris, in her desiring, fled,  
 And, standing close beside him, to famed Earth-Shaker  
 said;

" Neptune blue-haired, with message for you I hither  
 rove, 175

And come to bear it hither from aegis-bearing Jove:  
 He bids you cease from warring and leave the battle-line,  
 And go among the godheads or to the sea divine.  
 But if his words you heed not, yet scorn what he commands  
 He threats to war against you and bids you shun his  
 hands; 180

Since he says he is far better in might than you are here,  
 And elder born; and fears not your spirit mutineer,  
 Which says you are his equal whom e'en the others fear."

To her, then, grieving greatly, the famed Earth-Shaker  
 said:

" O gods, though he is powerful, a haughty speech he  
 sped, 185

If he by force would quell me, of equal rank before.  
 For we three are from Kronos,—brothers whom Rhea  
 bore:—

Zeus and myself and Hades, the third of nether throne;  
 And all was thrice divided, and each received his own.  
 I won the hoary ocean to make there aye my home 190  
 (The shaken lot decided), Hades won pitchy gloom;  
 But Zeus won wide-spread heaven, 'mid clouds and ether  
 nigh;

Yet earth for all was common and eke Olympus high.

Wherefore I will in nowise live after Zeus's will;

Let him stay in his portion, though powerful, and be  
 still; 195

Nor let him seek to frighten, like coward, with his hands.  
 For it were for him better to affront by harsh commands  
 His sons and eke his daughters who were begot by him,  
 And who will hear his urging, forced by compulsion grim."

Then fleet, wind-footed Iris to him made answer  
 thus: 200

"Sooth, azure-haired Posidon, shall I bear now to Zeus  
 This violent, harsh message which you in haste arranged?  
 Or will you change it somewhat? For prudent minds  
 are changed.

You know the Furies follow those of an elder birth."

But then in turn addressed her Posidon, Shaker of  
 Earth: 205

"O goddess Iris, truly you make this speech with wit;  
 And 't is well when a messenger knows well what things are  
 fit.

Yet this dire grief oppresses, in sooth, my heart and mind,  
 Since he desires contention with words of anger blind  
 With those of equal portion, with equal fates assigned. 210  
 Yet now, though full indignant, I yield to his control.

[But another thing I tell you and threaten from my soul:—

If he (with me unwilling and Athena Plunderer  
 And Hera and Hephaistos and Hermes Messenger),  
 Shall wish to spare high Ilion, and wish not heartily, 215  
 To raze and give the Argives a mighty victory,—

Know this—to all together a quenchless ire 't will be." ]

Thus saying, the Earth-Shaker th' Achaian people left  
 And went beneath the ocean, from th' Achaian heroes reft.  
 But then Zeus cloud-collecting Phoebus Apollo bade: 220

"Go forth at once, dear Phoebus, to Hektor brazen-  
 clad;

For e'en now earth-surrounding Earth-Shaker went be-  
 neath

The sea divine, avoiding by this my heavy wrath.  
 For, otherwise, our striving the other gods had known,  
 Who are the nether godheads and are round Kronos'  
 throne. 225

Yet this for me as well as for him far better stands:  
 That he, though erst indignant, has yielded to my hands;  
 Since all were not accomplished without a flood of sweat.

But take in hand my aegis, with many a tassel set,  
 And fiercely shake to frighten th' Achaian heroes there, 230  
 And let illustrious Hektor, Far-darting, be your care.  
 Give him great strength and valour till the Achaians fly  
 Upon their ships and come to the Hellespont near by.  
 There I myself will think of the work and eke the word,  
 And how in turn th' Achaians shall breathe, from toil re-  
 stored." 235

Thus he; nor did Apollo his father disobey.  
 He left th' Idaean mountains like swift hawk after prey,  
 Slayer of doves, the swiftest of all the birds renowned.  
 The son of warlike Priam, Hektor divine, he found  
 Sitting, no longer lying; his mind was clear once more; 240  
 He knew his comrades round him; and ceased sweat and  
 panting sore,  
 Since he was roused by will of high aegis-bearing Zeus.  
 And, standing near, far-darting Phoebus addressed him  
 thus:

"O Hektor, son of Priam, why do you, from the rest,  
 Sit thus apart in weakness? Has any pain dis-  
 tressed?" 245

To him helm-glancing Hektor faintly in turn replied:  
 "Who are you, best of godheads, who ask here by my side?  
 Do you not know that Ajax, good at the battle cry,  
 Struck me upon the bosom with rock which he let fly  
 By the sterns of th' Argive vessels, while I his comrades  
 killed, 250  
 And stopped my rushing valour, and laid me on the field?  
 Truly, I thought to look on the domes of Hades' sway,  
 The dead, too, when I breathed out my cherished life today."

King Hekaergos Phoebus to him in answer said:  
 "Be strong now, for Kronion has sent so great an aid 255  
 To you from rill-rich Ida to stand by you and ward,  
 The King Apollo Phoebus, who wears the golden sword;  
 And you before I guarded, you and your city high.  
 But come now, and encourage the many horsemen nigh  
 Upon the hollow vessels their rapid steeds to sway; 260  
 And I will go before you and level all the way  
 For the horses,—and the heroes of th' Achaians I will  
 fright."

Thus saying, the people's pastor he with great strength  
bedight.

As when a stabled courser, high fed on barley grain,  
And wont to bathe in river fair-flowing to the main, 265  
When he has brast his halter, runs thundering o'er the  
plain

Rejoicing in his glory, and holds his head in air;  
And round his mighty shoulders streams bright his splen-  
did hair,

And, in the way of horses, his members lightly bear  
Him to the mares' wont pastures; thus swiftly Hektor  
stirred 270

His feet and knees, inciting the horsemen when he heard.  
And as swift dogs and rustics after a wild goat fly,  
Or stag with branching antlers; but a rock which rises  
high

Or shadowy wood protects him, and Fate gives not in  
prey;

Drawn by their shouts, a lion, well-bearded, in the way 275  
Appears and routs all quickly, though their desire is strong;  
So, aye before, the Danaans followed in many a throng  
And wounded with their falchions or two-edged spears  
full fain;

But when they looked on Hektor meeting the ranks of men,  
They stood confused; their courage beside their feet fell  
down. 280

But then addressed them Thoas, who was Andraimon's  
son,

By far the best Aitolian; and well the spear he knew  
As well as standing battle; and of th' Achaians few  
Could conquer him in council when youths in wit contest.  
But he, their weal desiring, harangued them and ad-  
dressed: 285

"O gods, a mighty wonder I with my eyes debate,  
Since Hektor thus has risen again, escaping Fate.  
And very much the spirit of all with hope was filled  
That by the hands of Ajax Telamonian he was killed.  
Again some of the godheads draws back and safe  
decrees 290

Great Hektor who has loosened full many Danaans' knees;

Thus now I think 't will happen: for, first, he does not  
stand

Without Zeus, widely-thundering, and with such spirit  
grand.

But come, and as I tell you, let all of you obey.

Let us command the commons to the ships to make their  
way; 295

Ourselves, as many as boast us the best in the array,  
Should stand here that, opposing, we ward the earliest  
touch,

Raising our spears before us; and he, though wishing  
much,

I trow, will fear t' encounter the Danaans arrayed."

Thus he; and most intently they listened, and  
obeyed. 300

And they around the Ajaces and Idomeneus, the King,  
And Merion and Teucer and Meges, equalling  
Ares, arrayed for battle and called upon the best  
'Gainst Hektor and the Trojans; but back of them the  
rest

Of th' army, more unwarlike, to the Achaian vessels  
fled. 305

The Trojans dense thronged forward; the onset Hektor  
led,

Taking great strides, and Phoebus Apollo went before  
With cloud wrapped round his shoulders, and the rushing  
aegis bore,

Dire, shaggy and resplendent, which by the brass-smith's  
might,

Vulcan's, to Zeus was given to turn men back in  
flight; 310

He held this in his hands and before the people went.

But the thronging Argives waited; and a piercing shout  
was sent

From either side; and arrows from many a bowstring  
sprung;

And many a spear rushed onward from valid hands which  
flung;

And some fixed in the bodies of youth of warlike worth, 315  
And many in the middle fell and stood there in the earth

Ere touching the white body, and wished of flesh their fill.—

While now Apollo Phoebus held yet the aegis still,  
So long the shafts struck both sides, so long the people fell.  
But when the swift-horsed Danaans, with glances terrible,  
320

He viewed and shook it, shouting with mighty voice, to fright,

Their hearts sank in their bosoms, they forgot impetuous might.

And as two wild boars trouble a mighty flock of sheep,  
Or a great herd of oxen, coming with sudden leap  
In the depth of sable night-time, and the keeper is not there;  
325

Thus fled the faint Achaians, for to them Apollo bare Great fear, but to the Trojans and Hektor glory gave.

Then each hero slew a hero when in rout the battle drave.

Hektor Arkesilaos and hero Stichios slew;  
The last was to Menestheus great-souled a comrade true;  
330

The first one was a leader of Boeotians brazen-clad.—  
Next Æneas took from Medon and Jasos th' arms they had;

Medon, the brother of Ajax, was illegitimate  
Son of divine Oileus; but dwelt, exiled by Fate,  
In Phylakè in exile, for he had killed in strife  
335

The brother of Eriopis, his stepmother, who was wife  
Of Oileus; but Jasos led the Athenians famed,  
And he the son of Sphelos Boukolides was named.

Polydamas Mekisteus, Polites Echios slew  
In the first ranks; Agenor divine killed Klonios true. 340

Then Paris struck Deiochos behind the shoulder's base  
(Fleeing along the vanguard), and drove through it the brass.

While these were spoiled of armour, so long th' Achaian train

To the dug fosse and palings rushed in their flight amain,  
And here and there were flying; need forced to pass the wall.  
345



But Hektor to the Trojans called with resounding call:

To rush upon the vessels and let the red spoils go:  
 "And whom far from the ships in another part I know,  
 His death there will I compass, nor shall, though they de-  
 sire,

His brothers and his sisters place dead upon the pyre; 350  
 Yet dogs shall drag and tear him before our city's verge."

Thus saying, he drove his horses with shoulders smit  
 by scourge,

Calling the Trojan orders. And all with boundless cry  
 Called, echoing his calling, and ruled the coursers high  
 Who drew their cars; before them Phoebus Apollo cast 355  
 The banks of the deep fossa into the middle vast,  
 Urged by his feet; thus making a pathway wide and long,  
 Bridge-like; and such a distance a spear may reach when  
 flung

By warrior making trial of his strength and power inbred.  
 Thus they by troops poured onward; the host Apollo  
 led, 360

Holding the priceless aegis; he razed full easily  
 Th' Achaians' wall as boy does the sand beside the sea,  
 Who, when he builds his playthings, in child's mood, from  
 the sands,

Again anon in playing destroys with feet and hands;  
 Thus you, O archer Phoebus, confused in withering  
 blight. 365

The Argives' pain and labour and turned themselves to  
 flight.

Thus they beside the vessels remained, 'mid them  
 enthralled,

And called to one another and all the gods they called,  
 Raising their hands; and loudly each one his vows pre-  
 ferred,

But most Gerenian Nestor, th' Achaians' fence and  
 guard, 370

Prayed with his hands extended toward the starry skies:

"Zeus Sire, if any ever burned for you fattened thighs  
 Of sheep or steers in Argos, possessing wheat-rich sod,  
 And prayed return, and, granting, you confirmed it with  
 a nod;

Remember them, Olympian, and ward their ruin nigh, 375  
Nor let thus the Achaians before the Trojans die."

Thus spoke he praying, and prudent Zeus thundered in  
loud tone,

In answer to the prayer of the old man, Neleus' son.

When the Trojans knew the thunder of aegis-bearing  
Zeus,

They rushed upon the Argives and remembered battle  
thus. 380

And as a mighty billow of the wide-extending sea  
Goes o'er a vessel's bulwarks when the wind's might urges  
free

(For that awakes the motion of the billows most of all);  
Thus the Trojans, with great clamour, went onward o'er  
the wall,

And drove their horses inward and by the ship's sterns  
fought 385

With two-edged spears, close fighting; some\* from their  
coursers hot,

And some†, the sable vessels ascending, from on high,  
With long poles, which were lying beside the vessels nigh,  
Well-joined, for naval battles, their tip with brass well clad.

Patroklos, while th' Achaian and Trojan armies had 390  
About the wall their battle, the rapid ships without,  
Sat yet within the quarters of Eurypylos brave and stout,  
And gladdened him with speeches, and on the grievous sore  
Was scattering drugs assuaging the sable pains he bore.  
But when he knew the Trojans were rushing o'er the  
wall, 395

And the Danaans' flight and clamour were spread abroad  
through all,

Then, truly, he groaned loudly and struck on both his  
thighs

With prone hands and, lamenting, spoke his anxieties:

"Eurypylos, no longer may I stay with you here,

Though you are in sore trouble; for a great strife rises  
near; 400

But let the servant tend you, and I in haste will fare  
To the presence of Achilles to urge him on to war.

\*The Trojans. †The Greeks.

Who knows if, with a godhead, I may arouse his mood,  
Persuading? For the counsel given by a friend is good."

And, while he thus was speaking, his feet bore him  
away. 405

But th' Achaïans waited firmly the Trojans borne to fray.—  
Though fewer, they were not able to push from ships and  
strand,

Nor were the Trojans able to break the Danaan band  
And, 'mid their tents and vessels, mix in confusion  
crude.

Yet as the guiding plumb-line directs the naval wood, 410  
In the hands of skillful craftsmen who know the art full  
well,

By the teaching of Athena; so the equal battle fell;  
And each one with another fought by the ships a fight.

But Hektor came 'gainst Ajax of glory sparkling bright.  
Both by one ship had labour, but could not in their  
ire,— 415

The one drive off the other and burn the ships with fire,  
Nor could the other drive back, since a god had brought  
him\* on.

Then glorious Ajax wounded Klytios' son  
(Who brought fire to the vessels) on the breast with javelin  
grand.

He fell with crash resounding, and the torch fell from his  
hand. 420

When with his eyes great Hektor saw thus his cousin fall,  
Before the sable vessel, prone in the dust withal,  
To Trojans and to Lykians he called with mighty call:

"Ye Trojans, Lykians, Dardans who battle hand to  
hand,

Let none retire from battle here in this narrow stand, 425  
But save the son of Klytios, lest the Achaïans despoil  
Him of his armour, falling by the vessels in the moil."

Thus saying, he aimed at Ajax and his bright javelin  
threw,

Yet missed him, but great Lykophron, the son of Mastor  
slew,

(A Kytherean with Ajax who was his servant true, 430

\*Hektor.

Since he had slain a warrior of the Kythereans clear);—  
And in the head he struck him with sharp brass above the  
ear,

While standing close by Ajax; he fell supine in dust  
From the stern part of the vessel to earth; his limbs were  
loosed.

But Ajax shuddered at it and to his brother said: 435

“ Dear Teucer, our companion of trust and truth is  
dead,

Mastor’s son whom we honoured, when from Kythera  
come,

Just as our cherished parents were honoured in our home.  
But him great-minded Hektor has killed. Where do you  
have

The bow and deadly arrows which once Apollo gave ?” 440

Thus he; and Teucer heard it, and near him took his  
stand,

And held bent bow and quiver shaft-holding in his hand;  
And he among the Trojans shot many a shaft anon  
And struck illustrious Klitos, Pisenor’s glorious son,  
Polydamas’ companion, high-born Panthoides, 445  
Who held in hand the guide-reins and laboured to appease  
His coursers, for he held them when most the ranks were  
tost,

Thus gratifying Hektor and all the Trojan host.

But soon ill came upon him which none, though fain, could  
check.

For a sorrow-causing arrow struck him behind the  
neck; 450

He fell out of his chariot; the horses backward flew,  
Rattling the vacant chariot. But King Polydamas knew  
Full quickly and the foremost upon the horses run,  
And gave them to Astynooos, great Protiaon’s son,  
With many words exhorting to keep the steeds in  
sight. 455

But he again went forward amid the first in fight.

Teucer another arrow ’gainst brass-armed Hektor shot,  
And would have stopped his battle by th’ Achaian vessels  
fought,

If, while he battled strongly, his life the shaft had joined.

But this was nowise hidden from Zeus's prudent mind, 460  
 Who Hektor fenced and Teucer deprived of glory's glow,  
 And broke the nerve well-twisted upon his faultless bow,  
 While yet he aimed at Hektor; another way was spanned  
 The brazen-heavy arrow, and the bow fell from his hand.  
 But Teucer shuddered at it and to his brother said: 465

"Ye gods, some god makes idle the battle plans we  
 made,

And from my hand has riven the bow which I arrayed,  
 And brast the nerve new-twisted I tied with many a fold  
 This morning, that the arrows fast-leaping it might hold."

To him great Telamonian Ajax in turn replied: 470  
 "O friend, your frequent arrows and bow lay, then, aside,  
 Since that a god has broken who hates the Danaan band;  
 But put your shield on shoulder, take your long spear in  
 hand,

And battle with the Trojans and the others' courage wake.  
 Nor, though they overpower us, let them all scathless  
 take 475

The ships with well-wrought benches, but remember well  
 the woe."

Thus he; and in the quarters he laid aside his bow;  
 But round about his shoulders his fourfold shield arrayed,  
 And on his head prepotent he placed a helm well-made.  
 [Horsehaired, and dire above it nodded the crest's high  
 mass.] 480

He took his powerful javelin, pointed with the sharp brass,  
 And went, and, running quickly, soon stood by Ajax' side.

When Hektor saw the arrows of Teucer laid aside,  
 To Trojans and to Lykians he called with loud command:  
 "Ye Trojans, Lykians, Dardans who battle hand to  
 hand, 485

Be men, my friends and comrades, remember rushing might  
 Beside the hollow vessels; for with my eyes aright  
 I saw their chieftain's arrows by Jove's hand rendered vain  
 And easily is noted the power of Zeus with men;  
 To some surpassing glory is his divine award, 490  
 And some his will depresses and does not wish to guard;  
 As now the strength of th' Argives he wastes and gives  
 us aid.

Yet fight on by the vessels, and who of you are stayed  
By wound or smitten, let him by death and fate be banned,  
Let him die; death does not shame him guarding his  
fatherland. 495

But safe shall be his consort and children orphaned so,  
And house and scathless portion, if the Achaians go  
Upon their hollow vessels to their fathers' cherished  
earth."

Thus saying, the strength and courage of each one he  
called forth.

On the other hand great Ajax to his companions cried: 500

"Shame, Argives, 't is the crisis either to be destroyed,  
Or safety find and evil from the ships to ward amain.  
For, if helm-glancing Hektor the rapid vessels gain,  
Do you hope to reach by walking your native land withal?  
Do you not hear great Hektor upon his people call 505  
As he seeks to burn the vessels and orders them to go  
Not to the dance but battle? For us there is, I know,  
No better thought nor counsel than our strength and  
hands to give

In combat close. 'T is better to die at once, or live,  
Than waste by constant wearing in dire hostility, 510  
Thus vainly by the vessels by weaker men than we."

Thus saying, he roused the courage and strength of  
everyone.—

Then Hektor slew great Schedios, famed Perimedes' son,  
Phokean chief; but Ajax Daodamas struck dead,  
Antenor's famous offspring who the foot soldiers led. 515  
Polydamas gave Otos Kyllenean death in brief,  
The comrade of Phylides,\* great-souled Epeian chief.  
But Meges rushed upon him; seeing this, Polydamas  
Turned from his foe obliquely who missed him in the pass.  
For Apollo did not suffer the son of Panthos here 520  
To be slain amid the foremost; but Meges with his spear  
Wounded the middle bosom of Kroismos in the fray,  
Who fell with crash; the victor his armour bore away.  
Against him then rushed Dolops who well with sharp spear  
fought,

Lamptides (whom Lampos, the best of men, begot, 525

\*Meges.

Laomedontiades, knowing full well impetuous might),  
Who struck Phylides' buckler in the middle with spear  
bright,

Rushing anear; the corselet thick fenced the peril sore,  
Which, joined well in its hollows, upon his breast he bore.  
This Phyleus brought from Ephyra and Selleis' river  
glen; 530

To him his host-friend gave it, Euphetes, king of men,  
That he might wear in warring—'gainst hostile men a  
guard,

And now from his son's body this mail destruction barred.  
But Meges struck the highest cone of the helmet sheer,  
Brazen and horsehair-crested, with his sharp-pointed  
spear, 535

And broke the crest of horsehair; and all fell to the earth  
In dust (which lately coloured in purple fair shone forth).  
While yet he\* kept on warring and hoped for victory,  
Brave Menelaos reached him (that he an aid might be),  
And stood with spear obliquely, unseen, and struck be-  
hind 540

The shoulder; through the bosom the spear, with force  
inclined,

Rushed onward, going further; and he\* fell on his face.  
Both† rushed on from his shoulders to tear the arms of  
brass.

But Hektor all his kinsmen urged on with accents loud,  
And chid brave Melanippos, the first of all the crowd, 545  
The son of Hiketaon, who in Perkotè fair  
Erst fed his trailing-footed oxen far from the war.

But when the Danaans' vessels, on both sides curving  
came,

He came to Troy distinguished 'mid those of Trojan name,  
And dwelt in Priam's mansions, honoured like his sons  
bred. 550

Him Hektor chided loudly and spoke the word and said:  
"Shall we act thus remissly, Melanippos? Is not your  
heart

Touched by a heavy sorrow for your dead kinsman's part?  
Do not you see how fiercely for Dolops' arms they war?—

\*Dolops. †Menelaos and Meges.

Yet follow, for it seems not with the Argives thus afar 555  
To battle, ere we slay them or ere themselves shall tear  
High Ilion from its summit and kill the dwellers there."

Thus saying, he led them forward; with him the hero  
run.—

But the Argives were exhorted by Ajax Telamon.

"O friends, be men heroic, your minds with shame be  
dight, 560

Have shame for one another amid the powerful fight.  
More shame-respecting warriors are saved than those who  
fall;

No fame is for the flying, nor any aid withal."

Thus he; and they were eager of their own will to  
guard,

And took to mind his counsel and from the vessels  
barred 565

With brazen hedge, though 'gainst them the foe was urged  
by Zeus.

But warlike Menelaos urged on Antilochos:

"Antilochos, no Achaian is younger than you are,  
None with his feet is fleetier and none so strong in war;  
See if some Trojan warrior you may attack and  
wound." 570

So saying, himself departed, but had roused the chief  
renowned,

Who leapt before the foremost and aimed with shining  
spear,

Observing well about him; the Trojans, struck by fear,  
Receded from him aiming; not vain his spear was thrown,  
Yet struck high Melanippos, great Hiketaon's son 575  
(Going to war) i' the bosom, close where the nipple lies.  
He fell with crash resounding, and darkness veiled his  
eyes.

Antilochos rushed on him as dog on wounded fawn  
Rushes amain, whom hunter, while it is rushing on,  
Out of its lair, has wounded and loosed its members  
fair; 580

Thus rushed on you, Melanippos, Antilochos, strong in war,  
Spoiling your arms. Yet 'scaped not the glance of Hektor  
divine,



Who came at once against him, running through the  
battle line.

Antilochos did not wait him, although a chief of skill,  
But fled away before him like wild beast doing ill, 585  
Who, killing dog or herdsman amid his oxen fair,  
Flies forth ere the assembly of men have gathered there;  
Thus fled the son of Nestor; but Hektor and the horde  
Of Trojans with loud shouting their deadly missiles poured.  
But he turned round and faced them when he reached his  
friends again. 590

But the Trojans, like to lions devouring raw the slain,  
Rushed fast upon the vessels and did what Zeus designed,  
Who gave them great strength ever and weakened much  
the mind

Of th' Argives and of glory deprived; but urged them\* on.  
For his mind had willed to offer to Hektor fame anon, 595  
Priamides, that tireless, bright-burning fire he cast  
Upon the hollow vessels and accomplish all the vast  
Unfated prayer of Thetis; thus prudent Zeus still stayed  
For the glow from burning vessels before his eyes dis-  
played.

For from that time he counseled to make the Trojans  
tend 600

Back from the ships, retreating, but the Danaans fame  
to lend.—

Against the hollow vessels, thus counselling, he inspired  
Hektor, the son of Priam, though much the chief desired.  
He raged as Ares raged, who brandishes the spear,  
Or as the fire destroying among the mountains sheer, 605  
'Mid the forest's deep recesses; and round his mouth  
was foam,

And both his eyes flashed lightning beneath the dire brows'  
dome.

The helmet round his temples shook direly while he fought  
[Of Hektor's; for from ether himself a guardian brought  
Great Zeus, who 'mid full many a warrior him alone 610  
Gave honour high and glory which all too briefly shone;  
For even now Athena urged on the fatal day,  
In which Pelides' vigour should send to Hades' sway.]

\*The Trojans.

But Hektor wished to break through the ranks of men and  
test

Where were the most assembled and where the arms were  
best; 615

Yet could not thus break through them though his desire  
was great;

For tower-like they held together just as a rock elate  
And huge in its proportions, anear the ocean gray,  
Which waits the fierce incursions of shrill winds on their  
way,

And the mighty swelling billows which strike it angrily; 620  
Thus the Danaans for the Trojans waited and did not  
flee.

But he rushed on the concourse, gleaming with fire o'er all,  
And fell on them as billows on a swift ship may fall  
Impetuous from the cloud-wreathes, wind-nurtured;  
and it\* all

By flying foam is covered; and the dire breath of wind, 625  
Caught in the sail, roars loudly; the sailors fear in mind  
And tremble; for but little from black death are they  
borne;

Thus in th' Achaians' bosoms their minds were tost and  
torn.

He was like baleful lion who many an ox has found,  
Who graze in herds of myriads in great swamps' watery  
ground, 630

And 'mid them is the herdsman who knows not very well  
(For the curve-horned oxen's slaughter) how to fight the  
monster fell;

But 'mid the first or hindmost ever does he appear;  
Yet the lion in the middle rushes and eats a steer;  
The rest run off in terror; thus then th' Achaians fled 635  
Divinely driven by Hektor and Zeus, the Father dread.

Mykenaeon Periphetes alone was by him slain,  
The cherished son of Kopreus who came with message  
vain

From Eurystheus, the monarch, to the Herculean might;  
From father far more evil a better son saw light, 640  
Having all kinds of virtues, with feet and eke to fight.

\*The ship.

He 'mid Mukenai's foremost had understanding brave,  
And now the highest glory to famous Hektor gave.  
For, as he turned him backward, he struck the buckler's  
rim

He bore, which to his feet came, a hedge 'gainst darts for  
him; 645

And he by this was injured and fell supine, and all  
His helmet rattled direly round his temples at the fall.  
But Hektor knew it quickly and run and stood anear,  
And fixed spear in his bosom, and nigh his comrades dear  
Destroyed; nor were they able to help their friend re-  
vered, 650

Though grieved; for very sorely Hektor divine they  
feared.

They came among the vessels whose extremest ones  
enclose

Those which were first drawn landward, but followed by  
the foes.

But th' Argives the first vessels left by necessity,  
Yet there beside their quarters remained, assembling  
free, 655

Nor scattered through the quarters, for shame and fear  
restrained;

And they exhorted ever one another and sustained.

But most Gerenian Nestor, th' Achaians' guardian,  
Adjured them by their parents and prayed to every man:

"O friends, be manly heroes, and put shame in the  
mind 660

Of other men beside you; let each one memory find  
For children and for consorts, for wealth and parents dear;  
Whether they've died already or yet are living here;  
By them who are not present, I call on you to hear  
And stand in battle strongly, nor turn yourselves to  
flight." 665

Thus saying, he enkindled each hero's mind and  
might.—

The dark cloud sent divinely Pallas Athena drove  
From off their eyes; and strongly from both sides bright  
light strove,

Illumining the vessels and war, to both sides rude.

They saw war-strenuous Hektor and his companions  
good, 670

And those who stood behind them, apart, and did not war,  
And those by the swift vessels who fought in battle's jar.  
Nor was great-hearted Ajax pleased longer in his mind  
To stand where the other Achaians stood, from the fight  
declined;

But walked the decks of vessels, going with paces great; 675  
A great pole for sea-battles he held in hands elate,  
With iron studs well-jointed, twenty-two cubits long.  
And as a man who knows well to ride steeds in a throng,  
Who, when from many horses he makes a choice of four,  
From the grassy prairie drives them to a great town  
before, 680

Along the public highway; and men and women all  
Behold him safely leaping, ever without a fall,  
From one steed to another while they beneath him fly.  
Thus Ajax o'er the decks of the vessels swift and high  
Went, taking mighty paces, and his voice to ether  
went. 685

And ever, shouting loudly, to the Danaans he sent  
Commands the tents and vessels to guard. Nor Hektor  
stayed

Amid the crowd of Trojans in corselets well arrayed;  
But as a tawny eagle rushes in circles wide  
On flocks of winged birds feeding along a river's side, 690  
Of geese or cranes or swans in a long-necked noisy crowd;  
Thus Hektor rushed straight onward to a vessel kyanos-  
prowed;

And Zeus impelled him forward with huge hand from  
behind,

And eke with him incited the people in their mind.

Again a furious battle beside the vessels rose, 695  
And you might think unwearied, unworn they were t'oppose  
Each other in their warring, so furiously they fought.—  
This thought came to those fighting: That the Achaians  
thought

Never of flight from slaughter, but dying on the spot.  
But the Trojans' minds were hoping, in each one's breast  
in turn, 700

To kill th' Achaian warriors and all the ships to burn.  
Thus thinking, 'gainst each other th' opposing armies  
stood.

But Hektor seized the stern of an ocean vessel good,  
Beauteous and swiftly-sailing, which Protesilaos bore  
To Troy, but never brought him back to his fathers'  
shore. 705

Then round this ship th' Achaians and Trojans hand to  
hand

Fought, warring one another, nor did from far withstand  
The impetus of arrows, the javelins swift declined;  
Yet all stood near together and had a single mind,  
And fought with trenchant axes and axes made for  
war, 710

And two-edged spears and falchions great and full fain  
to mar.

And of the beauteous falchions, black-mounted, hilted well,  
Some from the hands fell earthward, some from the  
shoulders fell

Of men who fought in battle; the black earth flowed with  
gore.

When Hektor seized the vessel's stern portion, nor for-  
bore, 715

But held in hand the top part, he all the Trojans hight:

"Bring fire and throng together while you urge on the  
fight.

Zeus now to us has given the choicest day e'er sent,  
To take the ships which came here without the gods' con-  
sent,

Which caused us many troubles from the old men terri-  
fied, 720

Who wished me not to battle the vessels' sterns beside,  
And kept me there beside them, and eke the folk confined.  
But if Zeus widely-thundering injured us then in mind,  
Now he himself impels us and gives us our commands."

Thus he; more fierce, the Trojans rushed on the Argives  
bands.— 725

But Ajax stayed no longer, forced by the darts amain,  
Yet went back from them slightly (thinking he would be  
slain)

To the seven-footed row-bench; his equal ship's deck  
here

He left and stood observing, but ever kept with spear  
The Trojans from the vessels, whoe'er bore tireless  
flame; 730

And ever, shouting direly, urged on the Danaan name:

"O friends, ye Danaan heroes, servants of Ares hight,  
Be men, O friends, and ever remember rushing might.  
Should we think, then, that helpers are standing at our  
back,

That we've a firmer rampart to ward the foe's  
attack? 735

We have no city near us with turrets fortified,  
Where we may be defended, having a host allied;  
Yet here we are by ocean, far from our fatherland,  
In the country of the Trojans' mighty and well-armed  
band.

Thus, in our hands is safety, not by relaxing war." 740

He said, and charged with fury with his sharp spear  
afar.

And whoe'er of the Trojans to the hollow vessels bare  
Bright-burning fire, incited by the grace of Hektor there,  
Him Ajax gave a wound to, receiving with long spear;  
And twelve before the vessels he wounded, fighting  
near. 745

## BOOK XVI.

### THE EXPLOITS OF PATROKLOS.

Thus they around the vessel well-banked in warring  
stroke;

But Patroklos by Achilles, the pastor of the folk,  
Stood pouring forth hot tear-drops, like spring of water  
black\*

Which pours its sable water down from a lofty rock.  
Then fleet divine Achilles, seeing him, ruth confessed 5

\*Deep.

And, when he had bespoken, with winged words addressed:

“ Why do you weep, Patroklos, like little girl forlorn,  
Who, running with her mother, asks that she may be borne

And hangs upon her garment and holds her, though in haste,

And, weeping, looks upon her till she in arms is placed ? 10.  
Like her you shed, Patroklos, the tender tear-drops free.  
Do you, then, bring some message for the Myrmidons or me ?

Is it some news from Phthia which you have heard alone ?—  
They say that still are living Menoitios, Aktor’s son,  
And Peleus, son of Aiakos, where the Myrmidons abide;—

15

Yet greatly would we sorrow if one of them had died.  
Or do you grieve for th’ Argives, because they are destroyed

Beside the hollow vessels from lawlessness and pride ?  
Speak, nor conceal in spirit; that both of us may know.”

To him said knight Patroklos, groaning in heavy woe:

20

“ Achilles, son of Peleus, of th’ Achaians far the best,  
Be not irate, since sorrow th’ Achaians have oppressed.  
For all those of their chieftains, who were erstwhile the best,

Lie in the vessels wounded by blows from near or far.—  
Strong Diomed Tydides was struck by shaft in war; 25  
Agamemnon and Odysseus, spear-famed, were struck close by;

Eurypylos was wounded by an arrow in the thigh.  
But these, physicians, knowing full many a drug, attend  
To cure; yet you, Achilles, are hard and never bend.  
Let not such anger seize me as you preserve in scorn! 30  
O brave in ill! How will you help any later-horn,  
Unless you guard the Argives from this destruction dire ?  
Unpitying! Horseman Peleus by no means was your sire,  
Nor was your mother Thetis; but the grav Ocean bore  
And lofty rocks and broken, for your soul is hardened  
sore.

35

But if you fear in spirit some oracle preferred,  
And if your revered mother of such from Zeus has  
heard,

Then send me forward quickly and give to me the rest  
Of the Myrmidons, that succour I bear the Danaans  
pressed.

And give, to arm my shoulders, the armour which you  
bear, 40

That, thinking you are coming, the Trojans leave the war.  
For easily fresh warriors the men in battle spent  
May drive back to the city from vessel and from tent."

Thus spoke he, supplicating, praying in folly great,  
Since for himself he asked for an evil death and fate. 45  
To him, while sighing deeply, foot-fleet Achilles said:

"O me, Zeus-born Patroklos, what was this speech you  
made!

I fear not any oracle which I erstwhile have heard,  
And naught my revered mother to me from Zeus pre-  
ferred.

Yet this dire sorrow touches me in the mind and  
heart:— 50

That one may wish to ravish from an equal his just part,  
And take away a present because he has control;  
For me this is deep sorrow whence I suffer griefs in soul.  
The sons of the Achaians chose this maiden for my own,  
Whom with my spear I conquered when I razed the well-  
walled town. 55

King Atrides Agamemnon has torn her from my hands,  
As though from some vile stranger, wandering in alien  
lands.

Leave we these deeds accomplished; it were not well  
bested

To bear eternal anger in spirit, yet I said  
I would not cease my anger before that time afar, 60  
When came upon my vessels the clamour and the war.  
But put upon your shoulders my arms renowned and  
bright,

And lead the Myrmidonians, war-loving, forth to fight,  
Since a dark cloud of Trojans have circled powerfully  
About the hollow vessels, and on the shore o' the sea 65



The Argives are surrounded and hold but little land;  
 And all the Trojan city rush on with bravery grand.  
 For they see not the front portion of my helmet sparkling  
 near.—

Sooth, they would flee most quickly and fill the ditches  
 here

With dead, if King Atrides good words to me had given. 70  
 But now they urge the battle and fight round the army  
 driven.

For the spear no longer rages in Diomedes' hands  
 To ward death from the Danaans; no more I hear com-  
 mands

From the foul head of Atrides; yet rises high alone  
 The voice of man-slaying Hektor, urging the Trojans  
 on;

While they with cry of battle are lords of all the plain,  
 Conquering in fight th' Achaïans. Yet even thus amain  
 Fall on the foe, Patroklos, guarding the ships from scorn,  
 Lest they with fire all-sparkling the rapid vessels burn  
 And, doing this, deprive us all of beloved return. 80

But hear, that I the chiefest counsel place in your mind,  
 That you for me great honour and glory eke shall find  
 Before all of the Danaans, so they the maid all-fair  
 Again restore, and other resplendent presents bear.  
 When from the ships you drive them, return to me once  
 more, 85

And, though the lord high-thundering of Hera glory bore,  
 Do not while I am absent desire to mix in war  
 With the battle-loving Trojans; 't would disgrace me  
 more by far.

Nor o'er exult in battle and in hostility,  
 Nor lead the host to Ilion, the Trojans slaughtering  
 free, 90

Lest some eternal godhead from Olympus high descend;  
 For Apollo Hekaergos is very much their friend.  
 But turn back when the vessels are rescued by your might,  
 And let them on the prairie contend in hostile fight.  
 For would that, O Zeus Father, Athen', Apollo, too, 95  
 No one of all the Trojans might fly death (many or few),  
 And, save us two, no Argive escape from death's annoy,

That we alone might loosen the sacred crown of Troy."

Thus these two with each other on such affairs discoursed.—

But Ajax stayed no longer, for he by darts was forced;—100  
The will of Zeus oppressed him, and the Trojans high and brave,

Casting at him their missiles; his glittering helmet gave  
A dire din round his temples; and ever they conspired  
To strike the well-wrought helm-studs; and his left shoulder tired

By holding firmly ever his deftly-moving shield; 105  
Nor could they with their weapons repel him from the field.

But aye his breath was heavy; and copious sweat and slime

Flowed down from all his members; and nowise he had time  
To breathe; in every manner evil on evil rolled.

Now tell to me, ye Muses, Olympian domes who hold, 110

How first the fire was cast on th' Achaians' vessels here.

Hektor struck with great falchion Ajax's ashen spear,  
Standing close by, and severed the shaft behind the blade;  
And Telamonian Ajax in his hand vainly swayed

The spear thus mutilated; the brazen spear-point sprang 115

Far from him, falling earthward, and, striking, loudly rang.

Then Ajax knew (and shuddered) within his blameless mind

The gods' works, since the counsels which he for war designed

Were shorn by Zeus high-thundering, who wished the victory

For the Trojans; and he went back from the missiles flying free. 120

Then they on the swift vessels the fire unwearied cast.  
Whose quenchless flame all quickly through all around it passed.

Thus the fire the stern surrounded; but Achilles smote both thighs

And, speaking to Patroklos, aroused his energies:

"Rise now, Zeus-born Patroklos, ruler o'er horses  
dire, 125

I see beside the vessels the glow of hostile fire.

I fear the ships are taken, so fight no more befall.

Put on the armour quickly while I the people call."

Thus spoke he; and Patroklos put on the glittering  
brass.

And first the greaves he fitted round his fair legs apace, 130  
Well-joined with silver buckles; but next around his  
breast

He placed the varied corslet with many a star impressed,  
Of Aiakides fleet-footed, and from his shoulders hung  
His brass sword silver-studded and buckler great and  
strong.

The well-made horse-haired helmet he placed on his  
strong head; 135

And nodded dire above it the crest which all o'erspread.

He took two valid javelins, suited to his hands deft;

The spear alone of blameless Aiakides he left

(Heavy and huge and valid); no other Achaian's might

Could brandish, yet Achilles alone could shake in  
fight: 140

A Pelian ash which Chiron had given to his sire,

From Pelion's lofty summit, for heroes' slaughter dire.

He bade Automedon quickly the coursers fleet to yoke,

Whom he honoured next Achilles who the ranks of heroes  
broke;

He was in fight most faithful the foeman's rush to  
meet.— 145

For this Automedon guided 'neath yoke the horses fleet,

Balios and with him Xanthos (both with the breezes flew);

And Podargè, the wild harpy, to Wind Zephyr bore the  
two

While by the stream of Ocean she in a meadow fed.

But in the outer harness Pedaeos faultless sped, 150

Whom, when Eetion's city he took, Achilles led;

And he\*, though only mortal went with the deathless  
steeds.

\*Pedaeos.

But, going to the Myrmidons, Achilles armed their needs,

In all the tents, with armour; they were like wolves who eat

Raw flesh, and whose fierce bosoms are filled with strength replete, 155

Who, killing in the mountains a horned stag great and good,

Eat him; and all are purple in jaw, stained with the blood; Then in a pack they scurry, and from black-watered\* spring

Lap up with tongues all-slender the surface darkening O' the water, and they vomit blood; but the mind within 160

Their bosoms is intrepid, and their stomachs swell the skin;

So rushed the chiefs and leaders of the Myrmidons like these

Around the good attendant of fleet Aiakides; And 'mid the warlike people Mars-like Achilles stood, Encouraging the horses and men with shields endued. 165

There were fifty rapid vessels which were led to Ilion By Zeus-beloved Achilles; and brought upon each one Were fifty men, companions together at the oar; And five he made their leaders to whom the trust he bore Of ruling: but the guidance of all the host he had. 170

One troop obeyed Menesthios, in varied corselet clad, The offspring of Spercheios, a river flowing from Zeus, Borne by great Peleus' daughter, Polydora beauteous, To Spercheios aye unwearied, a woman godhead won; Yet, as fame said, to Boros, great Perieres' son, 175

Who wedded her in public and priceless dowry gave. The next obeyed Eudoros, like Ares strong and brave, Born of maid† Polymela, who fair in dancing moved, The daughter fair of Phylas; her powerful Hermes loved, Seeing among those dancing the choral dance and song, 180 In the chorus of Diana, gold-bowed and huntress strong. To an upper room ascending, Hermes, the peaceful one, Lay with the maid in secret; she bore to him a son,

\*Deep. †That is, illegitimate.

Illustrious Eudoros, renowned in race and fight.  
 But when him Ilithyia, birth-ruling, brought to light, 185  
 And he saw Helios' splendour Echekleus' mighty power,  
 The son of Aktor's wed her and gave enormous dower.  
 But him the ancient Phylas nurtured and taught anon,  
 And loved him with love tender as if he were a son.—  
 Warlike Pisander ruled o'er the third of the commands, 190  
 Maimalides, the greatest 'mid the Myrmidonian bands  
 With the long spear to battle (after Pelides' friend).—  
 The fourth was ruled by Phoinix, the ancient, horseman  
 kenned.

Alkimedon ruled the fifth one, Laerkeus' blameless son.—  
 But when beneath their leaders Achilles placed each  
 one, 195

Arranging well in order, he gave his strict command:

“Ye Myrmidons, let no one forget the threats you  
 planned

Beside the rapid vessels against the Trojan band,  
 What time I was indignant, and each reproaches sped:—  
 ‘Unyielding son of Peleus, in wrath your mother bred; 200  
 Hard one, who by the vessels your comrades loath detain;—  
 Go we on ocean vessels back to our homes again,  
 Since thus a baneful anger has fallen on your mind!’  
 You said so oft in gathering, but now to us is joined  
 The mighty work of battle for which you wished be-  
 fore.— 205

Now, who is brave in spirit, let him with Trojans war.”

Thus saying, their strength and spirit he raised by  
 counseling;

And they their ranks made denser when they had heard the  
 king.

As when with stones well-jointed a man may make a wall  
 Of a lofty house to keep out the force o' the wind  
 withal; 210

Thus closely joined were helmets and bossy bucklers'  
 span,

And buckler pressed to buckler, helm to helm and man to  
 man;

And the horsehaired helms touched nodding with cones  
 all glittering fair,

So thick they stood together to one another there.  
 Before them all, two heroes resplendent arms con-  
 fined, 215

Patroklos and Automedon, who both had but one mind:—  
 To battle 'mid the foremost of the Myrmidonian best.—  
 But Achilles sought his quarters and opened wide a chest,  
 Dedal and fair which Thetis, the silver-footed, gave  
 To bear upon his vessel, and filled with garments

brave, 220  
 With cloaks which wind resisted and shaggy tapestries.  
 There was a cup well-fashioned placed in the chest with  
 these;

No other man drank from it the brightly sparkling wine;  
 And from it he libated Zeus only, Sire divine.  
 Taking this from the coffer, he cleaned with sulphur first, 225  
 Then in a stream of water, clear-flowing, he abstersed.  
 Next his own hands he washed off and drew off sparkling  
 wine,

And, in the mid space standing, libated wine divine,  
 Looking to heaven, and noticed by Zeus who thunders far.  
 "Pelasgian, Dodonean, King Zeus, who dwell afar, 230  
 Ruling Dodona wintry, round which the Selli are,  
 Your priests whose feet are washed not, who sleep with  
 earth for bed.

Sooth, formerly you listened to me whene'er I prayed,  
 And gave to me high honour and harmed th' Achaians  
 much;

Thus, once again accomplish for me another such, 235  
 For I myself remain here where all the ships are run,  
 But send forth my companion with many a Myrmidon  
 To fight; yet, Zeus wide-thundering, glory on him bestow.  
 His heart within his bosom confirm that Hektor know,  
 If my attendant singly knows skillfully to war, 240  
 Or if his hands rage matchless when I share Ares' jar.  
 But when the din and battle he from the ships may turn,  
 To me by the swift vessels let him unscathed return,  
 With all his arms and comrades who fight in close fight  
 grim."

Thus spoke he supplicating, and prudent Zeus heard  
 him. 245

The Father gave one favour, the other he denied;  
 To drive the din and battle from the ships, he ratified;  
 That he should come back safely from the battle, he  
 denied.

Yet Achilles made libation and Zeus, the Father, prayed,  
 And went back to his quarters, and the cup in coffer  
 laid; 250

But stood before his quarters, for still, his mind within,  
 He wished to see th' Achaïans' and Trojans' dire war-din.

But those armed with great-hearted Patroklos marched  
 along

Till, with presumptuous spirit, they charged the Trojan  
 throng

At once, like wasps by wayside, who have dwellings by  
 the road, 255

Whom foolish boys vex ever with never ceasing goad;  
 And who to many a passer accomplish common ill;  
 So if a passing traveler give them the slightest thrill,  
 Though with no bad intention, they with a heart high-  
 strung,

Fly forward, all, against him and seek to guard their  
 young; 260

Like these, the Myrmidonians, with heart and spirit high,  
 Poured forward from the vessels; and rose a quenchless  
 cry.

But Patroklos to his comrades shouted in mighty tone:

"O Myrmidons, companions of Achilles, Peleus' son,  
 My friends, be men and heroes, remember rushing  
 might; 265

That we, who are his servants and in close combat fight,  
 Make for Achilles honour who is by far the best  
 Of th' Argives by the vessels, and let Atreides' breast,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon's, know his folly manifest  
 When he the best Achaian honour in naught assigned." 270

Thus saying, he incited each hero's strength and mind.  
 And they attacked the Trojans and charged in dense  
 array.

And round the ships rung direly th' Achaïans' shouts afay.

But when the Trojans looked on Menoitios' powerful  
 son,

Himself and his attendant, who both in armour shone, 275  
 Their minds were in confusion, and their phalanxes inclined,

Thinking that fleet Pelides had banished from his mind  
 The rage which he had nourished, and fostered amity;  
 And each one looked about him to 'scape destruction high.

But first Patroklos, aiming, flung with his shining  
 spear 280

Straight on toward the middle where the most made  
 tumult drear,

Beside the stern o' the vessel of Protesilaos dead,  
 And wounded great Pyraichmes who Paionian horsemen led  
 From Amydon, from the Axios, wide-flowing stream  
 divine,

And struck his dexter shoulder; he fell in dust supine, 285  
 Groaning, and his companions around him turned to  
 flight:

The Paionians, for Patroklos inspired them all with  
 fright

When he had slain their leader, who was the best to fight.  
 He drove them from the vessels and quenched the spark-  
 ling fire.

The half-burned vessel stood there; in tumult vast and  
 dire 290

The Trojans fled confusedly; the Danaans were poured  
 Forth from the hollow vessels, and ceaseless tumult  
 roared.

As when, from the high summit of mountain mighty-  
 browed,

Great Zeus, who gathers lightning, divides a dense dark  
 cloud,

And all the promontories and crags in light are given, 295  
 And forests, and the ether to heaven broad is riven;

Thus the Danaans breathed a little, when they the hostile  
 fire

Had pushed back from the vessels; yet ceased not warring  
 dire.

For nowise were the Trojans in flight confusedly moved  
 Back from the sable vessels by th' Achæans Ar-  
 loved, 300



Yet still they fought and went not from the vessels till  
coerced.

Then warrior slaughtered warrior (when the flight be-  
came dispersed)

Of the leaders; and, the first one, Menoitios' powerful son,  
Struck the thigh of Areilykos (when he turned round) anon  
With his sharp spear, and through it he drove the brass  
point forth. 305

The spear the frail bone shattered, and he fell prone to  
earth.

But warlike Menelaos struck Thoas in the breast  
Laid bare beside the buckler, and his fair limbs oppressed.  
Phylides, then, saw Amphiklos as he rushed on to war,  
And struck his legs extremest where men's calves thickest  
are, 310

Striking before the Trojan; and all the nervous plies  
Around the spear's point severed; and darkness veiled  
his eyes.

Antilochos Nestorides Atymnios with sharp spear  
Wounded, and the brass javelin sped through the flank  
parts sheer;

He fell down there before him; but Maris with his  
spear, 315

For close fight, charged Antilochos, for his slain brother  
irate,

Standing before the body; but Thrasymedes great  
Struck him before Antilochos (nor did his javelin stray)  
At once upon the shoulder; the spear's point cut away  
The muscles from the forearm and crushed the bone's  
last ties. 320

He fell with crash resounding, and darkness veiled his  
eyes.

Thus these two, by two brothers subdued, sought Erebus,  
Brave comrades of Sarpedon, sons of Amisodaros  
And skilled in wielding javelins, and who th' invincible  
Monster Chimaira nourished, for many men an ill. 325

Oilean Ajax, rushing on Kleobulos, took  
Alive, pressed in the concourse; yet, after this, he struck  
His neck with sword great-hilted and loosed his vigour  
great.

And all the sword was tepid with blood; and powerful fate  
And purple death together seized on his eyes impaired. 330  
'Then Peneleus and Lykon rushed together, for they'd erred  
With spears thrown at each other, and both had flung in  
vain;

Thus both rushed on with falchions; and Lykon struck  
amain

The horsehaired helmet's summit; at hilt the sword broke  
sheer.

But Peneleus next struck him on the neck beneath the  
ear, 335

And all the falchion entered; the skin alone just held;  
The head hung down beside him, and his strong limbs  
were quelled.

Meriones reached Akamas with rapid feet in flight,  
And struck, while he ascended his car, the shoulder right.  
He fell out of his chariot; mist veiled his eyes apace. 340  
Idomeneus struck Erymas in mouth with cruel brass;  
The brazen spear went through it a space below the brain,  
And all the white bones shattered; the teeth flew out  
amain;

Both eyes with blood were flowing which, gaping, he  
exhaled,

Bubbling from mouth and nostrils; death's sable storm-  
cloud veiled. 345

Thus these leaders of the Danaans slew, each of them,  
a foe.

And as the wolves destructive impetuously go  
On lambs or kids and take them from flocks which in the  
hills

Are scattered by the folly of the shepherd, to his ills,  
And, seeing, at once they tear these, with minds unwar-  
like dight; 350

Thus the Danaans fought the Trojans; but they ill-  
sounding flight

Alone had in remembrance, and forgot impetuous might.

But mighty Ajax ever at Hektor brazen-dressed  
Desired to fling a javelin; but he, knowing war infest,  
Concealed his spreading shoulders beneath his bull's-hide  
shield, 355

And watched the hiss of arrows and whizz of darts afield.  
In truth, he knew the victory inclined against him here,  
Yet, even thus, he waited and saved his comrades dear.

As when from great Olympus a cloud comes into heaven  
Out of the cloudless ether, when Zeus a storm has  
driven; 360

Thus rose their flight and clamour who fled from ships  
and shore;

They went not back in order. His foot-swift horses bore  
Hektor off with his armour; he left the Trojan host,  
Who were detained unwilling by the deep trench they'd  
crossed.

Many fleet steeds car-drawing left in the fosse the cars 365  
Of those who ruled them, broken where the pole joins on  
the bars.

Patroklos followed, urging the Danaans fervidly,  
Ill for the Trojans planning; but they with flight and cry,  
Filled all the ways when scattered; a storm of dust on  
high,

Beneath the clouds, extended; the whole-hoofed horses  
went 370

Backward toward the city from vessel and from tent.

And where Patroklos chiefly saw the host confusedly  
swell,

There drove he, calling loudly; men 'neath his axles fell  
Prone from their cars; and chariots were overturned with  
loss.

But the swift-flying coursers leapt on straight o'er the  
fosse, 375

[Immortal, whom to Peleus the gods—a high gift—gave,]  
Desiring to go onward; his eager spirit drove  
Him on to strike down Hektor, whose swift steeds bore  
away.

As when beneath a whirlwind upon some autumn day  
All the black earth is burdened, when Zeus pours water  
fast, 380

Raging in savage anger, enraged by men at last,  
Who, judging in the forum, decide by force and frauds  
And banish right and care not for the vengeance of the  
gods;

And all their rivers flowing are swollen as they flow,  
 And many a slope the torrents bear with them as they  
 go, 385

Flowing headlong from the mountains down to the purple  
 main

With mighty crash and clangour; and the works of men  
 are vain;

Thus the Trojan mares groaned greatly as fast they ran  
 along.

But when, in truth, Patroklos cut off the foremost  
 throng,

He turned them to the vessels, nor suffered them, though  
 keen, 390

To flee back to the city, yet in the space between

The vessels and the river and the lofty wall afield

He slew them, following swiftly, avenging many killed.

Then Pronoos, first, he wounded with his resplendent spear

On the breast bared by the buckler, and loosed his mem-  
 bers sheer; 395

He fell with crash resounding. Patroklos next rushed on

The son of Enops, Thestor (who sat with members drawn

Together in his chariot well-polished, and in mind

Was stricken; and the guide-reins from his helpless  
 hands declined),

And, standing close beside him, he struck with spear of  
 death 400

Upon the dexter jaw-bone, and drove it through his teeth,

Then seized the spear and drew him over the chariot's  
 rim.—

As when a man is sitting on a beetling crag's last brim,

And draws out of the ocean with line and brass all-sheer

A sacred fish; so he drew him from the car with shining  
 spear, 405

Then on his mouth he flung him; him, falling, life for-  
 sook.

Next Eurylaos (rushing on him) he struck with rock

At the middle of the head, and it all was cleft in twain

Within the valid helmet; and prone on earth amain

He fell, and round about him was poured death ruin-  
 ous. 410

Then Eurymas, Epaltes and great Amphoteros,  
 Damastorides Tlepolemos, Pyris and Echios  
 And Ipheus and Euippos, Polymelos Argeades:  
 To the earth which many nurtures he sent in heaps all  
 these.

When Sarpedon saw his comrades, with corselets with-  
 out bands, 415

Thus mastered by Patroklos Menoitiades's hands,  
 He called aloud, exhorting the godlike Lykian band:

"Where do you fly, O Lykians? Shame! Make a  
 strenuous stand!

For I will meet this hero, that I may know full well  
 Which of us two will conquer; for he wrought full many  
 an ill 420

To the Trojans; since he loosened the knees of many of  
 worth."

Thus he, and from his chariot in arms leapt to the earth.  
 On the other hand Patroklos, seeing, leapt from his car.  
 And they, as bent-clawed vultures, with curving beaks,  
 make war

With a resounding clamour on a rock which rises high, 425  
 Rushed straight upon each other, uttering a furious cry.—  
 The son of wily Kronos pitied them, seeing in strife,  
 And said, addressing Hera, his sister and his wife:

"O me! Since it is fated the most beloved of men,  
 Sarpedon, by Patroklos Menoitiades should be slain.— 430  
 My heart is borne ambiguous, my mind is tost amain:  
 Whether I bear him living away from tearful war,  
 And place him 'mid the people rich of Lykia afar,  
 Or see him by the hands of Menoitiades oppressed."

Him ox-eyed revered Hera in answer then ad-  
 dressed: 435

"Most terrible Kronion, what thought did you debate?  
 Seek you from death ill-echoing, in sooth, to liberate  
 A man born only mortal, long since condemned by fate?  
 Do so, but all the others of the gods no praise will find.  
 Another thing I tell you, and bear it in your mind: 440  
 If thus you send off, living, Sarpedon to his home,  
 Consider if some other of the gods (to baffle doom)  
 Wish not to send his offspring loved from the powerful fight.

For round Priam's mighty city in battle fierce unite  
Many sons of the immortals whose dire wrath you would  
excite. 445

But if he's cherished by you, and your heart has woe for  
him,

Then let him be o'ermastered in battle strong and grim  
By the hands of great Patroklos Menoitiades in strife.

But when he lies deprived of his spirit and his life,  
Send thither gentle Slumber and Death, for them to  
bear 450

Till they attain the people of Lykia broad and fair;  
And there his friends and brothers due obsequies may  
make

With tomb and shaft; for honour like this the dead par-  
take."

Thus she, nor disobeyed her the Sire of gods and men,  
Yet scattered earthward quickly the drops of bloody  
rain 455

His cherished son to honour, whom soon Patroklos' hand  
Would slay in fertile Troja, far from his fatherland.—

When, now, they came together against each other  
there,

Patroklos Thrasymelos, illustrious afar  
(Who was a brave attendant to King Sarpedon's hand), 460  
Struck in the lowest stomach and loosed his members  
grand.

Yet, sooth, Sarpedon missed him with bright spear flung  
with force,

Rushing upon him second; but Pedasos, the horse,  
He struck in the right shoulder; it groaned and dying lay  
And fell, in dust extended; the spirit fled away. 465

The coursers sprang asunder; the yoke crashed loud, and  
trussed

Together hung the guide-reins when the side-horse lay in  
dust.

But Automedon spear-famous soon found an end thereby,  
Drawing the lengthy falchion beside his valid thigh,  
He swiftly rushed and cut off the side-horse, nor de-  
layed; 470

The other two stood upright and both the reins obeyed.

The heroes twain then met in pernicious strife again.

Once more Sarpedon missed him with shining javelin  
then;

And over the left shoulder of Patroklos onward fled  
The spear's point, but it pierced not; and next Patroklos  
sped 475

The brass; and nowise vainly flew from his hand the dart,  
But wounded where the midriff surrounds the solid heart  
He\* fell as falls an oak-tree or poplar or tall pine,  
Which in the lofty mountains men skilled in craft divine  
Cut with new-sharpened axes to be some vessel's wood; 480  
Thus he before his horses and chariot lay subdued,  
Gnashing his teeth in frenzy, grasping the bloody dust.—  
As lion kills a bullock, going 'mid the herd robust,  
Tawny and mighty minded, 'mid oxen trailing-feet;  
In the lion's jaws he passes with bellowings replete. 485  
Thus the chieftain of the Lykians, whom well-wrought  
shields defend,

(Slain by Patroklos) angered and called to his dear friend:  
“Glaukos beloved, you warrior 'mid men, there's  
direst need

For you to be a fighter and warrior brave indeed;  
If you're a strenuous warrior, be war now your desire. 490  
But first the hero chieftains of the Lykians fill with fire  
(Going in all directions), so they round Sarpedon fight;  
And next yourself beside me war with brass shining  
bright.

For to you ever after a shame and scoff I'd be  
Through all the days eternal, if th' Achaians spoil from  
me 495

My armour where in struggle beside the ships I fall.  
Yet hold the battle strongly and urge the people all.”

But while he thus was speaking, the end of black death  
veiled

His eyes and nostrils. Pressing with heel the bosom  
mailed,

Patroklos drew the spear forth; the midriff followed,  
too; 500

And, at one time, the spirit and spear-point forth he drew.

\*Sarpedon.

But there the Myrmidonians his panting horses held,  
Who sought to fly, since vacant the car their lords im-  
pelled.

Yet direst grief struck Glaukos when he these accents  
heard;

His heart was moved within him, for he had no power  
to guard. 505

He took his arm and pressed it with hand; the wound  
pained sore,

Which Teucer 'gainst him, rushing, with flying arrow bore  
From the high wall and kept from his friends a ruin dread.  
But, praying to Apollo far-darting, thus he said:

"Hear, King, who 'mid the wealthy people of Lykia  
are, 510

Or in Troy (for you are able to hear one anywhere),

List to a man afflicted as I am, touched by care.

For I am sorely wounded, and, round about, my hand

By piercing pains is tortured; nor yet can I withstand

And dry the black blood flowing; my shoulder weights  
with blight; 515

I cannot hold spear firmly, and thus I cannot fight,

Going among the foemen. Our bravest chief has gone,

The son of Zeus, Sarpedon; Zeus guards not his own son.

Yet you for me, O Monarch, this heavy wound withal

Cure and assuage my anguish, give power that I may call 520

And urge my Lykian comrades on to the battle dight,—

That I for the dead body myself may strongly fight."

Thus spoke he, praying, and Phoebus Apollo heard his  
prayer.

At once he stopped the anguish and dried the black blood  
there

From the deep wound, and vigour fresh to his mind con-  
veyed. 525

And Glaukos recognized it in mind and joy displayed,

Because the great god quickly had heard him when he  
prayed.

But first the Lykian leaders he laboured to incite

(Going in all directions) for Sarpedon's corpse to fight.

He went then to the Trojans, with great strides through  
the line, 530



To Polydamas Panthoides and to Agenor divine;  
 He went to seek Æneas and Hektor brazen-dressed.  
 And, standing close beside him, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

“ Hektor, now altogether you forget the aiding band,  
 Who for your sake, afar from their friends and father-  
 land, 535

Lose life amain in battle, you do not aid them fain.  
 The shielded Lykians' leader, Sarpedon, now lies slain,  
 Who Lykia held by justice and by his vigour good;  
 Him, by Patroklos' javelin, brass Ares has subdued.  
 Yet, friends, come and stand by me; in mind be anger  
 dread, 540

Lest the Myrmidons his armour spoil and disgrace the dead,  
 In anger for the Danaans, as many of them who died,  
 Whom by the rapid vessels we with our spears destroyed.”

Thus he; and on the Trojans a weight of grief came  
 down,

Unbearable, unyielding; since a pillar of their town 545  
 He was, though but a stranger; for many people there  
 Went after him to combat, but he was best in war.

And they rushed on with ardour straight 'gainst the  
 Danaan train,

And Hektor went before them, wroth for Sarpedon slain.  
 The bold heart of Patroklos th' Achaian people  
 fired, 550

And first the two Ajaces, though much they both desired:

“ To ward the foe, Ajaces, be ye well-pleased and keen,  
 Such as ye were with heroes erewhile, or better e'en.

A hero lies, who foremost o'erleapt th' Achaian wall,  
 Sarpedon. Might we take him and let affront befall, 555  
 And th' armour from his shoulders despoil, and some  
 o' the mass

Of his companions guarding subdue with cruel brass!”

Thus he; and they were eager the foemen to with-  
 stand.—

When were confirmed the orders which fought on either  
 hand

(Th' Achaians and Myrmidonians,—the Trojan, Lykian  
 band), 560

All fiercely rushed together to fight around the slain,  
With dreadful shouts; and sounded loudly the arms of  
men.

Zeus o'er the powerful battle extended deadly night,  
To grant his son well-cherished destructive toil of fight.

The Trojans first th' Achaïans, of glancing eyes, pushed  
back. 565

For of the Myrmidonians a man (not worst) was struck,  
Divine Epigeus, son of great-minded Agakles,  
Who ruled erewhile well-peopled Budion's destinies.

But when a worthy kinsman he killed, in suppliant's name  
To silver-footed Thetis and Peleus great he came. 570

They sent him with Achilles, breaker of ranks, to go

To Ilion rich in horses to fight the Trojan foe.

Him, holding the dead body, illustrious Hektor hit

On the head with rocky fragment; and all in twain was  
split

Beneath the valid helmet; and prone upon the dead 575

He fell, and life-destroying death round about him spread.

Then pain seized on Patroklos for his companion dead.

He rushed straight through the foremost, like the swift  
hawk in course,

Who puts to flight the jackdaws and starlings by his force;

Thus straight upon the Lykians, Patroklos, charger-  
borne, 580

You rushed upon the Trojans, your heart by anger torn

For your comrade. Sthenelaos in neck he struck with  
rock,

Ithaimeneus' son cherished, and all the tendons broke.

At this illustrious Hektor and the van retired in haste.

As far is as the distance of a long javelin's cast, 585

Which a man may fling in striving, either in games of  
strife,

Or even in a battle at foes destroying life;

So far went back the Trojans, and th' Achaïans drove  
afield,

But Glaukos first, the leader of the Lykians armed with  
shield,

Turned back and slew the chieftain, Bathykles mighty-  
souled, 590

The cherished son of Chalkon, who dwelt in mansions old  
In Hellas, in wealth and riches 'mid the Myrmidonian  
best;

With spear him Glaukos wounded in the middle of the  
breast,

Turning upon him quickly when he in chase o'ertook.  
He fell with crash resounding; great pain th' Achaïans  
struck, 595

When fell the strenuous warrior; great joy the Trojans  
met;

They stood in throngs around him, but th' Achaïans did  
not forget

The power of rushing valour, but bore straight on their  
might.

Then once again Meriones a Trojan slew in fight,  
A warrior armed, Laogonos, Onetor's daring son, 600  
The priest of Zeus Idaean, who godlike honour won  
From the people; he was stricken beneath the jaw and ear;  
And life soon left his members, and seized him darkness  
drear.

Æneas at Meriones his brazen spear impelled,  
For he hoped that he might strike him, advancing, 'neath  
his shield. 605

But, seeing, he avoided the rushing brazen spear,  
For he bent his body forward, and the long shaft in the  
rear

In riven earth was fastened; the spear's last portion shook;  
But soon the mighty weapon its impetus forsook.

[Thus the javelin of Æneas, vibrating in the earth, 610  
Was still, since it had vainly from his strong hand rushed  
forth.]

But Æneas in his spirit was wroth and to him said:

"Meriones, 'tis certain, though you in dances tread,  
My spear had stilled you ever if it had stricken you."

To him spear-famed Meriones in turn gave answer  
due: 615

"Æneas 'twill be arduous for you, though very strong,  
All men's strength to extinguish who may against you  
throng

To drive you back; for truly you are of mortal race.

And, if I hit and strike you in the midst with the sharp  
brass,  
At once, though you are mighty and for your hands as-  
claimed, 620  
You will give me fame, your spirit to Hades charger-  
famed."

Thus spoke he; but was blamed by Menoitios' valiant  
son:

"Meriones, though powerful, why do you thus run on?  
O friend, the Trojans never will go back from the dead  
Before your words reproaching, till some o'er earth are  
spread; 625  
For the end of words is counsel, the end of war in might.  
Thus there's no need of speeches, but there is need to  
fight."

Thus saying, he led onward; him followed Meriones.  
And as the crash arises from men who cut down trees  
Amid the mountain passes; and afar is heard the  
sound; 630

Thus rose the clash and clangour from the broad-extend-  
ing ground:  
From brass and bull's-hide bucklers and oxen's well-  
wrought hides

Smitten by swords and javelins, with edges on two sides.  
Nor had a man discerning divine Sarpedon told,  
Since he in blood and weapons and fouling dust was  
rolled, 635  
From the feet's soles beneath him to the head which  
dignifies.

And ever round the body they gathered as when flies  
Buzz loud within the stables and pails of milk beset,  
In the season of the springtime when the pails by milk are  
wet;

Thus they around the body assembled. But ne'er  
Jove 640  
Turned from the powerful battle his eyes which gleamed  
above,

Yet ever looked upon them and thought within his mind,  
And much about the slaughter of Patroklos he designed:  
Whether, without delaying, amid the powerful fight,

There o'er divine Sarpedon him Hektor great should  
smite 645

With brass, and from his shoulders his radiant armour tear,  
Or if he yet should add to the high toil of many there.

And while he thus considered, it seemed far better done,  
That the strenuous attendant of Achilles, Peleus' son,  
Should drive once more the Trojans and Hektor, in the  
strife 650

Brass-armed, upon the city and take full many a life.  
So first of all great Hektor with faint mind he oppressed,  
Who turned to flight, ascending his car, and urged the rest  
From Troy to fly; well knowing the sacred scales\* of Zeus.  
Then the brave Lykians stayed not, but all seized flight  
diffuse, 655

When they beheld their monarch struck to the heart full  
grim,

Lying in a pile of bodies; for many others o'er him  
Had fallen when Kronion the powerful battle spread.  
They† from Sarpedon's shoulders despoiled his armour  
dread,

Brazen and brightly shining, which Menoitios' powerful  
son 660

Gave to his friends to bear to the hollow ships anon.  
But then Zeus cloud-compelling these words to Phoebus  
bore:

“Come now, O cherished Phoebus, and cleanse the  
sable gore,

Drawing from the shafts Sarpedon, and next his body bear  
Far from the spot you find it and lave in river fair; 665  
Anoint then with ambrosia, let ambrosial robes be worn,  
And give to Death and Slumber, the twins, that he be  
borne

By very swift conductors, that soon he be bestowed  
Among the wealthy people who dwell in Lykia broad.  
And there his friends and kindred due obsequies may  
make 670

With tomb and shaft; for honour like this the dead par-  
take.”

\*Knowing that they foreshadowed defeat.

†The Greeks.

Thus he; nor was Apollo unmindful of his sire.  
 He left th' Idaean mountains to reach the warring dire;  
 As once divine Sarpedon he from the weapons drew,  
 And bore afar and washed him in a river's stream as  
     dun, 675  
 Anointed with ambrosia, had ambrosial garments worn,  
 And gave to Death and Slumber, the twins, so he was  
     borne

By very swift conductors and quickly was bestowed  
 Among the wealthy people who dwell in Lykia broad.

But Patroklos urged his horses and eke Automedon, 680  
 And chased the Trojans, Lykians and mighty evil won;  
 Infatuate! Had he heeded the words Pelides said,  
 Sooth, from the fate all-evil of black death had he fled,  
 Yet the thought of Zeus is ever mightier than that of men;  
 [Who turns to flight the hero and takes from him again 685  
 With greatest ease the victory, though himself urged on  
     to fight;]

Who erst the mind excited within his bosom light.  
 Who then was first and latest whom you and fate en-  
     thrall'd,

Patroklos, when the godheads you to death sable call'd?

First was Adrastus, truly, Echeolos, Autonooa, 690  
 Epistor, Melanippos and Megas' son, Perimeos;  
 Then Elastos, Pylartes and Mulios with spear bright  
 He slew; and of the others each one remembered flight.

Then the sons of the Achaians high-gated Troy had won  
 By the hands of great Patroklos (for with spear he round  
     it run), 695

Had not Apollo Phoebus stood on a well-built tower,  
 Thinking of his destruction, aiding the Trojans' power.  
 Three times upon a buttress of the high ramparts went  
 Patroklos; thrice Apollo repulsed his bold attent,  
 Striking the radiant buckler with his immortal hands. 700  
 But when, like god, the fourth time he rushed upon the  
     bands,

The god made dreadful menace and wingèd words ad-  
     dressed;

"Recede, Zeus-born Patroklos, fate grants not now  
     your quest:

The great-souled Trojans' city with spear to raze in war  
Nor grants it to Achilles, who is your better far." 705

Thus spoke he; and Patroklos went back far on his  
path,

Avoiding thus far-darting Apollo's dreadful wrath.

But Hektor at the Skaian gates his whole-hoofed horses  
held,

In doubt if he should battle, 'mid the throng again im-  
pelled,

Or loudly call to gather the folk within the wall. 710

While thus he thought, Apollo Phoebus stood by withal,

Like to a youthful warrior possessing mighty force,

Asios, who was uncle of Hektor taming horse,

And Hekuba's own brother, the son of Dymas good,

Who had his home in Phrygia beside the Sangar's

flood.

715

Resembling him, Apollo, the son of Zeus, addressed:

"Hektor, why cease from battle? It does not seem  
you best.

Would that, as I am weaker, I were your better far,

So might you at your damage quickly desert the war.

Yet come, against Patroklos your strong-hoofed horses  
drive; 720

Thus you perchance may slay him, and Apollo fame may  
give."

Thus saying, again the godhead went through the toil of  
men.—

Illustrious Hektor ordered warlike Kebriones then

To drive to war the horses. But King Apollo went

Amid the crowd and th' Argives an evil tumult sent, 725

And to Hektor and the Trojans gave glory to the fill.

Hektor the other Danaans passed by and did not kill,

But ever on Patroklos his strong-hoofed steeds drove  
forth.

On the other hand Patroklos leapt from his car to earth,

His spear in left hand holding; with the other he seized  
a stone, 730

White-shining and all-jagged, which his hand clasped  
like a zone.

Bracing himself, he flung it; it did not greatly veer;

He did not hurl it vainly, but struck the charioteer  
 Of Hektor, great Kebriones, famed Priam's spurious son  
 (Who held the horses' guide-reins) on the brow with the  
 sharp stone. 735

The rock crushed both the eyebrows; the bone held not  
 the thrust;

And both his eyes fell earthward upon the sanguine dust,  
 Before his feet beneath him; and he (so divers look)  
 Fell from the seat well-fashioned, and life the bones  
 forsook.

But him, Patroklos horseman, with insults you ad-  
 dressed: 740

"Ye gods, this man is agile; how light he dives when  
 pressed.

If on the fish-rich ocean this man might somewhere be,  
 He had satisfied full many, seeking for oysters free,  
 Diving down from his vessel, though 't were a stormy sea;  
 So lightly now he dives to the prairie from the car. 745  
 Truly, among the Trojans full many divers are."

Thus saying, upon the hero, Kebriones, he pressed,  
 Having a lion's impulse, who is wounded in the breast  
 While he lays waste the stables; his courage lays him low;  
 Thus, Patroklos, on Kebriones you leapt with ardent  
 glow. 750

On the other side, too, Hektor leapt earthward from his car.  
 These two around Kebriones, like lions, waged a war,  
 Who on a mountain's summit fight for a great stag slain,  
 And both, being pressed by hunger, full fiercely fight  
 amain;

And thus around Kebriones fought these two lords of  
 war; 755

Patroklos Menoitides and Hektor, famed afar,  
 Desired to cut each other's flesh with the cruel brass.  
 Then Hektor seized the head part and did not let it pass;  
 On the other hand, Patroklos held to the foot with might,  
 And the other Trojans, Danaans engaged in powerful  
 fight. 760

And as when Euros, Notos engage in conflict rude,  
 In the passes of the mountains, and shake the thickset  
 wood,



Beech, ash and rough-barked cornel, whose wide-spread  
branches clash;

With echo wide-extending, while the riven tree-trunks  
crash;

Thus Trojans and Achaïans on each other in the  
fight 765

Rushed, but no one had memory for all-destroying flight.

And round about Kebriones many sharp spears were fixed;

And wing'd arrows rushing on from the nerves were  
mixed;

And many great rock-fragments against the shields were  
thrust

By men who fought around him; but in a whirl of dust 770  
He lay, great, on space ample, forgetting horses driven.

While yet the sun ascending mounted to middle heaven.

So long struck either's missiles, so long the people fell.

But when the light of Helios passed to the westward well,

Then, spite of fate, th' Achaïans became the best in  
war, 775

And drew hero Kebriones from the missiles flung afar,

And from the Trojan tumult, th' arms from his shoulders  
tore.

But Patroklos on the Trojans with evil purpose bore;

Thrice then he rushed upon them, peer of swift Mars  
afield,

Shouting with cries terrific, and thrice nine men he  
killed. 780

Yet when he rushed the fourth time, like to a god in strife,

There then to you, Patroklos, appeared the end of life.

For Phoebus came against you amid the powerful war.

Dire; but Patroklos saw not amid the tumult there;

For, wrapped in spreading darkness, th' opposing god-  
head strode, 785

And stood behind and struck him on back and shoulders  
broad,

With prone hand; and in circles his dizzy eyes were sped.

But next Apollo Phoebus struck the helmet from his head;

The oblong helm went rolling beneath the horses' feet

With sounding din and clangour; and the horsehair over  
it 790

By blood and dust was sullied. Ere this it was not just  
The helmet, decked with horsehair, thus to pollure with  
dust;

For the graceful head and front of the godlike hero brave  
It kept, those of Achilles; then Zeus to Hektor gave  
Upon his head to bear it; yet his ruin was anear.— 795  
Eke in his hands was broken all his long-shadowed spear,  
Heavy and great and valid, brass-shod; and his great shield  
And belt fell from his shoulders earthward upon the field.  
Zeus' offspring, King Apollo, his corselet loosened there.  
And stupour seized his spirit, loosed were his members  
fair; 800

He stood amazed; behind him a Dardan hero near  
His back between the shoulders wounded with his sharp  
spear,

Panthoides Euphorbos, who his own age excelled  
In spear and guiding horses and feet which fast impelled;  
For he once twenty horsemen from their high chariots  
bare, 805

When first he came with chariot to learn the art of war.  
He struck you first with weapon, knight Patroklos, nor  
subdued;

Then he again run backward and mingled with the crowd,  
Drawing out of the body his ashen spear; nor he  
Stayed for unarmed Patroklos in dire hostility. 810  
Patroklos, thus o'ermastered by the godhead's blow, and  
spear,

Went back among his comrades to shun the ruin near.

When now great-souled Patroklos was by great Hektor  
seen

Receding from the foremost and wounded by brass keen,  
He went near through the orders and wounded with his  
spear, 815

In the groin's extremest portion, and drove the brass  
through clear.

He\* fell with crash, distressing th' Achaian people sore.—  
As when in fight a lion presses an untamed boar,  
When on a mountain's summit, beside a small spring's  
brink,

\*Patroklos.

Both meet in frenzied conflict, for both desire to drink; 820  
 Yet by force the lion masters the wildly panting boar; ·  
 Thus Hektor, son of Priam, with spear the spirit tore  
 From mighty Menoitides who had many a chief op-  
 pressed;

And, as he boasted o'er him, with wingèd words addressed:  
 "Patroklos, sooth, you thought that our city you could  
 raze 825

And lead the Trojan women, depriving of free days,  
 Upon your hollow vessels to your native country dear,  
 Infatuate! These defending, the swift steeds of Hektor  
 here

Haste with their feet to warring; myself excel with spear  
 The battle-loving Trojans, and from themselves I beat 830  
 The day of their oppression; you vultures here shall eat.  
 Unhappy one! Though valiant, Achilles does not aid,  
 Who, when at first you started, full many commands  
 conveyed:

'Come not to me returning, Patroklos, charger-borne,  
 Beside the hollow vessels ere from the breast you've  
 torn 835

The blood-distilling corselet of Hektor homicide;'  
 Thus might he speak, persuaded your mind to foolish  
 pride."

To him Patroklos, horseman, replied all languidly:  
 "Boast much, e'en now, O Hektor; for you the victory  
 Zeus gave, with King Apollo; 't was they who conquered  
 me 840

With ease, for they my shoulders robbed of the bright  
 arms set.—

If twenty such as you are I had in battle met,  
 All by me there had perished, quelled by my spear amain.  
 Yet me a fate destroying and Leto's son have slain,  
 Of mortal men, Euphorbos, and you, the third, are  
 joined. 845

Another thing I tell you, and bear it in your mind:  
 Not long will you be living, but near you stand elate,  
 Death, who holds sway o'er mortals, and Fate—a violent  
 fate,

At the hands of famed Achilles Aiakides afiel."

But when he thus had spoken, the end of death concealed. 850

The soul, flying from his members, to Hades' house went forth,

Bewailing its sad portion, leaving youth and manly worth. To him, though dead, then Hektor illustrious made reply:

"Patroklos, why thus tell me of my destruction high? Who knows if e'en Achilles, beauteous-haired Thetis' son, 855

Struck by my spear, before me shall find that life has gone?"

Thus saying, his brazen weapon from the wide wound he drew,

With heel pressed on the body; that from the spear he threw

Supine. Then with his javelin he sought Automedon, Th' attendant, like a godhead, of foot-swift Peleus' son; 860

For he desired to wound him; but the fleet horses bare, Immortal, whom to Peleus gods gave—a present fair.

## BOOK XVII.

### THE EXPLOITS OF MENELAOS.

But Mars-loved Menelaos Atrides knew aright That Patroklos by the Trojans had been subdued in fight. He went on through the vanguard, armed in resplendent brass;

He circled round the body as does dam first-bearing pass Around her calf while moaning, first knowing such event; 5

Thus round Patroklos' body blonde Menelaos went And held his spear before him and his all-equal shield, And fain would kill whoever opposed him on the field. Nor did great Panthos' offspring, good with the ashen spear,

Neglect Patroklos blameless, when fallen, but stood near to

And Mars-loved Menelaos bespoke with words austere:

“ Atrides Menelaos, Zeus-nurtured, turn away,  
O leader of the people, and leave the spoils a prey;  
For none ere me of Trojans or famous allies dight  
With spear struck great Patroklos amid the powerful  
fight; 15

Let me this mighty glory among the Trojans bear,  
Lest with my spear I smite you, and from you the sweet  
life tear.”

But, angered at him greatly, blonde Menelaos said:  
“ Zeus Father, 't is not seemly o'erweening boasts to spread.  
Not such the panther's vigour, nor that of lion pressed, 20  
Nor of wild boar destroying, within whose bristly breast  
The greatest courage rages combined with strength  
austere,

As breathe forth the Panthoidae, good with the ashen  
spear.

The vigour of Hypenor, who tamed steeds wild and free,  
Enjoyed not youth, insulting and then withstanding  
me; 25

Who said that 'mid the Danaans I was the least in war.  
But him, I think, returning his swift feet did not bear  
To gladden his dear consort and parents, honoured e'er.  
Thus will I loose your vigour, if 'gainst myself you stand;—  
Yet I advise you quickly to go amid your band, 30  
To turn back to your comrades and war with me to shun  
Before you suffer evil; the fool knows what is done.”

Thus he, but did not move him; and he in answer said,  
“ Zeus-nurtured Menelaos, now, for my brother dead,  
You killed, and for your boastings, shall you pay ven-  
geance due, 35

And for his wife you widowed in her bridal chamber new,  
And for the grief and sorrow upon his parents laid.  
In truth, for these poor people an end of pain were made,  
If I should bear your head and your arms which brightly  
shine

To give the hands of Panthos and Phrontis all-divine. 40  
No longer shall the labour of valour and of flight  
Be by us undisputed, nor yet untried in fight.”

Thus saying, he struck the buckler, all-equal in extent;

But broke not the brass warding; the point itself was bent  
 Upon the powerful buckler. Next rushed with brass  
 all-dire 45

Atrides Menelaos, praying to Zeus, the Sire,  
 And, while he\* was retreating, struck on the throat's last  
 rand;

And drove the spear with vigour, trusting in his strong  
 hand;

Clear through the tender neck parts the brazen spear-  
 point sprang.

He\* fell with crash resounding, his armour o'er him  
 rang. 50

His hair with blood was moistened ('t was like the Graces'  
 hair),

And curls which well were fastened by gold and silver fair.  
 And as a rustic nurtures in solitary earth  
 An olive plant wide-branching, where much water bubbles  
 forth,

Beauteous and germinating; o'er it the breathings lour 55  
 Of winds from many quarters, and it bears a snowy flower;  
 But suddenly a tempest with whirlwind great comes forth,  
 O'erturns it in the furrow and stretches it on earth;

So Atrides Menelaos, slaying, spoiled the armour sheer  
 Of Panthoides Euphorbos, good with the ashen spear. 60

As when a mountain lion, confiding in his might,  
 From a herd of grazing heifers seizes the best in sight  
 And breaks her neck first, taking her in his powerful teeth;

Then laps up all the entrails and blood upon her death,  
 Tearing, and all around him the dogs and herdsmen there 65

Shout with a mighty clamour from far, but do not dare  
 To go against him boldly; for much pale fear has snared;

Thus the spirit in the bosom of no one 'mid them dared  
 To go 'gainst Menelaos, glorious in war's alarms.

Thus easily Atrides Panthoides' famed arms 70

Had borne away, if Phoebus Apollo were not near,  
 Who urged against him Hektor, to rapid Ares peer,

(Resembling hero Mentès who the Kikonians led);

Who, when he had addressed him, his wing'd words con-  
 veyed:

\*Euphorbos.

"Hektor, in truth, you follow what is from you de-  
barred, 75

Warlike Aiakides' horses, and they are very hard  
For mortal man to master or drive before the car  
By another than Achilles whom a deathless mother bare.  
Meanwhile the son of Atreus, Menelaos manifest,  
Protecting dead Patroklos, has slain the Trojan's best, 80  
Panthoides Euphorbos, and stayed his rushing might."

Thus saying, again the godhead went to the heroes'  
fight.

But dreadful sorrow Hektor in his dark spirit held.  
He looked then through the orders and immediately be-  
held

One\* bearing the famed armour, the other† on the  
ground 85

Lying; and blood was flowing from the inflicted wound.  
He went on through the vanguard; clad in bright brass  
he came,

Calling aloud, the image of Vulcan's quenchless flame;  
Nor did the son of Atreus neglect his sounding call,  
But said (while sighing deeply) in his great mind withal: 90

"Ah me! Should I the armour resplendent here for-  
sake

And Patroklos, who is lying here for my honour's sake?  
I fear some Danaan's anger who may have me in sight.  
But if alone with Hektor and the Trojans, too, I fight  
From shame, I fear lest many surround me here alone; 95  
And here helm-glancing Hektor leads all the Trojans on.  
But wherefore in my spirit do I these things debate?  
Whene'er a man would battle, against the will of fate.  
With man divinely honoured, soon will great ruin be.  
Thus, no one of the Danaans will anger who may see 100  
Me going back 'fore Hektor, aided by gods on high.  
But if I could hear Ajax, good at the battle cry,  
We two, again returning, would think once more of war,  
Though 't were against a godhead, that we the corpse  
might bear  
For Achilles, son of Peleus; 'mid ills, the best 't would  
be." 105

\*Menelaos. †Euphorbos.

While in his mind and spirit he thought thus earnestly,  
 The Trojans were advancing; their orders Hektor led.  
 But he went back before them, and left behind the dead,  
 Turning his footsteps backward, like lion bearded well,  
 Whom men and dogs together from stall attacked repel 110  
 With spears and shouts; the valiant heart in his breast in-  
 rolled,

Is shaken, and unwilling he turns back from the fold;  
 Thus yellow Menelaos turned from Patroklos' corse.  
 He turned and stood on coming to his companion's force  
 And looked for mighty Ajax, the son of Telamon. 115  
 Him soon he found where battle most to the leftward run,  
 Encouraging his comrades and urging on to fight;  
 For King Apollo Phoebus cast o'er them boundless fright.

He ran in haste toward him and, standing by him, said:  
 " Ajax, my friend, come hither and to Patroklos dead 120  
 Haste we, that to Achilles the naked corpse we bear;  
 But helmet-glancing Hektor has now his armour fair."

Thus he, and raised the courage of Ajax, warlike man,  
 And with yellow Menelaos he hastened through the van.  
 But Hektor dragged Patroklos, when he the famed arms  
 shred, 125

That he might from the shoulders cut with sharp brass the  
 head;  
 And dragged the corpse to give it to Trojan dogs in  
 dower.

But Ajax came anear them with buckler like a tower,  
 And Hektor 'mid the concourse of his comrades backward  
 bare

And leapt upon his chariot, and gave the armour fair 130  
 To take toward the city, to be great fame for him.

Ajax o'er Menoitides raised his buckler broad and grim,  
 And stood as stands a lion, fierce to defend its young,  
 Whom, leading forth its offspring the spreading woods  
 among,

Hunters attack; and fiercely he glares his energies 135  
 And draws down all his eyebrows till they conceal his eyes;  
 Thus Ajax round Patroklos, the hero, fiercely moved.  
 On the other side, Atrides Menelaos, Mars-beloved,  
 Stood, nursing in his bosom a mighty sorrow then.



But Hippolochos' son, Glaukos, leader of Lykian  
men, 140

Looking on Hektor grimly, opprobrious accents bare:

"Hektor, in form the fairest, much do you lack in war.  
Though you are prompt in flying, an honest fame you  
have.

Consider how the city and the state you now may save  
With but the people only who are in Ilion born. 145

For no one of the Lykians will round the city turn  
To battle with the Danaans, since there no thanks would  
be

To fight with hostile warriors ever unceasingly.

How would you save a worse man, amid the throng op-  
pressed

Inglorious, since Sarpedon, your comrade and your  
guest, 150

You left a prey and booty to the Argives to accrue?

He was a mighty succour to yourself and city, too,  
While living; now you dare not him from the dogs defend.  
And if now any Lykian to me obedience lend

To go home, the lofty ruin of Troja will appear. 155

For if now that stalwart courage were with the Trojans  
here,

Intrepid, such as heroes possess, who, for their land  
With hostile warriors fighting, bear toil and struggle grand,  
The body of Patroklos we might to Ilion bring.

If he now to the mighty city of Priam, the King, 160  
Should come dead, and we dragged him from the fierce  
toil of war,

The Argives, then, would loosen Sarpedon's armour fair  
At once, and we to Ilion might well his body bear.

For that hero's\* friend is slaughtered who is the best by far  
Of th' Argives by the vessels, and whose men close-fighters  
are. 165

Yet 'gainst great-hearted Ajax you do not dare to rise  
And, in the heavy battle, to view the foeman's eyes,  
Nor front to front oppose him; since he is braver stead."

Then, gazing on him grimly, helm-glancing Hektor  
said:

\*Achilles.

" Being as you are, O Glaukos, why speak so  
haughtily? 170

Ye gods! In truth, I thought you wiser than the others be,  
Than all of those who dwell in the fertile Lykian plain;  
But now I blame your judgment for what you speak in  
vain:

Who says I do not wait for great Ajax in the fray.  
Ne'er have I shunned the combat nor the fierce charger's  
neigh. 175

Yet mightier is ever aegis-bearing Zeus's will,  
Who turn to flight the strong man, and takes the victory  
still

Away with ease, and even when he has urged to fight.  
Yet hither come, my comrade, stand here and view  
aright

My work; for I will ever be coward as you say, 180  
Or some one of the Danaans, though wishing much the  
fray,

I'll keep back from defending Patroklos dead withal."

Thus saying, he exhorted the Trojans with loud call:  
"Ye Trojans, Lykians, Dardans, who battle in close  
fight,

Be men, my friends and comrades, remember rushing  
might, 185

Till I put on the armour fair of Achilles grim,  
Which I took from Patroklos by force when I slew him."

Thus saying, helm-glancing Hektor left there the ardent  
war,

And ran to his companions with speed, not very far,  
With rapid feet pursuing, who to the city bore 190

The famed arms of Pelides. He changed the arms he wore  
Far from the tearful battle, but gave his own to bear  
To the sacred city Ilion, to the Trojans loving war.

He donned the deathless armour of Achilles, which was  
given

To his all-cherished father by the gods who dwell in  
heaven; 195

The ancient gave his offspring who in them knew not eld.  
When now Zeus, cloud-compelling, him from afar be-  
held

In divine Pelides' armour which o'er his shoulders spread,  
He shook his head while pondering and in his spirit said:

"Unhappy man, no thought of black death appears  
to you, 200

Which yet is near; and lightly you deathless arms endue  
Of a transcendent warrior whom eke the others fear.

You killed now his companion of brave and gentle cheer,  
You took from head and shoulders his arms unseemingly.

Howe'er, I now will grant you a mighty victory 205  
In pay, since from you coming back from the war's alarms  
Andromachè will take not Pelides' famous arms."

Thus, with kyanean eyebrows Kronion nodded grim.—  
Th' arms fitted Hektor's body, and Ares entered him,  
Dire, warlike; and his members were filled with ener-  
gies 210

Within, and force and vigour; after the famed allies  
He ran while shouting loudly, and to them all unrolled,  
Blazing in arms, the image of Pelides mighty-souled.  
He each of them exhorted with words solicitous,  
Mesthles and also Glaukos, Medon, Thersilochos, 215  
Disenor, Asteropaios and eke Hippothoos,  
And Chromios and Phorcys and augur Ennomos.

And, while he was exhorting, his wingèd words rang out:  
"Hear me, ye myriad nations of allies who dwell about,  
For I did not assemble you from your cities here, 220  
Because I wished or wanted to bring a concourse near,  
But that the Trojans' consorts and children small, for me,  
From th' Achaians who love warring, you guard all-  
willingly.

Thinking thus, I my people exhaust in gifts assigned  
And food, that I may gladden each one of you in mind. 225  
Thus now, turn straight to warring, either to be destroyed,  
Or that you find salvation; for such does war decide.  
But who shall drag Patroklos, even though he be dead,  
To the charger-taming Trojans and drive back Ajax dread,  
One half the spoil I'll give him; to me one half shall  
be; 230

And he shall have such glory as that assigned to me."

Thus he; and 'gainst the Danaans they went with  
strength combined;

With all their spears raised upward, and much they hoped  
in mind

From Telamonian Ajax the corpse to drag in strife.  
Foolish! For o'er it many he would deprive of life. 235  
Ajax hight Menelaos, good at the battle-cry:

"Menelaos, dear companion, Zeus-bred, no more  
have I

Hope that we twain shall turn back from war and battle  
here.

And not so for the corpse of Patroklos do I fear  
(Which soon the Trojan vultures and dogs will satisfy), 240  
As I fear my head will suffer, and yours, destruction high;  
Since a mighty cloud of battle all things around conceals—  
Hektor—and to us, further, destruction high reveals.  
Come, call the Danaan princes, if anyone may hear."

Thus he; and Menelaos, good at the war-cry drear, 245  
Obeyed and shouted loudly to the Danaans who were near:

"O friends, ye Argive leaders and chiefs who public  
wine

Drink with King Agamemnon and Menelaos divine,  
Who each rules o'er his people; honour and glory true  
Proceed from Zeus high-thundering. 'T is hard for me  
to view 250

Each chief, so great a combat of war burns past control.  
Yet let someone come forward with anger in his soul,  
That Patroklos should be given to Trojan dogs a prey."

Thus he; and rapid Ajax, Oilean, heard him say,  
And ran the first toward him through the hostilities, 255  
And, after him, Idomeneus, with him Meriones,  
Idomeneus' armour-bearer, peer of Mars homicide.  
But who could in his spirit the names of the others hide,—  
Of th' Argives who to battle at once together sped?

The Trojans first thronged forward; their orders  
Hektor led. 260

And as when at the outlet of a river flowing from Zeus,  
A great wave 'gainst the current roars and the high  
shores thus

Sound when the wave is driven out of the ocean's flood;  
With such a din the Trojans went; but th' Achaians stood  
Around dead Menoitides, having one mind's accord, 265

Fenced by their brazen bucklers. But great Kronion  
poured

Around their glittering hemlets a mass of dusky air;  
Since he to Menoitiades erewhile no hatred bare,  
While yet he lived a servant of high Aiakides;  
And wished him not a prey for the dogs of enemies, 270  
The Trojans, and incited his friends to guard beside.

But first the Trojans drove back th' Achaians glancing-  
eyed.

And they left there the body and fled, by fear inspired,  
But none the haughty Trojans slew with spears, though they  
desired,

Yet dragged away the body. But little time were gone 275  
Th' Achaians from the conflict; for they were turned anon  
By Ajax, who the Danaans in form and works excelled,  
Except Pelides blameless, who o'er the rest was held.

He went straight through the foremost, like wild boar in  
his might,

Who lightly in the mountains scatters and turns to  
flight 280

The dogs and young men blooming, turning through the  
thick wood;

Thus the son of noble Telamon, Ajax high-born and good,  
Approaching, lightly scattered the Trojans' ordered host,  
Who stood around Patroklos, and were considering most  
Of dragging to their city and gaining fame anon. 285

Meanwhile Pelasgian Lethos' high and illustrious son,  
Hippochoos, was dragging by foot in powerful fight,  
By strap around the ankles and tendons fastened tight,  
Pleasing Hektor and the Trojans; but evil soon transpired  
To him whom none defended, though much they all  
desired. 290

For him the son of Telamon, rushing on through the band,  
Struck through the brass-cheeked helmet while fighting  
hand to hand;

The horsehaired helm divided before the spear-point  
thrust,

Struck by the ponderous weapon and by the hand robust.  
From the deep wound the bloody brain by the cone ran  
forth; 295

And there his strength was loosened, and from his hands  
to earth

He dropped great-souled Patroklos' foot, there to lie  
outspread,

And he himself fell near him, prone and upon the dead,  
Far from rich-soiled Larissa, nor to his parents paid  
The value of his nurture; for short his life was made, 300  
Since mighty-minded Ajax subdued with spear in fight.  
But Hektor flung at Ajax with javelin shining bright.  
Yet he beheld it coming and shunned the brass spear  
thrown,

Slightly; and that struck Schedios, great Iphitos's son,  
By far the best Phokean, who dwelt in mansions  
known 305

In Panopeus all-famous, ruling o'er many men.  
'Neath the clavicle's mid portion it struck, and through  
it then

And through the lowest shoulder the brazen spear-point  
sprang.

He fell with crash resounding, and his armour o'er him rang.  
But Ajax warlike Phorkys, the son of Phainops, thus 310  
Struck in the middle belly, guarding Hippothoos,  
And broke the corselet's hollow; and the brass weapon  
spanned

The entrails; in dust falling, he seized earth with his hand.  
Then all those warring foremost and great Hektor left the  
fray;

And the Argives shouted greatly and drew the dead  
away, 315

Both Phorkys and Hippothoos; th' arms from their shoul-  
ders shred.

And back again to Ilion the Trojans would have fled  
Before the brave Achaians, subdued by cowardice great,  
And the Argives had won glory in spite of Zeus's fate,  
By their strength and by their valour, had Phoebus not  
urged on 320

Æneas (in form like Periphas, the herald Epytis' son,  
Who with his ancient father aged while he heralded,  
Knowing counsels); him resembling, Zeus' son, Apollo,  
said:

"How can you now, Æneas, without a god maintain  
The city, lofty Ilion? For I saw the other men 325  
Confiding in their valour and strength and bravery  
And the fulness of their numbers and in their host fear-  
free.

Zeus wishes us the victory and would rather give by far  
Than to th' Argives; but you tremble greatly and do not  
war."

Thus he; Æneas knew then far-darting Phoebus  
nigh, 330  
By seeing him, and Hektor he called with mighty cry:

"Hektor, and th' other leaders of Trojans and allies,  
If we went now to Ilion 't would be in shameless guise,  
Before the Mars-loved Danaans, o'ermastered by our fear.  
Since now one of the godheads, beside me standing  
near, 335

Said Zeus, the highest counsellor, aided our battle here.  
Thus, go we 'gainst the Danaans, nor let them without  
pain

Bear to the ships the body of great Patroklos slain."

Thus he, and, leaping forward, before the van stood far.  
And they were turned and stood there against th' Acha-  
ians' war. 340

And now Æneas wounded Leiokritos with spear,  
The son of great Arisbas, Lykomedes' brave compeer.  
But Mars-loved Lykomedes pitied him falling there  
And, going very near him, flung his javelin shining fair  
And wounded Apisaon, the pastor of his folk, 345  
In the liver 'neath the midriff; his knees loosed at the  
stroke;

And he came from Paionia, of fertile fields possessed,  
And, next Asteropaios, in fighting was the best.  
Mars-loved Asteropaios pitied him falling there,  
And straight against the Danaans, to fight them, promptly  
bare. 350

Yet could accomplish nothing; for with shields they  
fenced all o'er,  
Standing around Patroklos, and held their spears before.  
For Ajax urged all greatly and many an order sped,  
Nor suffered any warrior to go back from the dead,

Nor suffered any to battle before th' Achaians' band, 355  
 But kept them close about him to battle hand to hand.  
 Thus mighty Ajax ordered; the earth with purple blood  
 Was wet; and o'er each other in heaps confused and rude,  
 Fell the bodies of the Trojans and impetuous allies  
 And Danaans; for not bloodless were their hostilities. 360  
 Yet, the less number perished; for they stood ever by  
 Each other in the tumult to ward destruction high.

Thus, fire-like, they kept fighting; nor might you there  
 vouchsafe

That the sun was then in safety or that the moon was safe.  
 For darkness held the battle, where all the best amain 365  
 Stood and were pressed in combat round Menoitades slain.  
 But all the other Trojans and well-greaved Achaian train  
 Fought under the clear ether; the sun's rays blazing clear  
 Above the whole extended; nor did a cloud appear  
 O'er all the earth and mountains; at intervals they  
 fought, 370

Warding the foemen's missiles which heavy sorrow  
 wrought,

By standing far disparted. Those in the middle bore  
 Pain from the gloom and warring; and the brass cruel  
 wore

The best of those among them. Two men in fame pre-  
 ferred,

Thrasymedes and Antilochos, had yet in nowise heard 375  
 The death of great Patroklos, but thought him living yet  
 To battle with the Trojans, amid the foremost set.

But these two heroes, viewing their comrades' death and  
 flight,

Fought from the rest divided; for so had Nestor hight,  
 From the all-sable vessels exhorting to the fray. 380

And a dire strife of battle came to them all the day;  
 Their knees and legs forever, and the feet beneath each  
 one,

And hands and eyes were fouled by the sweat and labour  
 done

In fight round the good servant of foot-fleet Peleus' son.  
 As when a man his servants the hide of a great bull 385  
 May give, that they distend it, and which of fat is full;



And they receive and, standing apart, around it pull  
 In circle, and the moisture immediately comes out,  
 And the fatty matter enters (many pulling round about);  
 And 't is thoroughly distended; thus both sides here and  
 there, 390

In small space, drew the body, for much their spirit bare  
 Those of Troy to drag to Ilion, but the Achaian band  
 To take to the hollow vessels; and round him rose moil  
 grand;

And Mars, inciting armies, and Pallas could not blame  
 If she had seen the tumult, though angered much she  
 came. 395

So Zeus above Patroklos an evil toil that day  
 Laid out for men and horses. Nor did in any way  
 Divine Achilles know that Patroklos lay there dead.  
 For far from the swift vessels they fought in combat dread,  
 Beneath the Trojan ramparts; never in soul he  
 thought 400

That he\* would die, but living return from battle fought,  
 After he reached the portals; since he did not think at all  
 He could raze the town without him, nor with himself  
 withal.

For often from his mother he learned this, heard apart,  
 Who told him oft the counsels designed in great Jove's  
 heart; 405

But ne'er she told such evil as that which now occurred:  
 That his much loved companion should sink to death  
 abhorred.—

But ever round the body their sharpened spears they  
 held,

And aye charged one another and one another killed;  
 And thus would say some hero of th' Achaians brazen-  
 dressed: 410

“O friends, it were not glorious for us to be thus pressed  
 Back to the hollow vessels; rather may black earth's  
 breast

Yawn for all here together; 't were better far for us  
 Than leave Patroklos' body to horse-taming Trojans  
 thus,

\*Patroklos.

To drag back to their city and glory great obtain." 415

And thus would say some hero of the great-souled Trojan train:

"O friends, if it be fated that all at once should die  
Beside this warrior's body, let none the combat fly."

Thus said some of the warriors and roused their comrades' mood,

While they were waging battle; and iron clangour rude 420

Rose to the brazen heaven up through the barren air.

But the horses of Aiakides, when they were far from war,

Wept when at first they knew that their charioteer and guide

Had fallen in dust, prostrated by Hektor homicide.

But, of a truth, Automedon, Dioces' powerful son, 425

Full many a blow had dealt them, with swift whip urging on,

And many kind words had spoken and many a threat applied;

Yet they wished not to the vessels by Hellespontos wide

To go back, nor in battle with the Achaians to come.

But as a pillar moves not, which stands upon the tomb 430

Of a dead man of woman; thus motionless in gloom

They held the beauteous chariot, drooping their heads to earth;

And hot tears from the eyelids of these (who grieved) flowed forth,

Their charioteer desiring; fouled were their manes of pride,

And fell down from the collar by the yoke on either side. 435

And, seeing the two lamenting, Kronion felt their dole,

And shook his head, reflecting, and said within his soul:

"Unhappy pair! Why give you to Peleus, mortal king

(For you twain are immortal, without age withering),

That you might share the sorrows which hapless men befall? 440

For naught is more unhappy than man himself, of all

The living sentient beings which breathe and move on earth.

Yet Hektor, son of Priam, shall never be borne forth  
 By you on dedal chariot; for I will not permit.  
 Is't not enough possessing the arms and boasting it? 445  
 Yet I will cast such vigour in spirit and in knees  
 That you shall save Automedon from the hostilities  
 Amid the hollow vessels; I'll give them\* glory yet  
 To kill, until the vessels, well-banked, their force has met,  
 Till comes the sacred darkness, and the sun sinks in the  
 wave." 450

Thus saying, exceeding vigour to both the steeds he  
 gave.

And from their manes they cast off the dust to earth afar,  
 And 'mid th' Achaïans and Trojans bore fast the rapid car.  
 With them Automedon battled;—though for his friend's  
 decease

He grieved, acar he rushed on like vulture after geese; 455  
 For easily he fled from the Trojans' tumult loud,  
 And easily he rushed on and chased the mighty crowd.  
 Yet did not slay the warriors when he had charged afar,  
 For he was nowise able, lone in the sacred car,  
 With spear to rush upon them and guide the steeds im-  
 pelled. 460

At last one of his comrades him with his eyes beheld,  
 Alkimedon, the son of Laerkeus, Aimon's son;  
 He stood behind the car and bespoke Automedon:  
 "Automedon, what godhead has placed within your  
 breast

These counsels which are useless, and your good sense  
 oppressed? 465  
 Since singly 'gainst the Trojans amid the foremost crowd  
 You fight; but your companion is slain, and Hektor  
 proud

Joys with Aiakides' armour upon his shoulders laid."

To him in turn Automedon, son of Diores, said:  
 "Alkimedon, what other of th' Achaïans, like you,  
 succeeds 470

In holding sure dominion o'er these immortal steeds,  
 Unless it be Patroklos, counsellor like a god,  
 While yet he lived? At present, death and black fate corrode.  
 \*The Trojans.

But you receive the scourge and the guide-reins shining  
bright,

And I will from the chariot descend, that I may fight." 475

Thus he; Alkimedon mounted the chariot swift in war,  
And in his hands took quickly the whip and guide-reins  
fair.

Automedon descended, famed Hektor saw him here,

And there at once accosted Æneas who was near:

" Æneas, valiant counsellor for the Trojans brazen-  
dressed, 480

I have noticed the two coursers which fleet Aiakides  
possessed,

Advancing through the battle with charioteers distressed.

Thus may I hope to seize them if you desire in mind;

Since, if we two rushed on them, they would not courage  
find

To stand against us boldly and fight in Ares there." 485

Thus he; nor disobeyed him Anchises' valiant heir.

Both went straight on; their shoulders with bull's-hides  
covered o'er,

Dried hard and very solid; and much of brass they bore.

And with them rushed on Chromios and Aretos godlike  
fair,

Who greatly hoped in spirit to kill the twain and bear 490

The steeds with necks high-arching. Fools! who would  
not retire

Bloodless before Automedon who, praying Zeus, the Sire,

Was filled with strength and valour in his black-blood-  
girt mind.

Immediately Automedon said to his comrade kind:

" Hold not the steeds, Alkimedon, far from me in at-  
tack, 495

But keep them very close so they breathe upon my back;

For I think Priamides Hektor his strength will not restrain

Before he mounts Achilles' horses with beauteous mane

And kills us both and th' orders of th' Argives turns to  
flight,

Or he himself is slaughtered among the first in fight." 500

Thus saying, he called th' Ajaces and Menelaos true:

" Ajaces, Argive leaders, and Menelaos, too,

Leave now, to guard the body, those men who are the best.  
 Let them go round it, guarding, and ward off men infest,  
 And from us who are living keep off the cruel day; 505  
 For now with weight rush on us amid the tearful fray  
 Æneas and great Hektor, who are the Trojans' best.  
 But, truly, all these matters lie on the godheads' knees,  
 And I will fling my javelin; for all this Jove's care sees."

Thus he, and, after shaking, sent his long-shadowed  
 spear, 510

And struck Aretos' buckler, all-equal shining sheer;  
 It did not ward the javelin; through it the brass rushed on,  
 And in the lowest belly drove on clear through the zone.  
 As when a young man, having a sharp ax in his hands,  
 Strikes just behind the horns of a wild bull he with-  
 stands, 515

And cuts through the whole tendon; the beast falls with  
 a bound;

Thus he, then, bounding forward, fell supine upon the  
 ground;

The spear swayed in his entrails and loosed his members  
 light.—

Hektor flung at Automedon with javelin shining bright;  
 Yet he beheld it coming and shunned the brazen spear 520  
 By bending quickly forward; the long lance in his rear  
 In the dense earth was fastened, and the spear's last  
 portion shook;

But then the powerful weapon at length its force forsook.  
 Now they amain with falchions had battled hand to hand,  
 Had not the two Ajaces, all fain, disjoined the band, 525  
 Who went amid the tumult when their comrades called  
 them there.

And Hektor and Æneas and Chromios, godlike fair,  
 Fearing them very greatly turned backward from the war,  
 And left Aretos lying, though grieved in spirit sore.—

The peer of rapid Ares, Automedon, then, bore 530  
 Away as spoil his armour and, boasting loudly, said:

"In sooth, a very little for Menoitiaes dead  
 I cleared my heart of sorrow, and a worse man subdued."

Thus saying, in the chariot the spoils bestained with  
 blood

He placed, and mounted by them; he had a bloody  
stain 535

On feet and hands, like lion eating a bull just slain.

Then back upon Patroklos the powerful battle surged  
(Of many tears and grievous); the strife Athena urged,  
Who had come down from heaven; for Zeus wide-thunder-  
ing sent

To urge to war the Danaans; for his mind changed in  
intent. 540

As Zeus a purple rainbow to mortal men may spread  
Forth from the lofty heaven to be a wonder dread  
For war or chilly winter which rustic workmen locks  
From all their rural labours, and saddens all the flocks;  
So she about her body a purple cloudlet spun, 545

Came to th' Achaians' army and urged on every one.

But first the son of Atreus inciting, she addressed,  
The powerful Menelaos, who very near her pressed;  
She took the form of Phoinix and eke his voice unworn:

"To you, O Menelaos, will come reproach and scorn, 550  
If the swift dogs shall mangle beneath the Trojan wall  
Illustrious Achilles' companion, true in all.

Yet hold yourself unyielding and urge on all the folk."

To her then Menelaos, good at the war-cry, spoke:  
"My father Phoinix, ancient, you who were born of  
old, 555

If Athena gives me vigour the rush of darts to hold,  
Much will I wish in battle to stand beside and guard  
Patroklos; for in dying with grief my mind he marred.  
Yet Hektor aye possesses the baleful strength of flame,  
And slays with brass forever; for thus Zeus offers  
fame." 560

Thus he; fierce-eyed Athena, the goddess, joyed withal,  
Since of the many godheads he prayed her first of all.  
She on his knees and shoulders a vigour great impressed,  
And gave to him the courage within a small fly's breast,  
Which oft driven from the body of man, with furious  
heat 565

Ever persists in biting and finds the blood most sweet;  
She filled with such a courage his mind, which dwells in  
night.—

He went beside Patroklos and flung with javelin bright.  
 There was among the Trojans Podes, Eetion's son,  
 Wealthy and brave; from Hektor he greatest honour  
 won 570

Of all, since he was comrade and of his feasts partook;  
 Him, now, upon the baldrick blonde Menelaos struck  
 As he was fleeing swiftly, and drove the brass clear  
 through;

He fell with crash resounding. But Menelaos drew  
 The body from the Trojans to his companion train. 575

But standing close by Hektor, Apollo urged amain,  
 Like Phainops, son of Asios, who from Abydos come,  
 And was the dearest guest-friend who dwelt within his  
 dome;

[Him, then, in form resembling, far-darting Phoebus said:]

"Hektor, what other Achaian will hold you now in  
 dread, 580

Since now this Menelaos you fly, who aye before  
 Was but a sorry warrior? Yet now, alone, he bore  
 The body from the Trojans, has your true friend undone,  
 Warring amid the foremost, Podes, Eetion's son."

Thus he; and sable darkness of sorrow came o'er  
 him; 585

He went on through the vanguard, brass-armed and glittering grim.

Then Zeus took up his aegis which many a tassel trailed,  
 Refulgent, and the mountains of Ide with storm-clouds  
 veiled

And, lightning, thundered loudly and shook it from the  
 hight,

And gave the Trojans victory and turned th' Achaians to  
 flight. 590

Peneleus, the Boeotian, the first, the panic took.  
 For at th' extremest shoulder with slight wound was he  
 struck,

Turned ever to the foemen; but great Polydamas' spear  
 Grazed on the bone before it; for he struck while he came  
 near.

Then Hektor wounded Leitos on the hand upon the  
 wrist, 595

Son of great-souled Alektryon, and caused him to desist  
From war; he fled in terror, and no more in spirit planned  
To battle with the Trojans, holding his spear in hand.

Idomeneus struck Hektor, who after Leitos pressed,  
A blow upon the corselet by the nipple of the breast; 600  
The long spear broke at socket; the Trojans shouted loud.  
But Hektor flung his javelin at Idomeneus who stood  
Aloft upon his chariot; yet erred a space the spear;  
But struck Merion's companion who was his charioteer,  
Koiranos, who had followed from well-built Lyktos  
here 605

(For first he\* came a footman, his ships rowed equally  
He left and would have given the Trojans victory,  
Had Koiranos not driven the foot-swift steeds afray,  
And thus to him brought safety and fenced the cruel day;  
But his own life was taken by Hektor homicide, 610  
Who struck 'neath ear and jaw-bone); the spear-point  
pushed aside

The teeth in passing onward and cut the middle tongue.  
He fell out of the chariot, to earth the guide-reins flung,  
And from the plain Meriones these in his own hands took,  
Bending himself to seize them, and Idomeneus be-  
spoke: 615

"Urge on with the scourge the horses till the rapid  
ships you gain,  
For you yourself may see that th' Achaians fight in vain."  
Thus he; Idomeneus scourged on the steeds with beau-  
teous mane

Upon the hollow vessels; and fear his mind inrolled.  
Yet Zeus watched Menelaos and Ajax mighty-souled, 620  
When now he gave the Trojans the doubtful victory.  
But great Telamonian Ajax spoke to them earnestly:

"Ye gods, 't is very certain, the stupidest might know  
That even Zeus, the Father, succours the Trojan foe.  
The darts of all strike surely, whoever lets them fall, 625  
If strenuous or unwarlike, since Zeus directs them all;  
While with us all our missiles fall to the earth oppressed.  
Yet come, let us consider what counsel is the best:  
How we may drag the body, and how we may become

\*Merion.



A joy to our dear comrades when we have reached our  
home. 630

When they look here they sorrow and think we cannot bide  
The strength and hands unconquered of Hektor homicide,  
Yet that we fall in ruin here by the vessels black.

Would that there were some comrade to bear quick mes-  
sage back

To Pelides; since I think that to him is nowise known 635  
The sorrow-weighted message that his dear friend has  
gone.

Yet I can see in nowise such Achaian to assist,  
For both ourselves and horses are wrapped in dusky mist.  
Zeus Father, free, I pray you, the Achaians' sons from  
night,

And give us cloudless ether, and let us see the light, 640  
And in the light destroy us, if now you wish it so."

Thus he; the Father pitied him, weeping in his woe,  
And quickly scattered darkness and drove the cloud away;  
The sun shone clear above them and lightened all the  
fray.—

Ajax hight Menelaos, good at the battle-cry; 645  
"Zeus-nurtured Menelaos, look well if you may spy  
Antilochos, if living, great-minded Nestor's son,  
And urge him to Achilles warlike in haste to run,  
And say to him his comrade most cherished has been  
killed."

Thus he; nor disobeyed him Menelaos, battle-skilled, 650  
But hastened as a lion from stalls where oxen stay,  
When he is tired inciting the dogs and men at bay,  
Who do not let him seize on the fat of oxen great,  
And watch all night; he, longing for flesh, drives on them  
straight,

Yet by it profits nothing, for thick the javelins bear 655  
In rapid flight against him, impelled by hands which dare;  
And blazing torches fright him; though he be much in-  
clined,

He goes away at morning afflicted in his mind;  
Thus from Patroklos' body Menelaos, good in war,  
Went very much unwilling; he feared th' Achaians  
there 660

From grievous fear might leave it a spoil for hostile hands.  
Thus to Merion and th' Ajaces he gave full many commands:

"Ajaces, Argive leaders, and you Meriones, too,  
Remember poor Patroklos, so gentle and so true;  
For well he knew, while living, to be a joy to all; 665  
But now guard well his body, since death and fate befall."

Thus saying, blonde Menelaos proceeded on his way,  
Observing well about him, like eagle, who, they say,  
Possesses sharpest vision of all birds 'neath the sky,  
Nor does the fleet hare 'scape him (though he soar very  
high), 670

Lying in close-set thicket; he rushes on the prey  
And, seizing on it quickly, takes fain its life away;  
Thus, Zeus-bred Menelaos, you turned both radiant eyes  
About in all directions amid your many allies  
To see the son of Nestor, if he were living yet. 675  
To left of all the battle that chief his vision met,  
Who strengthened his companions and urged them on  
to fight.

But, standing close beside him, blonde Menelaos hight:

"Antilochos Zeus-nurtured, come hither that you know  
The grievous tale of sorrow—would that it were not  
so! 680

I think that now I see you expecting to be told  
Some god a great misfortune on the Danaans has rolled,  
With victory for the Trojans.—The best Achaian is killed,  
Patroklos, and the Danaans with great desire\* are filled.—  
Yet to the Danaans' vessels run quickly with all force, 685  
And tell divine Achilles, that he the naked corse  
May save, perchance; but Hektor, helm-glancing, has  
the arms."

Thus spoke he; and Antilochos shuddered to hear the  
harms.

Long, lack of words possessed him; and both his eyes were  
filled

By tears to overflowing, and his fair voice was stilled. 690  
Yet he nowise neglected what Menelaos told,  
But ran and gave his armour to his companion bold,

\*For Patroklos.

Laodokos, who guided his whole-hoofed horses near.  
 Him, while he wept profusely, his feet bore from the war  
 To Achilles, son of Peleus, to tell the message dire. 695

Yet, Zeus-bred Menelaos, your mind did not desire  
 To guard your worn companions where Antilochos went  
 away.

But great longing seized the Pylians at his absence from  
 the fray;

Yet godlike Thrasymedes to them at once he sent,  
 And himself toward the place of hero Patroklos went; 700  
 Then ran to the Ajaces and them at once addressed:

"Him to the rapid vessels I have dispatched in haste  
 To go to fleet Achilles; Pelides will not go  
 At once, I think, though angered 'gainst godlike Hektor  
 so;

For, lacking arms, the Trojans he could nowise contest. 705  
 But we ourselves should think out what counsel is the best:  
 How we may save the body, and how ourselves may fly  
 The combat with the Trojans and death and Keres nigh."

Great Telamonian Ajax him, then, in turn addressed:  
 "All have you said as fated, Menelaos manifest, 710  
 Yet you and Merion quickly go forth, and stooping low,  
 Raise up and bear the body from the tumult and the foe.  
 Behind we twain with Trojans and Hektor divine will war,  
 Both having equal spirit, like named, and who before,  
 Remaining by each other, sustained sharp Mars'  
 alarms." 715

Thus he; and they the body from earth raised in their  
 arms

On high; the Trojan people behind them clamour spread,  
 When they beheld th' Achaians thus bearing off the dead.  
 Like dogs they rushed straight onward, who on a wounded  
 boar

Rush ere the youthful hunters who speed with all their  
 power; 720

Awhile they rush on after, eager to tear in flight,  
 Yet when he turns upon them, confiding in his might,  
 They flee back in swift terror and scatter here and there;  
 Thus the Trojans, while they ever in concourse onward  
 bare,

Struck with their swords and javelins which bore a two-  
edged blade; 725  
Yet when th' Ajaces, turning, a stand against them made,  
Their colour changed, nor dared they rush to fight around  
the dead.

Thus eagerly the body they from the warring bore  
Upon the hollow vessels; though yet the battle sore,  
Like fire, to them extended, which grasps a city of men 730  
And, rushing, swiftly burns it; the houses lessen then  
In the great blaze; and through it roars loud the wind's  
full sway;

Thus the ill-echoing tumult pursued them going away  
(Of chariots and of horses and men with bucklers dight).  
But they dragged as strong mules draw (exerting powerful  
might) 735

By rough path down the mountain a ship's great beam or  
spar,

And their minds are worn by labour and sweat as they  
haste there;

Thus with zeal they bore the body. The two Ajaces  
stood

Behind and held the Trojans, just as a belt of wood  
Repels a flood of water, reaching across the plain 740  
Which stems the noxious currents of mighty streams amain  
And turns the flowing currents of all upon the plain;  
Nor does the rushing river break through by any might;  
Thus ever the Ajaces pushed backward in the fight  
The Trojans; but they followed, and two of them the  
most, 745

Anchises' son, Æneas and Hektor, Ilion's boast.  
And as a cloud of starlings or daws will turn and fly  
With clamour dire on seeing a hawk approaching nigh,  
Which bears to little birdlings destruction without ruth;  
Thus 'fore Æneas and Hektor all the Achaian youth 750  
Went with terrific clamour, and they forgot to war.  
And in the trench and round it there fell much armour  
fair

Of the Danaans who were flying; but the battle ceased  
not there.

## BOOK XVIII.

## THE MAKING OF THE ARMS.

Thus, then, they kept on fighting in the form of sparkling flame;

But Antilochos as messenger soon to Achilles came.  
He found him by the vessels of lofty stern and prow,  
Revolving in his spirit what deeds were fated now,  
And saying in his sorrow to his great-hearted soul: 5  
“ Ah me! Why do th’ Achaïans, long-haired, confusedly roll

Back on the ships, in terror dispersing on the plain?  
I fear me that the godheads ill cares for me ordain,  
Since once my mother told me, with many a phrase beset,  
That the bravest Myrmidonian, while I was living yet,  
Smit by the hands of Trojans, would leave the sunlight spread.

In sooth, the powerful son of Menoitios must be dead;  
The wretched one! I told him, when he’d the fire debarred,

To come back to the vessels, nor fight with Hektor hard.”

But, while in mind and spirit he turned these matters high, 15

The son of highborn Nestor approached him and stood nigh,

Pouring down burning tear-drops, and told his message drear:

“ O son of warlike Peleus, alas! Soon shall you hear  
A very mournful message—would that ’t were not perforce!  
Patroklos lies o’ermastered, and round his naked corse 20  
They battle; but his armour helm-glancing Hektor bears.”

Thus he; and o’er him settled a sable cloud of cares;  
And, seizing dust and ashes with both his hands, he piled  
Them on his head in sorrow, and his fair face defiled.  
O’er his nectarean tunic the ashes dark were shed. 25  
His own huge bulk extended wide o’er the dust outspread;  
And with his hands he seized on his hair and foully tore.

The maidens, whom Patroklos and he in plundering  
bore,  
Shrieked greatly, grieved in spirit, and ran outside the door  
Around Achilles warlike, and all their bosoms struck 30  
With frenzied hands; the members of each, relaxing,  
shook.

Meanwhile Antilochos sorrowed and felt the tear-drops'  
smart,  
Achilles' hand caressing, and groaned in his high heart;  
For he feared that he might open his own throat with his  
sword,

So direly he lamented. His revered mother heard 35  
(Sitting in Ocean's caverns beside her father old),  
And sent forth ululations; and round about were told  
All of old Nereus' daughters at the bottom of the sea.  
There were Thalia, Glaukè and eke Komodokè,  
Nesaiè, Spio, Thoè and great-eyed Haliè, 40  
Aktaïè, Limnoria and eke Kymothoè,  
Agavè and Amphithoè, Iaira, Melitè,  
And Doto and Pherousa, Proto, Dynamenè,  
Dexamenè, Kallianira, with them Amphinomè,  
Doris and Galatea renowned and Panopè, 45  
Nemertes and Apseudes and beauteous Kallianassa;  
And there were Ianira, Klymenè, and Ianassa,  
Maira and Orithyia, Amathia with fair hair,  
And more of Nereus' daughters who in Ocean's caverns  
were.

With these the silvery cavern was filled, and all as one 50  
Struck on their breasts, and Thetis the cry of wail begun:  
"Hear, daughters of old Nereus, that all of you may  
know,

By hearing, all the sorrows which in my spirit flow.  
Ah woe to me, unhappy. Ah me, who bore the best!  
Who bore a blameless offspring, powerful and mani-  
fest,— 55

Most excellent of heroes; he grew up like a plant;  
And him I reared like sapling in field luxuriant,  
And sent on curve-bowed vessel to sacred Ilion's plain,  
To battle with the Trojans, not to receive again

\*Achilles.

Returning safely homeward to Peleus' palaces. 60  
 But while he yet is living and Helios' radiance sees,  
 He grieves, nor am I able to aid him, going near.  
 I go that I may look on my dear son, that I hear  
 How sorrow came upon him while he abstained from war."

Thus saying, she left the cavern; the Nereids with her 65  
 Went weeping; and around them the billows of the main  
 Were opened.—When they came to the fertile Trojan  
 plain,

They went on shore in order where were full thickly drawn  
 The vessels of the Myrmidons round Peleus' foot-swift son.  
 By him his revered mother stood, while deep groans  
 he sped 70

With piercing ululations, and took her own son's head  
 And, while she there lamented, with winged words ad-  
 dressed:

"My son, why do you sorrow? What grief has touch-  
 ed your breast?

Speak out, and do not hide it; since Zeus gave those de-  
 mands,

Which erst you supplicated with your uplifted hands: 75  
 To drive back on the vessels all the Achaian bands,  
 So they might wish your succour and feel dishonour dread."

Then to her fleet Achilles with heavy groaning said:

"My mother, the Olympian for me these things has done.  
 But where is now the pleasure, since my dear friend has  
 gone, 80

Patroklos, whom I honoured the most of all my friends,  
 Like my own soul? I killed him; and Hektor, warring,  
 rends

From him his mighty armour—a miracle to see—  
 Fair, which the gods gave Peleus (splendid gratuity!),  
 That day when you to mortal in marriage bed they gave. 85  
 Would that you 'mid the deathless, fair daughters of the  
 wave

Had dwelt, and they to Peleus had led a mortal bride.  
 But now, since in your bosom ten thousand sorrows hide,  
 Because your son must perish, nor you receive again  
 Him safely coming homeward;—nor does my soul con-  
 strain 90

Myself to live nor mingle with men, unless at first  
 Hektor, struck by my javelin, shall lose his life accurst,  
 And has, for Menoitiaides, the price of blood restored."

To him responded Thetis, whose copious tear-drops  
 poured:

"O son, soon will your fate be (from what you now de-  
 bate);

For, pressing that of Hektor, will come your ready fate."

To her then, deeply sighing, foot-fleet Achilles said:

"Then may I perish quickly since I no succour led  
 To guard my comrade dying. Far from his native land  
 He died, and wished my succour to ward the evil  
 banned.

But now, since I return not to my dear fatherland,  
 And nowise to Patroklos a light of safety shine,  
 Nor to my many comrades, subdued by Hektor divine,  
 But sit beside my vessels, a useless weight on earth,  
 Being such as is no other of high Achaian birth 105  
 In war; though in the council others are better far,  
 Would that, from men and godheads, might perish Dis-  
 cord's jar

And Anger which the hero most prudent may provoke,  
 Which in the human bosom augments in size, like smoke.  
 Tis sweeter far than honey distilling from the den:  
 Thus, now against me angered Agamemnon, king of  
 men.—

Yet let us leave these bygones, though they an anguish be,  
 And tame the mind within us by hard necessity.

But now, to the destroyer of this dear head I go,  
 Hektor; and fate destroying myself will undergo 115  
 Whene'er the other godheads and Zeus shall wish my end.  
 For naught the might Herculean did him from fate defend  
 (Who was of all most cherished by King Kronion Zeus);  
 Yet Fate tamed him and Hera's wrath dire and ruinous.

Thus will I lie whenever such Fate approaches me, 120  
 Whene'er I die; at present let lofty glory be;  
 And some deep-breasted woman, Dardanian or of Troy,  
 May I constrain to frequent lamenting and annoy,  
 So tears from her cheeks tender with both her hands she  
 bear,



And may they know the long time that I have ceased  
from war. 125

Deny not war, though loving, for you will not persuade."

Then silver-footed Thetis, the goddess, to him said:

"My son, these things are certain and true; 't is not abhorred

From your distressed companions destruction high to ward.

Yet your all-beauteous armour among the Trojans fares 130

(Brazen and brightly shining); helm-glancing Hektor bears

It proudly on his shoulders; yet no long time, I trow,

Will he exult in splendour, since near his o'erthrow.

Howe'er, approach in nowise Ares' hostilities,

Before you see me coming hither with your own eyes. 135

For I will come at morning, when Helios' rays first spring,

And I from King Hephaistos resplendent arms will bring."

Thus saying, from her offspring she turned herself again,  
And, turning round, she spoke to her sisters of the main:

"Beneath the sea's wide bosom descend you presently, 140

And you the Ocean's ancient and our father's domes will see,

And all these matters tell him; to Olympus high I go,

To famed-in-art Hephaistos, to see if he'll bestow

Upon my son famed armour, transcendent in its glow."

Thus she; and they descended beneath the ocean wave; 145

But silver-footed Thetis to high Olympus drave

That she might bring famed armour for her dear son to wear.

Her, then to great Olympus her feet full quickly bare.

But th' Achaïans to the vessels and Hellespontos wide

Fled with a boundless clamour from Hektor homicide. 150

Yet the well-greaved Achaïans drew not Patroklos' corse

Back from the darts (the servant of great Achilles' force);

For followed close behind him the people and the horse

And Hektor, son of Priam, like fire in might replete.—

Behind him, famous Hektor seized three times by the feet,

Desiring much to drag him, and much the Trojans hight;  
And thrice the two Ajaces, endowed with rushing might,  
Thrust him back from the body; he, with firm will en-  
dowed

And in his might confiding, sometimes charged through  
the crowd,

Or stopped and shouted loudly, but did not go away.—160  
And as the watching shepherds by no means from his prey  
Can drive a tawny lion when pressed by hunger great;  
Thus, now, the two Ajaces, in glittering arms elate,  
Could not so frighten Hektor that he would leave the corse.  
And there he would have dragged it and won great fame  
perforce, 165

Had not fleet wind-foot Iris to great Pelides run  
With message from Olympus his glittering arms to don  
(Zeus and the gods not knowing), for Hera urged her on.  
She, standing close beside him, with winged words spoke  
then:

“ Arise for deeds, Pelides, most terrible of men, 170  
And bring aid to Patroklos, for whom a combat ill  
Is waged before the vessels. The foes each other kill:  
And some stand there, defending the body of the slain;  
The Trojans rush in fury that they may drag amain  
To wind-swept Troy; most fiercely illustrious Hektor  
seeks 175

To drag; his soul commands him to fix the head on stakes,  
When, from the neck dissevered, he has in full control.  
But come, lie there no longer, let reverence touch your soul.  
For, if Patroklos' body to Trojan dogs were prey,  
It were to you dishonour—if outraged any way.” 180

Divine foot-fleet Achilles said then in turn to her:

“ What god, O goddess Iris, sent you a messenger ?”  
Again swift wind-foot Iris in turn addressed him thus:  
“ 'T is Hera who has sent me, the glorious wife of Zeus;  
And Kronides high-dwelling naught of the matter  
knows, 185

Nor any other immortal of Olympus, clad in snows.”

To her foot-swift Achilles in answer made address:

“ How shall I go to battle while these my arms possess ?  
My mother dear allows not to arm in any wise,

Before herself returning I look on with my eyes. 190  
 She promised from Hephaistos resplendent arms to bear.—

I know no other hero whose famed arms I could wear,  
 Unless it were the buckler of Ajax Telamon.

I think that 'mid the foremost that chief himself has gone  
 And wields his spear in battle around Patroklos dead." 195

Then fleet wind-footed Iris to him in answer said:

"We know well that your armour illustrious they hold.

E'en thus, go to the fossa, and to the Trojans bold

Appear; and thus the Trojans may fear and hold from war,

And the brave sons of th' Achaïans, though worn, may  
 breathe once more; 200

Thus in the hostile warring will be a brief delay."

Saying thus, fleet-footed Iris departed on her way.

But Zeus-beloved Achilles rose up; Athena cast

Around his mighty shoulders the aegis fringed and vast;

Then the divine of goddesses his head with cloud of  
 gold 205

Encircled, and from out it a glittering flame unrolled.

As when a smoke arises from a city to the air,

Far distant on an island where hostile men make war,

And all day long they struggle in hated Ares' jar

(Going out from their city); but with the setting sun 210

Burn bright the thick fire-signals, and to the heavens run

The darting, sparkling splendours, that the dwellers  
 round may see,

So they come upon their vessels, warders of war to be;

Thus the glow came to the ether from Achilles' head with-  
 al.

He stood beside the fossa, descending from the wall, 215

But mixed not with th' Achaïans (his mother's wise com-  
 mands

He feared), yet stood and shouted; afar amid the bands

Athena called, and tumult among the Trojans rose.

As when with tone sonorous a clanging trumpet blows,

When city is beleaguered by life-destroying foes; 220

Thus, then, the voice sonorous of Aiakides was inferred.

But when the brazen accents of Aiakides they heard,

The minds of all were troubled; the steeds with beauteous  
 manes

Turned backward with their chariots, for in mind they  
augured pains.

The charioteers were frenzied when they saw th' un-  
wearied fire, 225

Which o'er great-souled Pelides' head hovered, burning  
dire;

Fierce-eyed Athena, goddess, had lit that flame of loss.

Divine Achilles shouted three times beside the fosse;

And thrice confused the Trojans and their renowned allies.

And at this time there perished twelve noble enemies, 230

Impeded by their chariots and by their spears impaled.

But joyfully th' Achaïans Patroklos' body haled

From darts and placed in litter; his dear companions stood

Around, oppressed by sorrow; foot-swift Achilles viewed

With them, hot tear-drops pouring, since on the bier  
forlorn 235

He saw his true friend lying, all by the sharp brass torn.

And he had sent him erstwhile with chariots and with horse

To warring, but received not returning from his course.

Then ox-eyed revered Hera sent on the tireless sun,

That to the streams of Ocean he, though not fain, should  
run; 240

So Helios sank in Ocean; the divine Achaïans forebore

The powerful din of battle and war with equal sore.

On the other side, the Trojans went from the powerful  
war,

And loosened from their chariots the rapid steeds which  
bare,

And gathered for a council ere they for supper cared. 245

All stood erect in council, for none among them dared

To sit, for all were trembling because Achilles there

Appeared, who long had ceased from the sorrow-causing  
war.

To them Polydamas prudent began to speak in haste,

Panthoides, who only saw the future and the past. 250

He was a friend of Hektor; both in one night were born;

And one surpassed in counsel, one, much with spear un-  
worn.

But he, their weal desiring, harangued them and ad-  
dressed:

“ My friends, both sides consider; I bid you, as the best,  
 To go now to the city, nor wait the sacred dawn 255  
 Aplain beside the vessels, far from the wall withdrawn.  
 While yet this chief was angered 'gainst Agamemnon di-  
 vine,

So long it was more facile to fight th' Achaian line.  
 Then by the rapid vessels I joyed to watch all night,  
 Hoping to take the vessels, on both sides equal dight. 260  
 But swift-of-foot Pelides now terribly I fear;  
 Such is his haughty spirit that he will not stay here  
 Upon the plain where Trojans and the Achaians great,  
 Both, struggle in the middle with victory alternate;  
 Yet for our wives and city he'll battle eagerly. 265  
 Then go we to the city—hear me—for thus 't will be.  
 But now foot-swift Pelides is stopped in his career  
 By the power of night ambrosial; yet if he find us here  
 To-morrow when he rushes in arms, he'll be well known.—  
 The one who flies will gladly reach sacred Ilion; 270  
 And Trojan dogs and vultures will eat of many dead;  
 But would that such a sorrow ne'er to my ears were said.  
 Yet if you hear my accents, though much you be cast down  
 We'll have strength in the council throughout the night;  
 the town,

The towers and lofty portals and planking o'er them  
 barred, 275  
 Long and full deftly polished, joined each to each, will  
 guard.

But, decked out in our armour at morning's earliest fire,  
 We'll stand upon the turrets; 't were hard should he desire,  
 Coming from the ships, to battle around the wall perforce.  
 He'll go back to the vessels when, by his varied course, 280  
 His high-necked steeds are sated, going 'neath the city's  
 din.

Yet his spirit will in nowise suffer him to rush in;  
 And he will ne'er destroy it ere swift dogs tear him dead.”

But gazing on him grimly, helm-glancing Hektor said:  
 “ Polydamas, no longer you speak for what I care; 285  
 You bid us seek the city and stay assembled there.  
 Do you ne'er tire of staying within the towers enthralled ?  
 For all men speech-dividing before this ever called

King Priam's mighty city wealthy in brass and gold.  
Now the fair wealth has vanished which once our man-  
sions told; 290

And many of these possessions have been already sold  
In Phrygia and Maionia, since great Jove's wrath begun.  
But, since it has been given me by wily Kronos' son  
To gain fame by the vessels and hem th' Achaïans asea—  
Fool, spread such thoughts no longer 'mid th' army reck-  
lessly. 295

For no Trojan will obey you; that I will not allow.  
But come, and as I tell you, let all obey me now:  
Thus now throughout the army in ranks your supper take,  
And bear in mind your vigils; let each one watch and wake  
But who among the Trojans too much for wealth may  
care, 300

Collect his wealth and give it for all the folk to share;  
For, rather than th' Achaïans, 't would better such adorn.  
Bedecked with glittering armour, let us to-morrow morn  
Beside the hollow vessels awaken acrid Mars.—  
If truly by the vessels divine Achilles wars, 305  
And wishes for the combat, 't were worse for him by far.  
For I will not fly from him in evil-echoing war,  
Yet stand against him firmly, whichever gain great praise.  
For Mars is ever doubtful and e'en the slayer slays."

Thus Hektor spoke; the Trojans acclaimed through  
their array. 310

Fools! For Athena Pallas had ta'en their sense away.  
For they agreed with Hektor who ill advice pursued,  
And no one praised Polydamas who gave them counsels good.  
The host thus took their supper, but the Achaïans sped  
All night their lamentations and mourned Patroklos  
dead, 315

And with them there Pelides the ceaseless wailing led;  
And on his comrade's bosom his slaughtering hands pre-  
ferred

With frequent lamentations; as lion with great beard,  
Whose cubs a man stag-hunting has taken secretly  
From the dense wood; when later, he\* comes he grieves  
to see; 320

\*The lion.

And goes through many valleys seeking the hunter's path,  
That he, perchance, may find him, for grievous is his  
wrath;

Thus he, while deeply groaning, to the Myrmidonians  
said:

" Ye gods, vainglorious speeches upon that day I made,  
When I encouraged hero Menoitios in our hall, 325

And said that I to Opuns would bring his son withal,

When Ilion was ruined and the spoil assigned by lot.

But Zeus does not accomplish all things by human thought  
For both of us are fated to stain with blood the earth

Here on the plains of Troja; nor, when I hence go  
forth, 330

Shall I at home be greeted by horseman Peleus old,  
Nor by my mother Thetis; yet here the earth will hold.

Howe'er, since now, Patroklos, later than you I fare

'Neath earth, I will not bury with rites till here I bear

The arms and head of Hektor, your slayer mighty-soul-  
ed, 335

Till twelve famed sons of Trojans before your pyre are told,

And are by me beheaded, enraged that you are slain.

Now by the curve-bowed vessels shall you by me remain,

While Trojan, Dardan women, deep-breasted, round  
shall mourn,

(And day and night their tear drops shall to the earth be  
borne), 340

Who by our force and labour and long spear wore my chain

When we destroyed rich cities of speech-dividing men."

Thus saying, divine Achilles to his companions called

To place an ample tripod upon the fire installed

To cleanse Patroklos quickly from filthy slime and  
blood. 345

Thus they a bathing tripod upon the bright fire stood,

And poured pure water in it and lit the fagots brought;

The fire rose round the tripod and made the water hot.

When in the brass resplendent they made the water boil,

They washed the body quickly and ointed with rich  
oil, 350

And filled the wound with ointment which nine full years  
had told,

And placed on couch and wrapped it in finest linen fold  
 From head to foot, and o'er it they laid a mantle white.  
 Then, round foot-swift Achilles the Myrmidons all night  
 Lamented for Patroklos, and many a tear-drop shed.—355  
 But Zeus then to his sister and consort, Hera, said:

“ Ox-eyed and revered Hera, well has your purpose  
 sped:

To rouse foot-swift Achilles; since, doubtless, it is true  
 That the long-haired Achaians may claim descent from  
 you.”

Then ox-eyed revered Hera to him in answer said: 360  
 “ Austerest son of Kronos, what speech is this you made!  
 For, surely, any mortal might do this with a man,  
 E'en though he were not deathless, nor knew so many a  
 plan.

Yet how shall I, who boast me the best of goddesses,  
 Both, since I am your consort and from my ancestries, 365  
 With you o'er all th' immortals extend not scepter dire?  
 How should I not plan evils to the Trojans in my ire?”

Thus they discoursed together about such things with-  
 al.—

But silver-footed Thetis came to Hephaistos' hall,  
 Adorned with stars and deathless, of brass and far dis-  
 played 370

Among th' immortals' mansions; which erst the Limping  
 made.

And there she found him sweating, amid the bellows  
 placed;

For fully twenty tripods he wrought in greatest haste  
 To stand around the wall of the well-founded hall;  
 And golden wheels were fashioned around the base of  
 all, 375

That they the heavenly council, self-moved, might enter  
 free,

And come back to his palace—a miracle to see!  
 Thus far were they completed; but not yet were arrayed  
 The dedal ears just fashioned and the rivets which he  
 made.

But at these things he laboured with spirit skilled and  
 high 380



Till silver-footed Thetis, the goddess, came anigh.  
Fair Charis with bright head-band, advancing, saw her  
there

(Charis whom noble Vulcan took for his consort fair),  
And, to her hand adhering, she spoke the word and said:  
“ O garment-trailing Thetis, why have you hither  
sped, 385

Honoured and loved? Not often you erstwhile did I view.  
Yet pass along before me that I place feast for you.”

Thus having said, the heavenly of goddesses led on,  
And afterwards arrayed her on silver-studded throne,  
Beauteous and dedal; 'neath it there was a footstool  
trim. 390

She called famed craftsman Vulcan and spoke the word  
to him:

“ Come forward now, Hephaistos, Thetis has need of  
you.”

Illustrious Hephaistos her then made answer due:

“ Surely, within my dwelling is goddess terrible,  
Who saved me when a sorrow oppressed, and far I fell 395  
By my base mother's counsel, who had erewhile designed  
To hide me, who was limping; I had suffered griefs in mind,  
If Thetis and Eurynomè had ta'en not in their breast,  
Eurynomè, the daughter of Ocean reflux pressed.

For them much dedal brass-work for nine long years I  
wrought 400

(Buckles and twisted bracelets, chains with adornments  
fraught),

Within the hollow cavern. And Ocean's boundless flood  
Flowed round with foam-wreaths murmuring; nor any  
other god

Knew that I stayed there hidden, nor any of mortal men.  
Yet Thetis and Eurynomè knew, who had saved me  
then. 405

But now my halls you visit; and there's much need to-day  
To Thetis with fair tresses my ransom to repay.

Yet hasten to make ready the banquet shining fair,  
While I remove my bellows and all the tools I bear.”

Thus he, and from the anvil's support his monstrous  
form 410

Raised up and limped; beneath him wavered his legs de-  
form.

He took from fire the bellows, and all the tools were brought  
And put in chest of silver which he with toil had wrought;  
Then both his hands and visage with netted sponge he  
dressed,

His neck which swelled with vigour and eke his hairy  
breast. 415

He cast his tunic o'er him, and took his scepter stout,  
And, limping, passed the portal; and golden maids about  
The king moved to support him—like living maidens all;  
And in their minds were judgment and voice and strength  
to thrall;

They from the gods immortal their skill in work had  
learned. 420

They stayed the king in walking, for to and fro he turned.  
He came near Thetis, sat on his throne which splendour  
shed,

And hung upon her hand-clasp and spoke the word and  
said:

“ Why, garment-trailing Thetis, do you come to my  
dome,

Honoured and cherished? Erstwhile you did not often  
come. 425

Speak what you think; my spirit bids me do that anon;  
If I have power to compass, and if it may be done.”

To him then answered Thetis, shedding full many a tear:

“ Vulcan is there a goddess on high Olympus here,  
Who could such bitter sorrows within her mind sus-  
tain 430

As those which Zeus Kronion gave me to bear in pain?

Me from the other Nereids he chose a man to wed,  
Peleus, the son of Aiaikos; and I bore a human bed,  
Though very much unwilling; now in his halls he lives  
By sad old age afflicted. But Zeus still sorrow gives; 435  
Since he to bear and nurture a warrior son gave me,  
Illustrious 'mid heroes; he grew up like a tree.

And him I fondly nourished like plant in fertile spot,  
And on bow-curving vessels to sacred Ilion brought  
To battle with the Trojans; nor e'er returning home, 440

Shall I again receive him within the Pelean dome.  
 While he is living with me and sees the sun and shade,  
 He is oppressed by sorrow, and I can bear no aid.  
 The maiden for him chosen by the Achaian bands  
 As gift, King Agamemnon has ravished from his hands. 445  
 For her his spirit withered in grief; the Trojans proud  
 Hemmed th' Achaians 'mid their vessels, and from their  
                   gates allowed

Them not to go. The Argive leaders and rulers old  
 Besought him and full many illustrious presents told.  
 Then he refused to aid them to drive away their  
                   harms; 450

But afterward Patroklos he clad in his own arms,  
 And sent him forth to combat and gave a great array.  
 And round the Skaian portals they battled all the day.  
 That very day the city th' Achaian bands had won,  
 Had not Apollo vanward killed Menoitios' powerful  
                   son 455

(Who wrought there many evils), giving fame to Hektor  
                   brave.

Now, for the deeds accomplished, before your knees I  
                   crave

To give my son, soon fated, helmet and buckler brave  
 And greaves of glittering beauty with buckles joined and  
                   bossed,

And corselet; for the others his faithful comrade  
                   lost 460

When mastered by the Trojans; on earth he\* lies in pain."

To her illustrious Vulcan in answer spoke again:  
 " Be strong! Let not these matters give to your spirit care  
 Would that from death ill-echoing I might as lightly bear,  
 As that there shall be ready to give him armour fair; 465  
 And such shall be its splendour that whosoe'er may see  
 Shall marvel, though selected from many men he be."

Thus saying, he departed and to the bellows run,  
 And turned them to the fire-place and ordered labour done.  
 Then all the twenty bellows upon the furnace blew, 470  
 And sent a blast all-varied and regulated true,  
 To be at hand when Vulcan hastened, now here, now there,  
 \*Achilles.

Just as the craftsman wished it his labour to prepare.  
 He cast then in the fire-place tin and unmastered brass  
 And precious gold and silver; the anvil's mighty mass 475  
 On the anvil-block he lifted, and took up with one hand  
 The hammer strong; the other the ready pincers spanned.

The first of all he fashioned the buckler strong and vast,  
 And wrought it all in dedal, and bright rim round it cast,  
 Three plated and resplendent; a silver strap he made. 480  
 Of five folds was the buckler; and o'er it he arrayed  
 Full many a dedal figure, by skillful mind brought forth.

And there he wrought the heaven, the ocean and the  
 earth  
 And Helios unwearied, the full moon looking down,  
 And all the constellations which heaven wears in its  
 crown: 485

The Pleiades, the Hyades, Orion's strength withal,  
 The Bear, which also Wagon, in surname, mortals call;  
 Which there revolves, pursuing Orion in his path;  
 And it alone is fated to share not Ocean's bath.

On it he made two cities of speech-dividing men, 490  
 Beauteous: in one were bridals and festal banquets then.  
 They led brides from their chambers 'neath fiery torches'  
 gleam

Through the city; and rang loudly the hymeneal hymn.  
 Among them flutes and citherns gave forth a thrilling tone;  
 The women stood in porches and wondered every one. 495  
 A thronging crowd of people was gathered in the mart;  
 For there had risen a quarrel in which two men took part  
 About the weregild plighted for a man who had been  
 killed;

And one of them affirmed that all dues had been fulfilled,  
 Appealing to the people; but this the other denied. 500  
 So both desired to give it to judges to decide.

The people who supported each side applauded that;  
 The heralds quelled the people; and all the elders sat  
 On polished stones among them, in sacred circle near,  
 And held in hand the scepters of the heralds calling  
 clear. 505

But afterward they rose up to judge for either side.  
 And there two golden talents lay in the middle wide,

To give to him who judgment most fitting should provide.

But round the other city there were two hosts arrayed,  
Glittering in arms, and double the counsels they displayed: 510

Either to waste the city, or portion equally  
All wealth within the city, which pleasant was to see;  
Yet they\* would not obey them and armed an ambuscade.  
Their cherished wives and children of few years were  
displayed,

Standing upon the ramparts; with them the warriors  
old. 515

Themselves advanced, and led them Pallas and Ares bold;  
Both wearing golden armour and robes with golden  
gleams;

Both, fair and great in armour, just as two gods beseems,  
Both, radiant all about them; the people less were made.  
But when they reached a station fitting for ambuscade, 520  
By a river where to water all sorts of herds might pass,  
They chose the place and sat down, clad in resplendent  
brass.

Far from them, from the army two spies on watch so-  
journed,

That they might sheep discover or oxen crooked-horned.  
The herds soon came before them, and followed herdmen  
two, 525

Playing upon the syrinx; and naught of fraud they knew.  
The spies then rushed upon them, and quickly slaughtered  
there

The herds of oxen round them and eke the flocks full fair  
Of snowy sheep, and slaughtered with them the herdsmen  
two.

But when they of the tumult among the oxen knew 530  
(Those who sat in the council), they went at once on horse.  
High-vaulting in their going, and soon attained the force,  
They stopped and fought a battle beside the river's banks,  
And cast their brass-shod javelins upon each other's ranks.  
With them were Discord, Tumult; with them was baleful

Fate, 535  
Having one living, wounded, and one inviolate;

\*The citizens.

And by the feet she dragged one who in the war was dead.  
The robe upon her shoulders with human blood was red.  
Yet they, like living mortals, mingled and fought amain,  
And dragged each other's corpses as if they had been  
slain. 540

On it he made a fallow and eke a fertile field,  
Broad, with a triple ploughing; and many ploughmen  
wheeled  
Their teams about the fallow and turned them here and  
there.

When to the field's last limits they, in returning, bare,  
A man came out toward them, and gave a cup in hand 545  
Of wine as sweet as honey; then each turned to his land,  
Wishing to reach the limits of the fallow land profound.  
And this was black behind them, just like new ploughed  
up ground,

Though golden; 't was a marvel greater than others borne.  
On it he wrought a temenos, sustaining dense, deep  
corn; 550

And there were reapers reaping with sickles sharp in hand.  
Some handfuls by the furrow fell thickly on the land,  
And others the sheaf-binders securely tied with band.  
Three binders followed after the reapers; but behind  
Came boys collecting handfuls, and gave to them to  
bind, 555

Upon their bent arms bearing; the king among them stood  
In silence with his scepter and was of joyous mood.  
Heralds apart a banquet beneath an oak-tree made,  
A great ox sacrificing, and diligence displayed;  
And women strewed much barley white o'er the meat  
arrayed 560

For supper for the reapers, to make their spirit glad.

On it he wrought a vineyard which grapes full heavy  
had,

Golden and fair; the clusters were sable all about.  
And stood aloft, supported by silver pales throughout.  
He drew round it a fossa of kyanos and a hedge 567  
Of tin; and but one pathway came to the vineyard's edge,  
By which the gatherers entered when they for vintage  
went.

And young and tender maidens, with spirits innocent,  
 Bore off in woven baskets the honey-dulcet fruit.  
 Amid them in the middle a boy on shrill-toned lute 570  
 Played sweetly for the concourse and sang to the fair chords  
 With tender voice; together they broke in on his words  
 With song and shout, and followed by dancing with their  
 feet.

He wrought a herd of oxen with heads erect on it.  
 The heifers there were fashioned from shining gold and  
 tin, 575  
 And from the stall to pasture they rushed with bellowing  
 din,

Along a murmuring river where waving reeds were blent.  
 And there four golden herdsmen beside the oxen went;  
 And nine dogs rapid-footed were with the men impelled.  
 But two terrific lions 'mid the first oxen held 580  
 A bull which bellowed loudly; but he was dragged in  
 blood,  
 Although he bellowed greatly, and youths and dogs pur-  
 sued.—

The lions from the bullock tore off the skin amain,  
 And lapped black blood and entrails; the herdsmen hied  
 in vain

After them and encouraged the rapid dogs to fight. 585  
 Yet they turned from the lions and were averse to bite;  
 But, standing very near them, they barked and harmed  
 them not.

On it illustrious Vulcan a breadth of pasture wrought  
 Amid fair mountain passes, which many white sheep bore,  
 And stables and wide sheepfolds and dwellings covered  
 o'er. 590

Illustrious Hephaistos a chorus there applied,  
 Equal to that which erstwhile in Knossos fair and wide  
 Famed Daidalos had made for Ariadnè with fair hair.  
 And there young men were dancing, and maidens won-  
 drous fair,  
 Holding each other dancing by the hand close by the  
 wrist. 595  
 The maids fine linen garments had on; the youths were  
 dressed

In tunics deftly woven, as if bright oil they bore.  
The maids had beauteous garlands; the blooming young  
men wore

Gold falchions which were hanging from belts in silver  
done.

Sometimes they round the circle with skillful feet would  
run 600

Full lightly, as some potter, who sits, makes trial to know  
Whether his wheel, well-fitted to his deft hands, will go;  
Again, back through the orders of one another they flew,  
While round the pleasant dancing a great assembly drew,  
Delighted; and among them the godlike minstrel  
sung. 605

Striking upon the cithern; 'mid them two tumblers  
sprung

And, with their song's beginning, spun round the middle  
at length.

On it he wrought the River Ocean's transcendent  
strength,—

Around the rim extremest of the buckler well-arrayed.

But when the buckler solid and mighty he had  
made, 610

He wrought for him a corselet brighter than sparkling fire,  
And made a valid helmet fit for his temples dire

(Dedal and fair), and o'er it a golden crest was spread;  
And out of tin all-ductile the well-wrought greaves he led.

But when illustrious Vulcan had all the armour  
wrought, 615

Before Achilles' mother the glittering prize he brought.

And she, like hawk, leapt down from Olympus' snowy  
hight,

Bearing from great Hephaistos the armour shining bright.



## BOOK XIX.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

Eos, with saffron garments, from Ocean's currents  
bright

Rose that she to immortals and mortals might bear light;  
But Thetis to the vessels bore the gifts the god had made.—  
She found her cherished offspring beside Patroklos laid,  
Lamenting sore; and round him mourned many com-  
panions good. 5

Then the divine of goddesses 'mid those assembled stood  
And, to his hand adhering, she spoke the word and said:

“ My son, let this pass from us, though feeling sorrow  
dread,

Since by the godheads' counsels he fell in war's alarms;  
But now, from great Hephaistos take these illustrious  
arms, 10

All-fair and such as hero ne'er on his shoulders bore.”

And, speaking thus, the goddess the armour placed  
before

Achilles; and resounded the wrought arms loud and clear.  
Yet all the Myrmidonians were seized by tremor drear,  
And no one dared gaze on them, but fled in panic fear. 15  
But when Achilles saw them, he felt a greater ire;  
His eyes beneath his eyebrows, like sparkling flame, shone  
dire;

And he rejoiced, possessing the high gifts of the god.—  
When he his mind had solaced by seeing the works be-  
stowed,

At once to his dear mother these wingèd words he said: 20

“ A god gave you this armour, my mother, such is made  
Only by the immortals; no mortal could make such.

Now I will arm me quickly but I fear very much  
Lest, meanwhile, in the body of Menoitios' brave son pass  
Flies, which may make their entrance by wounds torn by  
the brass, 25

And breed there worms defiling and desecrate the clay

(For life has now departed), and make the flesh decay."

Then silver-footed Thetis, the goddess, answer bare:

"My son, let not such matters be for your soul a care.  
From him the swarms ferocious I'll try to ward amain, 30  
The flies, who ever feast on the men in battle slain.  
For, if the corpse shall lie there till full a year be given,  
The flesh still uncorrupted shall be or better even.  
But the Achaian warriors to counsel now evoke,  
Make peace with Agamemnon, the pastor of the folk, 35  
And arm at once for warring; put on your might at  
length."

Thus saying she endowed him with many-daring  
strength;

But the nostrils of Patroklos she filled with nectar red  
And ambrosia, that the body should lie there undecayed.

Divine Achilles went forth by the border of the main, 40  
Shouting with mighty clamour and roused th' Achaian  
train.

And those who in the concourse of the vessels erstwhile  
dwelled,

Both those who were the pilots and vessels' rudders held,  
And the pursers of the vessels who were the givers of  
food,—

E'en these came to the council, because Achilles showed 45  
Himself, who long had kept from the grievous battle's jars.  
And first came forward, limping, two servants of fierce  
Mars,

Tydidēs, strong in warring, with him Odysseus divine,  
Upon his spear supported; for he still had wounds ma-  
lign;—

Advancing 'mid the foremost, they sat in all men's ken. 50  
But last of all came 'mid them Agamemnon, king of men,  
Having a wound; for erstwhile, amid the powerful fight,  
Koon, Antenor's offspring, had struck with spear brass-  
dight.

But when all the Achaians in throngs had hither sped,  
Achilles rapid-footed amid them rose and said: 55

"Atrides, peace were better for us on either part,  
For you and me, though either was much aggrieved at  
heart

When for the maid we struggled with ire soul-wasting  
filled.

Would that, among the vessels, her Dian's shaft had killed .  
That day when I Lyrnessos took and its ruins trod; 60  
Then not so many Achaïans had bit the boundless sod  
'Neath hands of hostile warriors, as when I angered so.  
For Hektor and the Trojans 't were better far, I trow;  
And long will the Achaïans our wrath in memory hold.  
Yet let us leave these by-gones, though many griefs we  
told, 65

With mind within our bosoms quelled by necessity.  
Thus, now I cease my anger; 't is not beseming me  
To rage in wrath forever. But let us rather far  
Urge the long-haired Achaïans onward to tearful war,  
So I to make a trial against the Trojans go, 70  
If they beside the vessels will watch all night; I trow  
That he will bend full freely his knees, whoe'er may fly  
Away from hostile warring 'neath my spear approaching  
nigh."

Thus he; and the Achaïans, well-greaved, rejoiced anon  
When thus renounced his anger Peleus' great-minded  
son. 75

But king of men, Atrides, among them said withal:  
[Rising from his own station, not in the midst of all]:

" O Friends, ye Danaan heroes, servants of Ares' sway,  
'T is well to hear me standing; nor seems it any way  
To interrupt, confusing e'en one haranguing clear, 80  
And in a mighty tumult of men how can one hear  
Or speak? He will be hindered, though speaker good  
he be.

Now I'll address Pelides; but let the rest hear me—  
Each one among you, Argives, and well my meaning hold.  
For often the Achaïans to me this tale have told, 85  
And have reproached me for it. I did not cause the woe  
Yet Zeus and Fate and Furies who in the darkness go,  
Who cast upon my spirit in council frenzy sore  
That day when from Achilles the gift bestowed I bore.  
Yet what could I accomplish? A god perfected all: 90  
Atè, Jove's revered daughter, through whom all errors  
fall

(Pernicious, with feet tender); nor does she aye draw near  
Earth, yet on heads of heroes walks forth in her career.

[She injures men, and fetters another\* manifest].

And once e'en Zeus she injured, whom they say is far the  
best 95

Of men or gods immortal. But even him with guile

Hera, who is a female, deceived with fraudulent wile

That day when high Alkmena the Heraclean might

Bore in the Theban city, with beauteous ramparts dight.

For he to all the godheads said in a boasting mood: 100

"Hear me now, every goddess as well as every god,

While I tell what my spirit in my bosom bids me say.

Birth-ruling Ilithyia brings into light to-day

A hero, whom all people around him shall obey,—

Of those men's generation who from my blood were  
bred." 105

Then to him revered Hera, guile-meditating, said:

"You will deceive, nor fitting end to this story bear.

But come now, O Olympian, to me a firm oath swear

That he shall rule all people who round him have their  
seat.

(Who on this day shall fall down between a woman's  
feet, 110

From those men's generation of your own race and blood)."

Thus spoke she; but Kronion saw not her guileful mood,

Yet swore the oath transcendent, and suffered great de-  
spite.

But Hera, rushing forward, left the Olympian height,

And to Achaian Argos came soon where ('t was well  
known) 115

Abode the noble consort of Sthenelos, Perseus' son.

She of loved son was pregnant (the seventh month was  
dight)

And, though of months deficient, the child was brought  
to light.

She stopped Alkmena's labour, the pangs of birth re-  
pressed

And, everything announcing, Zeus, Kronides ad-  
dressed: 120

\*Achilles.

" Zeus Father, brightly thundering, I call this to your mind:

A noble chief is brought forth to rule the Argive kind,  
Eurystheus, the offspring of Sthenelos, Perseus' son,  
Your race; and not unfitting to hold the Argive throne."

Thus she; but piercing anguish deep in his spirit  
bare. 125

At once he seized on Atè by her head of radiant hair  
(Enraged within his spirit, and a great oath he swore)  
That in the starry heaven and Olympus nevermore  
Again should Atè wander, who brought a curse on all.

Thus saying, from starry heaven he cast her to her  
fall, 130

Whirling in hand about him; and soon the works of men  
She reached. And from her ever he groaned when in his  
ken

His son bore toil unseemly which him Eurystheus gave.  
Thus I, when mighty Hektor, glancing in helmet brave,  
Destroyed the Argive heroes beside the ship's sterns  
free, 135

Could not forget dire Atè who first had injured me.  
But since I have been injured, and Zeus deprived of sense,  
I wish to sate your anger and give you gifts immense;  
But rouse yourself for warring, and rouse the other folk;  
And I will give those presents all which to you bespoke 140  
Divine Odysseus, coming to your quarters yesterday.  
Yet, if you wish, remain here, though keen for Ares' fray,  
And, taking from my vessel, my men shall to you bear  
These presents, so you see that I give you presents fair."

To him foot-swift Achilles replied in answer then: 145  
" Most glorious Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men,  
If now you wish t' endow me with presents, as is right,  
Or keep, you must determine. Now, let us think of fight  
At once; this is no season to prate of what we shun,  
Nor yet for vain delaying with our great work undone. 150  
But as you see Achilles, amid the first degrees,  
With brazen spear destroying the Trojan phalanxes,  
Thus let each one among you, remembering, fight a man."

To him Odysseus wily, in answer, thus began:  
" Not thus, Achilles godlike, although of valiant mood, 155

Urge on to Troy the sons of th' Achaïans, wanting food,  
 To battle with the Trojans. Since no short time will be  
 The combat when once mingle the orders furiously;  
 And a god will breathe on either and give them strength  
 replete.

Yet by the rapid vessels bid the Achaïans eat 160  
 Of food and wine; since from them are strength and  
 vigour won.

For no man all the day-time until the setting sun,  
 Deprived of food, is able to fight against the foe.  
 E'en if in soul he wishes to war in battle's glow,  
 Yet secretly his members are labouring; and seize 165  
 Upon him thirst and hunger, and fail his moving knees.  
 But when there is a hero filled well with wine and food,  
 He fights with hostile warriors all day with courage rude;  
 His heart within his bosom is fierce; nor any way  
 His members tire beneath him ere all have left the fray. 170  
 Yet come, dismiss the people; let some a feast prepare;  
 But let great Agamemnon, the king of men, now bear  
 His presents to the council, that all th' Achaïan kind  
 With their own eyes behold them, and that you joy in  
 mind.

Then, standing 'mid the Argives, let him an oath pre-  
 fer, 175

That he has n'er ascended her bed nor mixed with her;  
 [As is the custom, monarch, of women and of men]:  
 And be your spirit tranquil within your bosom then.  
 But next within his quarters conciliate with rich feast,  
 Since every ground of quarrel between you two has  
 ceased. 180

Atrides, for the future, you will far juster be  
 To any other hero; for 't is with dignity  
 A king makes reparation to one he erst oppressed."

In turn, him Agamemnon, the king of men, addressed  
 " I'm glad, son of Laertes, to hear your speech un-  
 rolled; 185

For you all things most justly go over and unfold.  
 I wish this oath to render; my mind bids me obey,  
 I will not swear it falsely. But let Achilles stay  
 Here with us in the meantime, though fain for Ares' day;

Let all the rest assembled remain till they bring here 190  
 The presents from my quarters, and we swear oaths sincere.

As for yourself, Odysseus, I order and command:  
 Select the noblest young men of all th' Achaian band  
 To bear out of my vessels the gifts, which yesterday  
 I pledged divine Achilles, and to lead the women away. 195  
 Let Tal'thybios soon make ready, 'mid th' Achaians' wide  
 array,

A boar to be an offering to Zeus and Helios."

To him foot-swift Achilles, in turn, responded thus:  
 " Most glorious Atrides Agamemnon, king of men,  
 Another time 't were better for you to so ordain, 200  
 When after all the warring there may be pause and rest,  
 And not so great an ardour is burning in my breast.—  
 But now they lie there mangled, those chiefs who were  
 subdued

By Hektor, son of Priam, while Zeus gave glory good.  
 Then urge them to their banquet; but I would give com-  
 mand 205

For the sons of the Achaians to battle spear in hand,  
 Jeune and with no dinner; but with the setting sun  
 To make an ample supper after the victory won.  
 Yet neither food nor liquid shall down my throat be sped,  
 Before that is accomplished for my companion dead, 210  
 Who lies within my quarters by sharp brass weapons torn,  
 His feet turned to the portal, while round his comrades  
 mourn.

Yet nowise in my spirit I care such things to ken,  
 But care for blood and slaughter and the heavy groans of  
 men."

Then him Odysseus wily in answer thus addressed: 215  
 " Achilles, son of Peleus, by far th' Achaians' best,  
 In truth, you far surpass me, are much better with the  
 spear;

While I in wholesome prudence by far surpass you here,  
 Since I was born before you and know more than you  
 know.

For these things, let your spirit assent to what I show. 220  
 Full soon for men in battle satiety is found;

Of them a plenteous harvest the brass pours on the ground.  
 There is but little harvest when Zeus inclines his scales,  
 Who, 'mid men's generations, the lord of war prevails.  
 It seems not the Achaians with maw to mourn the  
 dead, 225

For very many and often and every day they're sped;  
 Then when would there be respite from pain and labour  
 nigh?

Yet there is need to bury him whoso'er may die,  
 And keep the mind unyielding and mourn him for a day.—  
 But those in hated warring who 'scape from the af-  
 fray, 230

Must think of food and drinking that so we better far  
 May fight with hostile warriors in an eternal war,  
 Wrapping around the body brass arms inviolate;  
 So let none of the people for other urging wait.  
 For ill will be that urging for him, whoe'er may rest 235  
 Among the Argive vessels. Yet, all together pressed,  
 Let us waken acrid battle 'gainst horse-taming Trojan  
 foes."

Thus he, and glorious Nestor's great-minded children  
 chose,

Phylides and Meriones, Meges and Thoas true,  
 Lykomedes, son of Kreon, and Melanippos, too; 240  
 And all went to the tent of Agamemnon, Atreus' son.  
 And, when the word was spoken, at once the work was  
 done:

Seven tripods which he promised they bore from out his  
 tent,

And twenty golden goblets, and twelve steeds with them  
 went;

Then soon they led seven women who faultless labour  
 knew; 245

The eighth one was Briseis, with cheeks most fair to view.  
 Odysseus placed for weighing ten golden talents' store,  
 And led, while the other presents the youths Achaian bore;  
 They placed them 'mid the council. Then Agamemnon  
 stood,

And Talthybios, the herald, with accents like a god, 250  
 Held a boar in hand and stood by the pastor of the folk.



The knife for sacrificing in hand Atrides took  
(Which by his sword's great scabbard ever suspended  
hung),

And shore the hairs for firstlings. His hands to Zeus he  
flung

And prayed; but all th' Achaïans in silence sat around 255  
And listened to the monarch, as in beseeching bound.

Then, viewing the wide heaven, the king his prayer ad-  
dressed:

" Let Zeus, be my first witness, the highest god and best,  
And Earth and Sun and Furies, who 'neath the earth all-  
fair

Deal punishment to mortals, whoe'er may falsely  
swear, 260

Upon the maid Briseis my hand I never laid,  
Nor did I seek her loving, nor other wish betrayed.  
If I in this swear falsely, may the gods give me much pain,  
Such as they give the mortal who swears by them in vain."

Thus spoke he, and the boar's throat severed with cruel  
brass; 265

Into the gray sea's vortex Talthybios flung the mass,  
(Revolving, food for fishes). Then rose Achilles dread  
Among the warlike Argives and to the concourse said:

" Zeus Sire, with mighty evils men are by you oppressed!  
For never had Atrides the heart within my breast 270  
Roused to so dire an anger, nor led the maid amain  
While I was all unwilling, had not great Zeus been fain  
That to full many Achaïans the end of death should fare.—  
Now let us go to banquet that we may meet the war."

Thus spoke he, and the council dismissed full speed-  
ily; 275

And each one went diversely to his ship beside the sea.  
The Myrmidons great-minded the presents had in care,  
And quickly to the ship of divine Achilles bare.  
They placed them in his quarters, seats for the maids pre-  
ferred;

And the high-born attendants drove the horses to the  
herd. 280

But when Briseis, sembling gold Aphrodite fair,  
Beheld Patroklos mangled by sharp brass weapons there,

She cast herself upon him and wailed aloud and tore  
 Her tender neck and bosom and visage, fair before.  
 The woman, like a goddess, said in her weeping blind: 285  
 " Patroklos, who was dearest to my most wretched  
 mind,

I left you well and living when I the tent forsook,  
 But now I find you lifeless, O leader of the folk,  
 When I return; thus ever evils around me rave.  
 The man my honoured mother and father to me gave, 290  
 I saw before our city by sharp brass weapons torn;  
 And I had then three brothers all by one mother borne,  
 Near and beloved; all perished that day which ruin  
 filled.—

But you did not allow me, when fleet Achilles killed  
 My husband and the city of godlike Mynes spoiled, 295  
 To weep, yet to me promised the wedded wife to make  
 Of noble-born Achilles and on the ships to take  
 To Phthia, and the marriage 'mid the Myrmidons design-  
 ed.

Thus, dead will I lament you who were forever kind."

Thus she, and wept; the women around her groaned  
 amain, 300

With Patroklos for a pretext, but each for her own pain.  
 The old men of th' Achaïans around Achilles hied  
 And pressed to take refreshments, but he with groans  
 denied:

" If any of my comrades will now obey my mood,  
 I beg that he will order for me no drink nor food 305  
 To satiate my spirit, since dire griefs o'er me fall.  
 Yet I will wait till sunset, and bear the pain through all."

Thus saying, the other monarchs he gave dismissal due.  
 Divine Odysseus stayed there, and the Atreidae two,  
 Idomeneus and Nestor and horseman Phoinix old, 310  
 Trying to soothe him ever; but to his mind was told  
 No joy till he should enter the mouth of bloody war.  
 He spoke, but with remembrance full frequent sighs he  
 bare:

" Most surely once, unhappy, O friend I loved the best,  
 You would within my quarters have spread a bounteous  
 feast, 315

With speed and in due order when th' Achaians were to go  
To bear all-tearful Ares 'gainst the horse-borne Trojan  
foe.

But now you lie here mangled; yet let my heart remain  
Bereft of food and drinking, I feel for you such pain,  
Though food is near. Worse evil I could by no means  
have, 320

Not if I learned my father were lying in his grave,  
Who now, perchance, in Phthia lets fall the tender tear  
For want of such an offspring, who 'mid strange people here  
Bears war for hated Helen against the Trojans dread;  
Or him, my son well-cherished, in island Skyros bred. 325  
[If godlike Neoptolemos is yet of life possessed.]  
For erst a hope was glowing in the mind within my breast,  
That I alone should perish far from Argos feeding horse,  
Here in the fields of Troja, but you would take your course  
To Phthia, that from Skyros you might lead back my  
son 330

Upon the sable vessel, and show him every one  
Of my possessions,—maidens and great high-arching hall.  
Yet now I fear that Peleus is dead beyond recall;  
Or, if he lives on feebly, is wracked by grief and pain,  
And by old age, sore hated, aye waiting, though in  
vain, 335  
For grievous message from me, to learn that I am dead."  
Thus spoke he weeping, th' elders with him made groan-  
ing dread,

Each one the things recalling which he had left at home.—  
Kronion, seeing them, pitied, as they bewailed their doom,  
And he at once Athena with wingèd words addressed: 340

"My child, you leave entirely this hero manifest.  
No longer in your spirit you guard Achilles now,  
Who just before the vessels, with lofty stern and prow,  
Laments his dear companion; but all the others now  
Desert him for the banquet; he's worn and does not  
eat. 345

But come, and pleasant nectar and eke ambrosia sweet  
Instill within his bosom, lest he feel hunger sore."

Thus saying, he incited Pallas who wished before;  
And she, like wide-winged harpy with voice of piercing  
tone,

Leapt down from heaven, through ether.—But the Ach-  
aians anon 350

Were armed through all the army. She in Achilles' breast  
Ambrosia sweet and nectar instilled at Jove's request,  
That never gnawing hunger upon his knees should come,  
Then went to her great father's resplendent solid dome.  
But far from the swift vessels the Danaan army  
drove.— 355

As when the frequent snow-flakes fly forth from mighty  
Jove,

Sent by the chilly impulse of Boreas ether-born;  
Thus, then, the thickset helmets, resplendent in the morn,  
Were borne forth from the vessels, and many a bossy  
shield,

And strongly-concaved corselets and ashen spears  
afield. 360

The radiance reached to heaven, and laughed the earth  
around

Beneath the brazen splendour; and rose an echoing sound  
Beneath men's feet; Achilles divine was 'mid them dight.  
[His teeth gave forth a gnashing, and both his eyes shone  
bright,

As if with fire's fierce sparkling; insufferable scath 365  
Entered his heart within him; he, with the Trojans wrath,  
Put on the godhead's presents which Vulcan, labouring,  
made.]

He first the greaves all-beauteous around his legs arrayed,  
Well-joined with silver buckles, with many a splendour  
dressed;

And, after that, the corselet was placed upon his  
breast. 370

His silver-studded falchion he o'er his shoulders cast,  
Brazen, but next he seized on the buckler strong and vast;  
And far from it a radiance, as if the moon's, was cast.

As when upon the ocean some sailors may espy  
A burning fire, enkindled upon a mountain high, 375

In lonely spot, while tempest them all unwilling sends,  
Upon the fish-rich ocean away from their dear friends;  
Thus from Achilles' buckler, all-dedal wrought and fair,  
The flame came to the ether. Upon his head he bare

The heavy helm uplifted; and, like a star, blazed  
there 380

The horsehair-crested helmet; and shook the hairs of  
gold,

Which round the helmet's summit Vulcan had densely  
rolled.

Himself divine Achilles then in the armour tried,  
To see if it would fit him, space for his limbs provide.  
It seemed like wings and raised up the pastor of the  
folk. 385

He, from the case containing, his spear paternal took  
(Heavy and great and valid): no other Achaian afieid  
Could shake it, and Achilles alone had strength to wield;—  
A Pelian ash, which Chiron cut for his father dear.  
From Pelion's highest summit—for hōeres' slaughter  
drear. 390

Automedon and Alkimos harnessed and yoked in haste  
The steeds; the beauteous yoke-straps they fixed and  
bridles placed

Into their mouths, and drew back on the well-jointed car  
The reins. Upon the chariot Automedon leapt there,  
Seizing the scourge which fitted his hand. Achilles  
bare 395

Behind him armed, and shining in armour like bright sun,  
And direly to the coursers of his father then begun:

“Xanthos and Balios, offspring of Podargē far-re-  
nowned,

Devise some other method to bear your master sound  
Back to the Danaan concourse when we are sate with  
war, 400

Nor, as you left Patroklos, desert him dying there.”

But him his foot-bright courser, Xanthos, addressed  
again

From 'neath the yoke, while hanging his head; and all  
his mane

Hung from the yoke-near circle till it attained the ground.  
The goddess, white-armed Hera, gave to him voice pro-  
found: 405

“Impetuous Achilles, to-day we safely bear.

Yet nears the day of ruin; nor we the blame will share,

Wrought by a powerful godhead and by a violent fate.  
 For neither by our slowness nor by our sloth ingrate  
 The Trojans from the shoulders of Patroklos th' armour  
 tore; 410

Yet the bravest of the godheads, whom well-haired Leto  
 bore,

Slew him among the foremost and Hektor glory gave.  
 But, though we with the breathing of rapid Zephyr drave  
 (Who they say is far the fleetest), yet Fate has fixed her  
 ban:

That you perforce must perish by a god and by a  
 man." 415

Thus having said, the Furies the voice in him re-  
 pressed.

But him foot-swift Achilles indignantly addressed:

"Xanthos, why my destruction do you thus prophecy?  
 You need not, and I know well my fate is here to die,  
 Far from dear sire and mother; but, be death far or  
 nigh, 420

I cease not ere the Trojans' desire of war is quelled."

Thus, shouting, 'mid the foremost his whole-hoofed  
 steeds he held.

## BOOK XX.

### THE BATTLE OF THE GODS.

Thus by the curve-bowed vessels th' Achaians armed  
 afar

Around you, son of Peleus, insatiable of war;  
 On the other hand, the Trojans, on the swelling of the  
 plain.

But Zeus commanded Themis to call the gods amain  
 To council from the summit of Olympus manifold; 5  
 And everywhere she wandered, commanding them to hold  
 To Zeus's halls. No river, excepting Ocean's swell,  
 Nor any nymph was absent, who in the fair groves dwell  
 And in the rivers' fountains and meads with grass inwove.

When they came to the mansions of cloud-compelling  
Jove, 10

On polished shining benches they sat, which for Zeus Sire  
Vulcan had erstwhile fashioned with skill and knowledge  
dire.

Thus, now they were assembled within great Zeus's  
dome;—

E'en Neptune had obeyed him and from the ocean come.  
He sat there in the middle and asked Jove's will  
withal: 15

“Why now, White-Lightning-Sender, do you to coun-  
cil call?

Is it that the Achaïans and Trojans give concern?

For now their war and battle will soon with fury burn.”

Him then Zeus cloud-compelling in answer thus ad-  
dressed:

“You know full well, Earth-Shaker, the counsel in my  
breast 20

For which I called you hither; I heed them, though they  
die.

Yet I will stay here, sitting upon Olympus high,  
And, looking thence, will gladden my spirit, but the rest  
May go among the Trojans and Achaïans manifest,  
And to each side give succour as does his mind incite. 25

For if Achilles only against the Trojans fight,  
They will not hold, though little, against him in the fray.  
Since, when they saw him only, erewhile they fled away;  
But now, when for his comrade he rages dire in mind,  
I fear he raze the rampart, though Fate has not de-  
signed.” 30

Thus spoke great Zeus, Kronion, and ceaseless war  
assigned.

The gods went to the battle, having diverse intent.

But to the ships' assembly Hera and Pallas went;

With them earth shaking Neptune and Hermes bountiful,  
Who passes all the others in prudence of the soul; 35

Hephaistos went beside them, dire in his vigour's glow,  
But limping, and was swaying on his weak legs to and fro.

But helmet-glancing Ares was to the Trojans borne,  
And Artemis shaft-joying and Phoebus, all unshorn;

Laughter-loving Aphrodite, Leto and Xanthos, then. 40

While yet the gods were standing apart from mortal  
men,

So long th' Achaians gloried, for Achilles was in sight,  
And long had he been absent from sorrow-causing fight.

But dire tremor seized the members of the Trojans,  
everyone,

Who feared much when they gazed on Peleus' swift  
footed son, 45

Resplendent in his armour, peer of Mars homicide.

But when among the concourse of men th' Olympians hied,  
Fierce Eris, folk-inciting, arose, Athena cried,  
Standing beside the fossa sunken outside the wall,

Or from the shore resounding called out, with mighty  
call. 50

On the other hand, Mars shouted like whirlwind bearing  
night,

And shrilly urged the Trojans from the city's topmost  
height

Then by Kallikolonè along the Simois run.

Thus either warring army the happy gods urged on  
And met in strife; among them broke forth deep discord  
then, 55

And thundered, bearing terror, the Sire of gods and men  
Aloft; and strong Posidon shook the enormous earth  
Below them and the summits high, born of mountain  
birth.

And all the roots and summits of fount-rich Ida swayed,  
And the city of the Trojans, and th' Achaians' ships  
arrayed. 60

A terror seized on Hades, king of the shadows dim,  
Who from his throne leapt fearing, and shouted, lest  
o'er him

Shaker of Earth, Posidon, should rive the solid earth,  
And thus to the immortals and mortals should shine  
forth

The dire and squalid mansions which e'en the gods  
abhor.— 65

Such was the clamour rising when the godheads met in  
war.



For there 'gainst King Posidon Phoebus Apollo stood,  
Bearing his feathered arrows and bow, tense-drawn and  
good;

Fierce-eyed Athena, goddess, 'gainst Enyalios stood;  
The sister of Apollo, Diana, shaft-renowned, 70  
Huntress with golden arrows, 'gainst Hera great was  
found;

And potent helper, Hermes, to Leto was opposed;  
The great deep-eddying River against Hephaistos closed,  
Named Xanthos by the godheads, Skamander called by  
men.

Thus godheads stood 'gainst godheads. But most  
Achilles then, 75

For battle with great Hektor desired to pierce the host,  
Priamides; his spirit commanded him the most  
With blood to satiate Ares, warrior with bull's-hide shield.  
Apollo, folk-inciter, urged straight across the field  
Æneas on Pelides, and gave him vigour choice, 80

Resembling Priam's offspring, Lykaon, in his voice;  
Resembling him completely, Zeus' son, Apollo, said:

"Æneas, Trojan counsellor, where are the threaten-  
ings dread,

Which to the Trojan leaders, while drinking wine you  
plight:

That you against Achilles, old Peleus' son, would  
fight?" 85

To him in turn Æneas these words in answer brought:

"Priamides, why order myself, who wish it not,  
To fight against Pelides of high and haughty hand?  
For now foot-swift Achilles I shall not first withstand,  
Since once before, already, he drove me with the  
spear 90

From Ida, when our oxen he charged in wild career,  
And wasted high Lyrnessos and Pedasos with ease.  
Yet Zeus saved me by giving vigour and rapid knees,  
Or, truly, I were mastered by his and Pallas' hands,  
Who placed before him victory, and gave him her com-  
mands 95

The Leleges and Trojans with brazen spear to mar.  
Thus not against Achilles may mortal hero war,

For a god stands by him ever to turn the death away.  
 And, otherwise, his weapon flies straight and does not stay  
 Before a human body it pierces. Yet if me 100  
 A god gave equal limit of war, not easily  
 Would he subdue, though boasting that he is all of brass."

To him in turn responded Apollo, son of Zeus:  
 " Yet come, illustrious hero, pray to the gods eterne,  
 For they say from Zeus's daughter, Aphroditè, you were  
 born 105

And he is from a goddess of an inferior strain;  
 For one is from Kronion, one from th' ancient of the main.  
 Yet bear your brass unconquered straight on, and never  
 turn

Away from savage speeches, but angry threatening spurn."

Thus saying, the people's pastor with great strength  
 he informed, 110  
 Who went on through the foremost in brass resplendent  
 armed.

But goddess white-armed Hera beheld Anchises' son,  
 When he against Pelides through the press of heroes run.  
 She called the gods together and spoke in accents due:

" Posidon and Athena, consider well, you two, 115  
 Within your prudent spirits how all these things will be.  
 For, armed with brass resplendent, Æneas rapidly  
 Advances on Pelides; Phoebus drives on amain.  
 But come, let us endeavour to turn him back again.

Or let one of our number stand by Achilles' side 120  
 And give him mighty vigour that naught his mind divide;  
 That he may know the strongest of the immortals love,  
 And that the others vainly aid those who ere this strove  
 To ward off from the Trojans warring and slaughter's  
 blight.

All of us from Olympus, about to wage this fight, 125  
 Have come that from the Trojans to-day he suffer naught,  
 Though he may suffer later whate'er Fate may have  
 wrought

Into his thread that morning when first his mother bore.  
 But if Achilles learns not from a god's voice this lore,  
 He'll be afraid when 'gainst him some god approaches  
 near 130

In war; for dire the godheads, when they are seen,  
appear."

To her earth-shaking Neptune made then the answer  
due:

"Hera, rage not in frenzy; it is not meet for you.  
I do not wish the godheads to meet in clash of war;  
[We and the other godheads, for we are better far]; 135  
But let us sit down rather, going to a place of ken  
Apart from the assembly, and leave the war to men.  
But if Apollo Phoebus or Mars begin with might,  
Or hinder great Achilles nor suffer him to fight,  
There, then, at once the contest of war will to us flow. 140  
I think that the contestants will very quickly go  
Again back to Olympus to the gods' assembled bands,  
By necessity o'ermastered with violence 'neath our  
hands."

Thus having spoken, Neptune, with hair like azure seas,  
Led to the earth-heaped rampart of godlike Herkules, 145  
Which once Athena Pallas and the Trojan people made,  
That he the ocean monster might fly from and evade,  
When it might rush upon him from the seashore to the  
plain.

There was Posidon seated and the godheads in his train.  
But round about their shoulders unbreaking cloud was  
dressed; 150

Th' opposing gods were seated on Kallikolonè's crest,  
Around you, Archer Phoebus, and city-wasting Mars.  
Thus they sat 'gainst each other and meditated wars.  
Yet they were slow beginning war with destructive blight,  
But Zeus, who sat in ether, commanded them to fight. 155

But they\* filled all the prairie, which glittered with the  
brass

Of heroes and of horses; and 'neath their feet earth's mass  
Crashed when they rushed together. Two chiefs, the  
best by far.

Came in the midst together, all eager to make war,  
Anchises' son, Æneas, and eke Achilles divine. 160

Æneas first came forward and uttered threats malign,  
Nodding his valid helmet; his rushing buckler sheer  
He held before his bosom and shook his brazen spear.

\*The human combatants.

On the other hand, Pelides rushed on, like lion dire,  
Whom men attempt to slaughter, urged on by hot  
desire 165

(Assembled, all the village); he first, contemning, goes,  
But when some youth Mars-rapid at him with javelin  
throws,

He yawns, collecting vigour, and foam is manifest  
Around his teeth; his spirit high groans within his breast;  
And with his tail he scourges his ribs and both his  
thighs, 170

And thus himself arouses to fight his enemies;  
Then with terrific aspect bears straight, with strength  
endowed,

That he a man may slaughter or die amid the crowd;  
Thus strength and manly spirit urged great Achilles on  
To go against Æneas great-souled, Anchises' son. 175  
But when they came together, upon each other pressed,  
The first, divine swift-footed Achilles him addressed:

“ Æneas, why thus pass through so great a crowd and  
stand ?

Is it, then, that your spirit does war with me command,  
Because you hope to rule the horse-taming Trojan  
band 180

With the royalty of Priam ? But if myself you slew,  
For such a deed King Priam would not give the gift to you;  
For he has sons, is prudent and not of changing breast.—  
Or have the Trojans measured a field above the rest,  
Fair for the vine and harvest, for you to till and guard, 185  
If you, perchance, may slay me ? I hope it will be hard  
To do. I think already I chased you with my spear.—  
Sooth, do you not remember when from your oxen near  
I drove you lorn from Ida's mountains tumultuously,  
With rapid feet; but, flying, you turned not back  
to me. 190

You fled thence to Lyrnessos; I sacked the town dismayed,  
Rushing on with Athena's and Father Zeus's aid;  
I led the women captive and freedom from them tore;  
But you the other godheads and Zeus preserved once more.  
Yet now you will not 'scape me, I trow, as in your  
mind 195

You think; but I exhort you to turn back, so you find  
Your comrades, nor against me to stand, but rather shun,  
Before you suffer evil; the fool knows what is done."

To him at once Æneas spoke and returned reply:

" Pelides, hope not speeches myself will terrify, 200

As if I were a stripling; since I myself know well,

Sharp words and grave reproaches against you to impel.

We know each other's lineage and well our parents ken,

Hearing the tales related long since by mortal men;

You saw not mine with vision, I saw not yours again. 205

They say that you the offspring of blameless Peleus are,

And of your mother Thetis, sea-nymph with ringlets fair.

Yet from great-souled Anchises I boast that I was born;

My mother is Aphrodite, whom countless charms adorn.

Of these, one or the other shall make lament this day 210

For their dear son; I think not with boyish words in fray

Shall we be separated and turn from battle fell.

Yet, if you wish to hear me, that you may know full well

My birth and generation which many men can tell:

Now first, Zeus cloud-compelling begot great Dardanos; 215

And he Dardania founded, since sacred Ilios,

Town of men speech-dividing, was not yet built aplain;

Yet at the foot of Ida, rill-rich, they still dwelt fain.

But Dardanos the monarch Erichthonios begot,

Who, then, became the richest of men of mortal lot; 220

Whose mares, three thousand, pastured along the marsh  
and moor,

And ran about, exulting with the tender colts they bore.—

But Boreas was enamoured of some while there they fed

And, like a blue-haired courser, conducted to his bed;

And they, becoming pregnant, twelve female foals brought  
forth.— 225

But when these ran and sported upon the fruitful earth,

They ran on tips of corn-ears, nor broke them in their  
mirth;

And when they ran and sported on the broad backs of the  
sea,

They ran on crests of billows of gray ocean rolling free.—

Erichthonios engendered Tros for the Trojans' king; 230

From Tros three blameless heroes derived their beings'  
spring,

Assarakos and Ilos and Ganymed divine,  
Who, sooth, was born the fairest of men of mortal line.  
The gods took him to heaven to pour high Zeus's wine;  
For his surpassing beauty to share th' immortals' lot. 235  
But Ilos, then, Laomedon, his blameless son, begot;

Laomedon engendered Tithonos, Priamos,  
The scion of Mars, Hiketaon, Lampos and Klytios.  
Assarakos engendered great Kapys, who in line  
Begot my sire, Anchises; but Priam, Hektor divine 240  
Begot. Such is my lineage, such blood do I possess.  
But Zeus augments the virtue of men and makes it less,  
Whenever it may please him, for he is best of all.

Yet come, let us no longer discuss, like boys in brawl,  
Standing hard by the middle of the battle hither rolled. 245  
For very many reproaches might be by either told;  
So a ship with hundred benches might not endure the  
weight.

The tongue of man is facile; his words in a debate  
Are many and varied; widely his words spread here and  
there.

And as the word you utter so will you answer bear. 250  
Yet where's the need, with discord and quarrels, for us two  
To strive against each other as angry women do,  
Who, angered in their quarrel of soul-consuming sway,  
Contend with one another in the middle of the way  
With true or trumped-up charges; both with like fury  
fired. 255

With words you will not turn me, who am by might  
inspired,

Before with brass you fight me; but come, and let us here  
Make trial of each other at once with brass-shod spear."

Thus he, and 'gainst the buckler, dire and tremendous,  
flung

His valid spear; the buckler huge to the spear's point  
rung. 260

In his stout hand Pelides the shield far from him held,  
Fearing, since he believed that the long spear well impelled  
By mighty-souled Æneas, would easily pass through.

Foolish!—who in his spirit and mind in nowise knew  
That the gods' illustrious presents, without the sorest  
pain, 265

Yield not to nor are mastered by the hands of mortal men.  
Thus, then, the heavy javelin of Æneas, battle-brave,  
Broke not the shield; but held it the gold the godhead  
gave.

Two folds it penetrated; three folds opposed it yet,  
Since Vulcan with his labour five folds in all had set. 270  
Two of the plates were brazen; within, two tin plates  
sheer

The middle one was golden; this held the ashen spear.

The second, then, Achilles his spear long-shadowed sent,  
Which 'gainst the equal buckler of great Æneas went  
Hard by the rim extremest where run the brass most  
thin, 275

And thinnest was the ox-hide; and there, clear through  
rushed in

The Pelian ash; the buckler beneath the strong blow  
pealed;

Æneas crouched, evading, and from him held the shield  
In terror; and the javelin in earth behind him stood,  
Desiring to go onward; yet brast both circles good 280  
Of the man-covering buckler; unharmed by the long spear  
He stood, yet o'er his eyelids was poured much grief  
austere,

And terror, since the weapon was fixed in earth so near.

But Achilles rushed on swiftly, drawing his trenchant  
brand,

Shouting with cries terrific; Æneas took in hand 285  
A rifted rock, huge labour!—which not two men could  
bear

(Such men as now are mortals); with ease he brandished  
there.

Then, of a truth, Æneas had flung the rock on him,  
Either on helm or buckler which fenced death sad and  
grim.

But quickly had Pelides with sword deprived of life, 290  
Had not Earth-Shaker Neptune known well amid the  
strife.

Soon to the gods immortal he spoke words earnestly:

“ Ye gods, great-souled Æneas’ peril is pain to me,  
Who soon, slain by Achilles, to Hades’ house will go,  
Persuaded by the speeches of Phoebus, deft with  
bow. 295

Foolish!—He will not succour him from this grievous bane.  
Yet why should now the guiltless suffer this heavy pain,  
Unearned, for others’ sorrows; his grateful gifts were  
given

Ever to all the godheads who hold the spacious heaven?  
But come, and let us lead him from ruin in the fray, 300  
Lest Kronides be angered if great Achilles slay.  
For Fate to him has given that he to-day may fly,  
That not the race of Dardan, seedless and lost, shall die  
(Whom Kronides most cherished of all the sons of morn,  
Who were from him descended, of mortal women  
born). 305

For Kronides the offspring of Priam hates to-day,  
And now the Trojan people Æneas’ might will sway,  
And sons to sons succeeding, who afterwards are bred.”

Then ox-eyed revered Hera to him in answer said:  
“ Earth-Shaker, of Æneas consider in your mind: 310  
Whether you save from danger or leave him here behind.  
[By Achilles, son of Peleus, to be subdued, though brave.]  
Yet we to all th’ immortals full many a dire oath gave  
(I and Athena Pallas) ne’er th’ evil day to turn  
From the Trojans, if all Troja in wasting flame should  
burn, 315  
And the brave sons of th’ Achaians had lit the sparkling  
fire.”

But when Earth-Shaker Neptune had heard her accents  
dire,  
He hastened to the battle and the din of ashen wood,  
And came where was Æneas, and famed Achilles stood.  
At once a veil of darkness above the eyes he threw 320  
Of Achilles, son of Peleus, from Æneas’ buckler drew  
The well-brazed ashen javelin with dedal work replete.  
Then cast the valid weapon before Achilles’ feet;  
Next seized with force Æneas and raised him high from  
earth.



And many ranks of heroes and many steeds borne  
forth 325

Æneas vaulted over, urged by the godhead's hand,  
And came to the last limits of the war's impetuous band,  
Where were arrayed the Kaukons behind the battle grim.  
Then Neptune, the Earth-Shaker, came very near to him  
And, after he bespoke him, with winged words ad-  
dressed: 330

"Æneas, who of godheads has bidden you, thus  
distressed,

To fight against Pelides, of wild and haughty moods,  
Who than yourself is mightier and dearer to the gods?  
But now, retreat before him if you should meet again,  
Lest you, though all unfated, Hades' grim house  
attain. 335

But when Achilles follows his destiny and blight,  
Then with transcendent courage amid the foremost fight;  
No other of th' Achaians shall bring about your fall."

Thus saying, he departed, when he had taught him all.  
And quickly from the eyeballs of Achilles he repelled 340  
The mist immense, who clearly then with his eyes beheld.  
But to his soul great-hearted he, with deep groaning,  
cries:

"Ye gods, a mighty wonder I look on with these eyes!  
My spear lies here before me on earth, nor any way  
Do I behold the hero I charged and wished to slay. 345  
That to the gods immortal Æneas is dear is plain  
Though I was of opinion he boasted thus in vain.  
Then let him go; his spirit will not urge him again  
To try me, since with transport, just now, from death he  
fled.

Yet come, and rouse the Danaans who love the battle  
dread. 350

Then all the other Trojans I'll try, and 'gainst them run."

Thus he, and leapt 'mid th' orders, exhorting everyone:  
"No longer now, Achaians divine, should you stand far  
From the Trojans; let each hero 'gainst hero promptly  
war.

For me it were great hardship, though I am brave  
withal, 355

To charge so many warriors and battle with them all.  
 Not Ares, god immortal, nor e'en Athena's might  
 Could charge so great a combat and toil 'gainst such a  
 fight.

Yet such as I am able, in hands and feet and force,  
 I promise I will slacken in nowise, nor be worse, 360  
 But press on through the orders; nor anyone, I trow,  
 Of the Trojans will be gladdened, who near my spear  
 may go."

Thus spoke he, while exhorting; but famous Hektor  
 drave

The Trojans on by saying he would meet Achilles brave.

"Ye haughty-minded Trojans, let not Pelides  
 fright. 365

E'en I with the immortals with words alone could fight;  
 But with the spear 't were arduous, since they are better  
 far.

Nor will Achilles finish all that his words declare;  
 A part he will accomplish, the other half desire.  
 But I would go against him, though his hands resembled  
 fire, 370

Though his hands bright fire resembled; and his strength  
 like iron blazed."

Thus spoke he, while exhorting; their spears the Tro-  
 jans raised.

Their strength was mixed together, and rose a clamour  
 dread.

Then, standing close to Hektor, Phoebus Apollo said:

"Hektor, war with Achilles amid the van no  
 more; 375

Receive him from th' assembly and from the tumult sore,  
 Least he with missile hit you or with near sword attain."

Thus he; and Hektor entered again the ranks of men  
 In fear, when he had listened to what the godhead hight.  
 But Achilles 'mid the Trojans leapt with spirit clad in  
 might, 380

Shouting with cries terrific. He slew Iphition then,  
 The brave son of Otrynteus, leader of many men.  
 To Otrynteus wasting-cities, Naiad, a nymph, gave birth  
 'Neath the shade of snowy Tmolos, in Hyda's fertile earth.

Divine Achilles struck him, coming straight on, with  
spear 385

Upon the head's mid portion; and that in twain split sheer.  
He fell with crash resounding; divine Achilles then:

"Lie there, son of Otrynteus, most terrible of men;  
Here death has seized upon you; your race is from the lake  
Gygean, where a temenos you from your fathers take  
Beside the fish-rich Hyllos, where eddying Hermos flies."

Thus spoke he in his boasting; but darkness veiled  
his\* eyes,

And the Achaian horses mangled his body prone,  
With tires amid the foremost. But he† Demoleon,  
A strong defence in battle, Antenor's valiant son, 395  
Struck strongly on the temple, through the helmet cheeked  
with brass.

The brass helm did not ward it; yet through the shining  
mass

The eager javelin shattered the bone, and all the brain  
Within it was polluted; it mastered him though fain.

Then in the back Hippodamas with spear he wounded  
sore, 400

Who leapt down from his chariot and wildly fled before.

But he exhaled his spirit like bullock bellowing,  
Which is dragged before the altar of the Heliconian  
king,‡

By stalwart youths who draw him; and Neptune with  
them joys;

Thus his fierce soul deserted his bones amid his cries. 405

But he§ 'gainst Polydoros divine with bright spear bare,  
Priamides, whose father forbade to go to war,  
Since he of all his children was born to him the last,  
And was most fondly cherished, and all with feet surpassed.  
There he, in youthful folly, his gift of speed displayed, 410  
And ran among the foremost till he his life betrayed.

Foot-swift divine Achilles struck him with javelin thrown,  
As he was running by him, on the mid back where the zone  
Was joined by golden circles, and the double corselet met;  
And straight through by the navel the javelin's brass  
point set. 415

\*Iphition's. †Achilles. ‡Neptune. §Achilles.

Aknee he fell, lamenting, a dark cloud round him spanned,  
And, bending down, he gathered his entrails with his hand.

When Hektor saw his brother Polydoros smit with  
wound,  
Holding in hand his entrails and rolled upon the ground,  
A mist fell o'er his vision; he could endure no more 420  
To wage a distant warfare, but 'gainst Achilles bore,  
Like fire his sharp spear brandished. But when Achilles  
knew,

At once he leapt up, boasting, and uttered threats anew:

"The man is near who stung me most sharply in my  
soul,  
Who slew my cherished comrade; not long shall we  
patrol, 245  
While trembling at each other, the battle's bridges dread."

Thus he, and gazing grimly on godlike Hektor, said:  
"Come nearer that the sooner you reach the bounds of  
death."

To him helm-glancing Hektor replied with dauntless  
breath:

"Pelides, with your speeches hope not to terrify, 430  
As if I were a stripling; yet I can vilify  
As well with cutting accents and words opprobrious, too.  
I know that you are valiant, that I'm weaker far than you;  
Yet truly, all these matters lie at the godheads' knees,  
And, though I am the weaker, I shall slay you if they  
please, 435  
Striking with spear; my weapon is, also, sharp before."

Thus he, and flung his javelin, but that Athena bore  
With breath back from Achilles, illustrious in war,  
Breathing upon it lightly; and bore the missile fleet  
To its master, godlike Hektor, where it fell before his  
feet. 440

But Achilles rushed on wildly, fierce with desire to slay,  
Calling with shouts terrific; Apollo bore away,  
Like god, with ease the chieftain and in dense darkness  
veiled.

Foot-fleet divine Achilles three times his foe assailed  
With brazen spear, but triply he struck the darkness  
broad. 445

Yet when he rushed the fourth time, the equal of a god,  
He chid him with dire menace and wingèd words addressed:

“ Dog, now again destruction you’ve fled. Yet evil  
pressed

Anear; Apollo Phoebus held o’er you guard once more,  
Whom you are wont to pray to, going ’mid the javelins’  
roar. 450

But if henceforth I meet you, I certainly will slay,  
If any of the godheads assist me in the fray.

Yet now I charge the others, whoe’er I may o’ertake.”

Thus saying, he wounded Dryops with javelin on mid  
neck,

Who fell down there before him; he left him there to  
lie. 455

The famed son of Philetor, Demuchos great and high,  
Close to the knee he wounded and held him in the fray;  
Then struck him with great falchion and took his life away.

Next ’gainst the sons of Bias with fury he rushed forth,  
(Laogonos and Dardan), and flung from car to earth; 460  
Piercing one with his javelin, striking one with his sword.

Then Tros, son of Alastor, who at his knees implored,  
That so he might persuade him to take him living there  
And not to kill, but pity the equal age they bare;

Foolish!—because he knew not he could not thus en-  
snare. 65

For Achilles was not gentle nor easy to appease,  
But rash and harsh in temper; he seized with hands his  
knees,

Wishing to supplicate him; he\* wounded with his sword,  
And cut from him the liver; and the black life-blood  
poured

Apace and filled his bosom; and night his vision  
veiled, 470

Who was by life deserted. Next Mulios he assailed  
And smote his ear with javelin; and through the other ear  
Drove on the brazen spear-point. He struck Eheklos  
near,

Agenor’s son, with falchion great-hilted, on mid head;

\*Achilles.

The sword with blood waxed tepid; and purple Death  
all-dread 475

And violent Fate above him seized swiftly on his eyes.  
Deukalion came after; where in the elbow's plies  
The sinews join, he pierced him through hand with brazen  
spear;

And he, with hand sore weighted, stayed for him coming  
near,

And looked on death before him; he struck the neck  
with sword, 480

And flung the head with helmet afar, while marrow  
poured

Forth from the opened back-bone; on earth outspread  
he lay.

Achilles hastened forward Pireus' famed son to slay,  
Rigmos, who came from Thrakia, whose fertile fields are  
sung;

He struck the midst with javelin; the brass fixed in the  
lung; 485

He fell out of the chariot. The foe with trenchant spear  
Struck in the back Areithoos, the wheeling charioteer,  
And flung him from the chariot; the steeds plunged  
furiously.

And as through the deep valleys of some great moun-  
tain dry

A boundless fire sweeps onward, and the thick forest  
burns, 490

And everywhere the whirlwind the conflagration turns;  
Thus everywhere Achilles with spear rushed, like a god,  
Following those doomed to slaughter; and black earth  
flowed with blood.

As when one yokes up oxen, whose foreheads widely spread,  
To trample out white barley on the threshing-floor well-  
made; 495

And with ease it is diminished 'neath the bellowing oxen's  
feet;

Thus, 'neath great-souled Achilles his whole-hoofed  
coursers fleet

Trampled on shields and corpses; the axle-tree below  
Was all by blood polluted, and the high rims which go

Around the car were spattered by drops flung from the  
 tire 500  
 And from the hoofs of horses; but Pelides burned  
 t' acquire  
 High fame; his hands unconquered were fouled by  
 slaughter dire.

## BOOK XXI.

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### THE BATTLE BY THE RIVER.

But when they reached the passage of the fairly flowing  
 river,  
 The eddying Xanthos, gotten by Zeus who lives forever,  
 He cleft the rout asunder and chased some on the plain  
 To the city where th' Achaians, amazed, had fled amain  
 The day before when Hektor, illustrious, raging sped; 5  
 There they in flight poured onward. Before them Hera  
 spread  
 A dense deep cloud to hinder, but the other half were  
 whirled  
 To the deep-flowing river whose silvery eddies curled.  
 They came with mighty clamour, and roared the streams  
 profound,  
 The banks about re-echoed, and with tumultuous sound 10  
 They swam about confusedly, tost by the eddies dire.  
 As when the locusts mount up, urged by the rush of fire,  
 To fly toward a river, and keen flame burns o'er all,  
 Rushing upon them swiftly, and 'neath the flood they fall  
 In fear; thus by Achilles the loudly sounding course 15  
 Of deeply eddying Xanthos was filled with men and horse.  
 But the Zeus-born his javelin left there beside the flood,  
 Leaning against a tamarisk, and leapt in, like a god,  
 Having his falchion only, devising ills for foes.  
 He struck in all directions, and dreadful groaning rose 20  
 From those smit by his falchion; the wave with blood  
 was red.  
 And as before huge dolphin the other fish dismayed

Fly and fill up the crannies of a harbour sheltered well,  
 For greedily he feeds on whoever he may quell;  
 Thus the Trojans hid and trembled in the caverns of the  
 flood 25

Of the terrific river. When his hands were tired of blood,  
 He chose twelve youths yet living, from the river's cur-  
 rents won,

As weregild for Patroklos, Menoitios' dead son.  
 He led them from the river, like fawns amazed, forlorn,  
 And bound their hands behind them with strappings  
 deftly shorn 30

(Which on their twisted tunics they bore to use at need),  
 And gave them to his comrades to the hollow ships to lead.  
 But he again rushed onward, desiring yet to slay.

A son of Dardan Priam he next met on his way,  
 Flying from the stream, Lykaon, whom he himself be-  
 fore 35  
 Had taken, though unwilling, and from his sire's field  
 bore

(Going there in the night-time) while he\* cut off the  
 limbs,

With sharp brass, from a fig-tree to make a chariot's rims.  
 On him unthought-of evil divine Achilles rolled,  
 Then to well-peopled Lemnos a thrall in slavery sold, 40  
 Leading him on the vessels; the son of Jason paid  
 The price. His guest thence loosed him and many gifts  
 conveyed,

Great Imbrian Eetion, and to Arisba sent;  
 Whence he escaped in secret and to his sire's dome went.  
 Eleven days his spirit he gladdened with each friend, 45  
 When he returned from Lemnos; but ere the twelfth  
 day's end

A god gave to Achilles, who was about to send  
 Him down to Hades' dwellings, though he wished not to  
 go.

When fleet divine Achilles perceived his former foe  
 Naked and wanting helmet and shield; nor had he  
 spear; 50

For, truly, all these earthward he cast, for sweat severe

\*Lykaon.



Had worn, flying from the river, and toil his knees inclined;

He said with swelling anger in his great-hearted mind:

"Ye gods, a mighty wonder here with my eyes I view,  
Since the great-hearted Trojans whom once before I  
slew, 55

Will rise again against me from dusky darkness' power,  
Just as this hero rises and flies the cruel hour  
(Erst sold in sacred Lemnos); nor has restrained his  
course

The wave of hoary Ocean, which holds full many averse.  
Yet come, let him the trial of my spear-point undergo, 60  
That I may see in spirit, that I may surely know  
Whether he thence will journey, or if the earth will hold,—  
Fair earth, the life-bestowing, which quells the strong  
and bold."

Thus, standing still, he pondered; Lykaon came near,  
distraught,

To clasp his knees desiring; for much in soul he sought 65  
To fly from death all-evil and 'scape from sable Fate.  
But now divine Achilles raised up his javelin great  
With fierce desire to wound him; he ran 'neath the attack  
And seized his knees in bending; the spear stood o'er his  
back

In earth, desiring greatly on human flesh to seize. 70  
Yet with one hand beseeching he seized upon his knees,  
With the other held the javelin acute, and would not free,  
And, with winged words addressing, besought him eagerly:

"I clasp your knees, Achilles; regard and pity me.  
I stand before you suppliant, Zeus-bred, to be revered; 75  
For first with you I feasted on Ceres' fruit preferred  
That day you made me captive the well-tilled field within,  
And sold me to the stranger, far from my sire and kin,  
To sacred Lemnos, bringing a hundred oxen's worth.  
Now thrice this price I offer; the twelfth morn has gone  
forth 80

Since I returned to Ilion oppressed by many a pain;  
But now a fate destroying gives me to you again.  
It seems that Zeus, the Father, bears me a hatred sore,  
Who again to you has given; short-lived my mother bore,

Laothoë, the daughter of Altes, hero eld, 85  
 Who o'er the warlike Leleges, as king, his scepter held,  
 Possessing lofty Pedasos upon Satniois' swell.—  
 But Priam had his daughter, and many others as well;  
 From her we two descended, yet you will slay the twain.—  
 Amid the foremost footmen already you have slain 90  
 Polydoros, like a godhead, when you struck him with sharp  
 spear;

And now to me comes evil; for I do not think that here  
 I shall evade your hands, since a godhead brings you near.  
 Another thing I tell you, conceal it in your mind:  
 Slay not, for Hektor's brother I'm not by mother joined, 95  
 Who slew your dear companion, valiant and generous.”

The glorious son of Priam addressed Achilles thus,  
 With accents supplicating, but heard his harsh decree:

“ Fool do not talk of ransom, nor speak of it to me.  
 For sooth, before Patroklos attained his fatal day, 100  
 So long within my spirit less grateful 't was to slay  
 The Trojans, and full many I took alive and sold.  
 Now none shall 'scape from slaughter of all the Trojans  
 bold,

And least the sons of Priam while lofty Ilion stands,  
 Whoe'er a favouring godhead may put within my  
 hands. 105

Yet now, my friend, die also; why thus lament and rue?  
 Patroklos, too, has perished, one better far than you.  
 And can you not distinguish how I am great and fair?  
 And from a lofty father, and a goddess mother bare;  
 Yet I myself death sable and violent Fate must  
 share.— 110

A morn will come, or even, or middle of the day,  
 When someone in fierce battle will take my life away  
 By arrow from the bowstring, or by casting flying dart.”

Thus spoke he; but was loosened his knees\* and pre-  
 cious heart;

And he released the javelin and sat with either hand 115  
 Outspread; but there Achilles unsheathed his trenchant  
 brand.

He struck beside the clavicle the neck; the two-edged blape  
 \*Lykaon's.

Entered the flesh entirely; and prone on earth displayed  
 He lay; the blood all-sable flowed out and wet the earth.  
 Seizing his foot, Achilles on the river cast him forth 120  
 To be borne away and, boasting, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

“ Lie there now with the fishes, who will, without un-  
 rest,  
 Lick from your wounds the blood-drops; nor will your  
 mother weep,  
 Placing you on the death-couch; but Skamander eddying-  
 deep  
 Will bear you to the bosom broad of the hoary brine. 125  
 And, leaping through the billows, the wandering fish will  
 shine

Through the black flood to batten on Lykaon's snowy fat.  
 Then die, ye flying Trojans, till I come to the gate  
 Of sacred Ilion's city; I'll follow you to slay;  
 Nor will the wide-spread river with silvery eddies stay, 130  
 To whom full many bullocks you offered in the past,  
 And whole-hoofed living horses amid the eddies cast.  
 Yet by an ill death perish till all of you requite  
 The slaughter of Patroklos and the Achaians' blight,  
 Whom by the rapid vessels you killed, with me apart.” 135  
 Thus spoke he; but the River was angered more at  
 heart,

And pondered in his spirit how he might stop the war  
 Waged by divine Achilles, and the Trojans' bale debar.  
 Meanwhile the son of Peleus with his long-shadowed spear  
 Attacked Asteropaios and sought to slay him here, 140  
 Pelegon's son, whom Axios, with currents wide and clear,  
 Begot with Periboia, Akessamenos' daughter fair,  
 The eldest; for the River, deep-eddying, cherished her.  
 Achilles rushed against him; he from the stream with-  
 stood,

Holding in hand two javelins; Xanthos with strength  
 endued 145  
 His soul, for he was angered for the youths who were sub-  
 dued,—

For those Achilles slaughtered nor pitied in his flood.  
 But when they came together, upon each other pressed,

Foot-swift devine Aciilles, first of the two, addressed:

" Whenceare you who of heroes who dare thus with  
me fight? 150

The sons of those are hapless who come against my  
might."

But him the glorious offspring of Pelegon addressed:

" Magnanimous Pelides, why is my race your quest ?

I'm from Paionia fertile, far distant from us here,  
And lead Paionian warriors, who battle with long  
spear; 155

This is the eleventh morning since I to Ilion came.—

From widely-flowing Axios I take my race and name,

[Axios, who fairest water pours o'er his earthy bed],  
Who Pelegon spear-famous begot and he, 't is said,  
Begot me; let us battle at once, Achilles praised." 160

Thus spoke he, bearing menace; divine Achilles raised  
The Pelian ash; but hero Asteropaios failed.

With one he struck the buckler, yet not clear through it  
held,

For the present of the godhead, he golden plate  
repelled; 165

By one the forearm slightly near his right hand was grazed;  
The black blood gushed forth from it; the javelin, o'er  
him raised,

Was fixed in earth, desiring to sate itself with flesh.

But, in his turn, Achilles sent forth th' unerring ash  
Against Asteropaios, desiring to destroy. 170

Yet this, too, missed its object and struck the stream's  
bank high;

The ashen javelin buried one half its shaft in earth.

Pelides the sharp falchion beside his thigh drew forth,  
And leapt on him in fury; but he\* with his stout hand  
Could not withdraw th' ash javelin of Achilles from the  
strand. 175

Three times with might he shook it, to draw it much  
inclined,

And thrice his forces failed him; when fourth he wished  
in mind,

While bending o'er, to break off Aiakides' ash spear,

\*Asteropaios.

His life Achilles mastered, with falchion coming near.  
 He struck him on the belly near the navel, in such  
 wise 180

That his entrails all fell earthward, and darkness veiled  
 the eyes

Of him who died. Achilles trampled upon his breast,  
 And spoiled his armour, boasting, and with this speech  
 addressed:

“ Lie there; it is not easy for you, though born from  
 River,

To strive with the descendants of Zeus, prepotent  
 ever. 185

You say your generation with the flowing River blends;  
 But I boast that my lineage to mighty Zeus ascends.  
 I came from chief who ruled o’er full many a Myrmidon,  
 Peleus, the son of Aiakos; and Aiakos was Jove’s son.  
 As Jove is far more potent than Rivers flowing to the  
 sea, 190

So Jove’s race is more potent than a River’s race can be.  
 For a great River is near you to aid you if he please,  
 Yet in nowise ’t is fated to fight Zeus Kronides.  
 For not King Archelous esteems himself as good,  
 Nor the great strength of Ocean’s profoundly-flowing  
 flood; 195

From whose breast all the rivers and all the seas below,  
 And all deep wells and fountains in ample currents flow.  
 Yet e’en he fears the lightning by great Kronion given,  
 And dreads the dreadful thunder when it resounds from  
 heaven.”

Thus saying, from the stream’s bank he drew the brazen  
 spear.— 200

When he the life had riven, he left him lying here  
 Amid the sands; and washed him the water black and  
 dim;

And eels and fish surrounded the dead and gnawed at him,  
 And nibbled at the fatness which round the kidneys  
 spanned.

But he\* sped on, attacking the Paionian horse-borne  
 band, 205

\*Achilles.

Who by the eddying river were now borne on in flight,  
When they saw their bravest warrior amid the powerful  
fight

Beneath Pelides' falchion and hands by force subdued.—  
Astypylos, Thersilochos he slew, and Mydon good,  
Ainios, Mnesos, Thrasios and Ophlestes then, 210  
And more of the Paionians had fleet Achilles slain,  
If the deep-eddying River had not in anger spoke  
(Like to a man), while accents from his deep vortex broke:

"Achilles, you are potent, and actions which degrade  
The others you accomplish, for the gods aye give you  
aid. 215

If the son of Kronos give you all Trojans to destroy,  
Let them from me be driven; aplain work your annoy.  
For my pleasant streams are filled up by the bodies cast  
o'er me;

Nor can I pour my current down to the sacred sea,  
Compressed by many corpses; you slay with deadly  
stroke. 220

Yet come, desist; a stupour holds me, O chief of folk."

To him in making answer foot-swift Achilles said:  
"These things shall meet your order, Skamander, O  
Zeus-bred.

Yet I will not cease slaying the haughty Trojan band  
Before the town contains them; and I in trial stand 225  
With Hektor, so he kill me, or so I master him."

Thus saying, upon the Trojans he rushed, like godhead  
grim.

Then the deep-eddying River to King Apollo said:

"O god with bow of silver, Jove's son, you've not  
obeyed

The counsels of Kronion, who many commandments  
made 230

For you to aid the Trojans till even's sun revealed  
Should bring on tardy sunset and shade the fertile field."

Thus he; spear-famed Achilles amid the current leapt,  
Rushing down from the stream bank. The swollen River  
swept

With all his turbid currents, and drove full many  
a corse 235

(Of these he bore abundance whom Achilles slew by force).  
 He cast them from his waters (while bellowing like a bull)  
 On earth, but saved the living in his currents beautiful,  
 Preserving them by hiding in his deep and ample flood.  
 Then dire around Achilles the turbid billow stood;     240  
 The stream fell on his buckler and pushed him from the  
     sands;  
 His feet could gain no foothold; he seized with both his  
     hands  
 An elm, well-grown and mighty; that fell with roots and  
     shade,  
 And loosened all the stream-bank and the fair current  
     stayed  
 With dense-set boughs extended; it made a bridge  
     for him,     245  
 All falling in the river; then from the vortex dim  
 He sprang and rushed to 'scape it, with rapid feet aplain,  
 In fear. The great god ceased not, but followed him amain  
 With all his blackening billows, that he might stop the war  
 Waged by divine Achilles and the Trojans' ruin bar. 250  
 But Pelides leapt the distance of a javelin cast afar,  
 With the rush of the black eagle, hunter beyond compare,  
 Who is at once the strongest and fleetest bird of air;  
 Like it he rushed in flying; the brass upon his breast  
 Rung with terrific clangour; and he, obliquely  
     pressed     255  
 Fled; and the River followed with mighty thundering.  
 As when an irrigator leads from black-watered spring  
 A stream of flowing water through gardens and through  
     groves,  
 And, spade in hand, obstructions out of the furrow moves;  
 And, while the stream is flowing, the pebbles all below 260  
 Are rolled on, and it murmurs in its tumultuous flow  
 Down the incline, and passes the man who leads it on;  
 Thus ever by Achilles the River's billows run,  
 Though he was very rapid; for gods o'er-master men.  
 As often as swift-footed divine Achilles, then,     265  
 Tried to stand up against it, and learn if he was driven  
 In flight by all the immortals who hold the spacious  
     heaven,

So often the great billows of the River flowing from Jove  
Struck downward on his shoulders; with lofty bounds he  
drove,

Afflicted in his spirit; his knees the River fleet 270  
Subdued, and washed in flowing the dust from 'neath his  
feet.

Pelides then lamented, gazing on heaven wide:

" Zeus Sire, how am I wretched that ne'er a god has tried  
To save me from the River, whatever pain might be.  
Yet none of the Celestials is so much blamed by  
me 275

As is my cherished mother who with vain falsehoods  
warmed:

Who said that 'neath the ramparts of the Trojans corselet  
armed,

I should by King Apollo's swift flying shafts be torn.—  
Would I were slain by Hektor, the best in Ilion born;  
Then had a brave man slain me, a brave man were de-  
spoiled. 280

But now I am allotted by fate a death defiled,  
Whelmed in a mighty River, just as a swine-herd's boy,  
Whom, while he fords a torrent, the wintry streams  
destroy."

Thus he; and very quickly Neptune and Pallas then  
Went near and stood beside him, in form resembling  
men; 285

And, taking hand in hand-clasp, with words confirmed  
his force.—

Then Neptune, the Earth-Shaker, 'mid them began dis-  
course:

" Pelides, do not tremble, and let not fear subdue,  
For we twain of the godheads are such an aid to you  
(And all with Jove's approval), I and Athena, too; 290  
Since 't is not fated for you the River's prey to be;  
And he will soon give over, as you yourself shall see.  
We will support you strongly if you obey in aught,  
Nor cease your hands from battle, with equal evil fraught,  
Ere you enclose the Trojans, who fly from you in strife, 295  
Within Troy's famous ramparts.—When you take  
Hektor's life,



Go back upon the vessels; we give you fame to-day."

And, when both thus had spoken, to the gods they  
went away.

But he went to the prairie (for much the gods' command  
Incited him to struggle) where the wave filled all the  
strand. 300

There floated much fair armour of the youths who had  
been slain,

And corpses swam around him. His knees leapt high  
amain

Against the rushing current; nor held him from his course  
The widely-flowing River, for Athena gave him force.

Nor Skamander ceased his effort, but greater anger  
held 305

Against the son of Peleus and his watery torrent swelled;  
Rising aloft in fury, he called to Simois loud:

"Let us both chain, dear brother, this hero's vigour  
proud;

Since he will quickly ruin the city of Priam, King;  
For the Trojans will not wait him amid the combat-  
ing. 310

So bear me aid most quickly, and fill your currents bright  
With water from the fountains, and all your rills incite;

And raise a mighty billow and boundless tumult plan  
Of rocks and broken tree-trunks to stop this savage man,  
Who now is victor, thinking to do deeds like a god. 315

Yet, I say, strength shall not aid him, nor beauteous form  
bestowed,

Nor even his fair armour which in my lowest pool  
Shall lie by deep slime covered; and o'er himself I'll roll  
Sands in sufficient measure, and pour vast silt apace;  
Nor shall th' Achaians discover his bones' abiding-  
place; 320

So great the mud collected that I o'er him will bear.  
And here shall be his barrow, nor shall a need be there  
Of tomb when the Achaians perform his exequy."

Thus he, and on Achilles rushed turbid, raging high,  
Murmuring with spreading foam and with corpses and  
with blood.— 325

At once the purple water of the Zeus-descended flood

Stood, rising round about him, and seized the chief anon.  
But Hera shouted loudly, fearing for Peleus' son,  
Lest he should be swept downward by the River eddying  
dread.

Then quickly to Hephaistos, her cherished son, she  
said:

“ Rise up to war, Hephaistos, my child, we think  
your might 330

Is peer to that of eddying Xanthos's in the fight;  
Yet bear your aid most quickly and show your bound-  
less fire;

And I will go to Ocean and raise a whirlwind dire,  
And, with its masters, Zephyr and rapid Notos,  
turn 335

Upon the Trojan warriors, so their heads and armour  
burn,

And bring a flame of evil. But burn the trees which sway  
On Xanthos' banks; then burn him, but do not turn away  
By any flattering speeches or any threats withal;

And do not cease your vigour; but when you hear  
me call 340

With sounding shout, then bridle your flames which do  
not tire.”

Thus she; and Vulcan darted his brightly-burning fire.  
Aplain the fire first kindled and burned full many a corse,  
Which were there in abundance, slain by Achilles' force;  
And all the plain was withered, and the water bright was  
held. 345

As when autumnal Boreas dries up the new-wet field  
Full soon; and he rejoices who tills the land outspread.  
Thus all the plain was dried up, and the fire burned up  
the dead;

Then he the flame resplendent back to the River turned;  
And all the elms and willows and tamarisks were,  
burned, 350

And the lotuses and rushes and the reeds were kindled,  
too,

Which by the beauteous currents of the River thickly  
grew;

And the eels and fish were troubled, who in the eddies were,

etc.

Who through the beauteous currents were wandering  
here and there,  
Worn by the breath of Vulcan, possessing knowledge  
dread. 355  
But the River's force was wasted, and he spoke the word  
and said:

“Vulcan, none of the godheads can stand against your  
might,  
Nor can I stand against you, who burn with flame-wreathes  
bright.

Cease, let divine Achilles drive from their city free  
The Trojans. What is battle and what is aid to  
me?” 360

Thus he, burned by fire's fury; his fair stream  
bubbled dire.

And as a kettle boils up within, urged by much fire,  
Melting the fat abundant of a hog fed on rich food,  
Bubbling o'er all, while 'neath it lies the well-seasoned  
wood;

Thus flame consumed the currents fair, and the water  
boiled, 365

And could not flow on freely, but stopped; the vapour  
moiled

By the force of wily Vulcan. The River Hera pressed,  
Praying with many speeches, and wingèd words ad-  
dressed:

“Why does your son, O Hera, press thus upon my  
stream,  
More than upon the others? I'm not so much to  
blame 370

As are the other godheads who aid the Trojan band.  
Yet I will cease from warring if such is your command;  
And let him cease it also. This oath, too, I will lay;  
That I will never ward off the Trojans' evil day;  
Not if the fire destroying to ashes Ilion turn, 375  
And the brave sons of th' Achaians with flames the city  
burn.”

But when white-elbowed Hera, the goddess, heard this  
said,  
To her dear son, Hephaistos, at once her words were sped:

"Hephaistos, son illustrious, hold, for it is not meet  
To torment god immortal for mortals' benefit." 380

Thus she: and he extinguished the brightly-burning  
flame;

And the fair-flowing currents with refluxent water came.  
But when the strength of Xanthos was mastered, both  
abstained;

For Hera, though in anger, the two from wrath restrained.

Yet 'mid the other godheads dire, heavy discord  
pressed; 385

To divers parts were driven the mind within the breast.  
They met with mighty clangour, and crashed the ample  
ground;

Great heaven resounded o'er them. Zeus even heard the  
sound,

Sitting upon Olympus, his heart laughed with his joy  
When he beheld the godheads clashing in war's annoy. 390

Not long they shunned each other; shield-piercing Mars  
began

The strife, and on Athena, the first of all, drove on,  
Holding a brazen javelin, and chiding shamefully:

"Why yet again, O Shameless, with dire audacity

Join you the gods in conflict, has your great soul im-  
pelled? 395

But do you not remember when you Diomed upheld  
In wounding? Yet you, taking, the glancing javelin bore,  
And urged it straight against me and all the fair flesh tore?  
Thus, now I think to pay you for all the ills you wrought."

Thus saying, he struck the aegis with many a tassel  
fraught, 400

Terrific, which the lightning of Zeus Sire does not sear.

This blood-polluted Ares struck with his lengthy spear.

But she, a space receding, seized with her valid hand  
A rock lying on the prairie, sable and rough and grand,  
Which former men had placed there to be a field's ex-  
tremes. 405

With this she struck fierce Ares on neck, and loosed his  
limbs.

He fell o'er seven acres, the dust his hair defiled;

His armour clashed about him; Pallas with laugh reviled

And, boasting loudly o'er him, with wingèd words addressed:

"Have you ne'er learned, O blockhead, how much I  
am the best, 410

When you oppose my vigour and stand in equal fray?

Thus to your mother's Furies do you requital pay;

She, angered, works you evil, for you th' Achaians betrayed,

And to the haughty Trojans gave countenance and aid."

Thus saying, she averted her eyes which radiance  
shed. 415

But Venus, Zeus's daughter, by hand King Ares led,

Who often groaned, and gathered his mind with pain and  
care.

But when white-elbowed Hera, the goddess, saw her there,  
She quickly to Athena with wingèd words spoke thus:

"Ye gods, Unconquered, daughter of aegis-bearing  
Zeus,

Once more this shameless leads forth Ares, destroying-  
men, 420

From tumult of dire battle; yet follow her amain."

Thus she; Athena, joying in mind, close after pressed

And rushed on Aphroditè and struck her on the breast;

And there her knees were loosened, her dear heart laxed in  
pain,

And both of them were lying on the many-feeding plain; 425

But she, above them boasting, her wingèd words conveyed:

"If everyone were likewise who are the Trojans' aid,

When with the well-armed Argives they fight and war  
foment,

Were thus as brave and daring as Venus when she went

An aid of rushing Ares, and stood against my power; 430

Then we had ceased from warring long days before this  
hour;

And the well-built city Ilion had ravaged in the war."

Thus she; and white-armed Hera, the goddess, smiled  
on her.

Then spoke the King Earth-Shaker to King Apollo thus:

"Phoebus, why are we parted? This is not meet  
for us, 435

Since the rest begin the battle; 't were shame if we should  
come,

Untried in strife, to Olympus and Zeus's brass-floored  
dome.

Begin, for you are younger; and 't would not seem me so,  
Since I was born before you, and know more than you  
know.

Fool, with a heart regardless! Nor does your memory  
own

440

How many ills we suffered round sacred Ilion  
(We twain alone of godheads), when proud Laomedon  
We served well for a twelvemonth (we came from potent  
Zeus)

For stipulated wages, and he commanded us?  
Then round the Trojan city I built the rampart  
well,

445

Broad, beauteous, so the city might be impregnable;  
While, Phoebus, you watched oxen, foot-trailing, curving-  
horned,

Amid the many valleys of Ida, wood-adorned.

But when the Hours bore onward the time of grateful pay.  
Then violent Laomedon by violence took away

450

All payments he had promised, and thence with threaten-  
ing drove.

He threatened e'en to fetter your feet and hands above,  
And sell to distant islands to serve in coming years,  
And said that he would cut off with brass both of our ears.  
But we retraced our pathway, our souls with anger  
fraught,

455

Enraged about the payments he promised and gave not.  
For this, now to this people you bear a meed of grace,  
Nor seek with us to ruin the faithless Trojan race,  
Their modest wives and children, with root and branches  
wide."

Far-darting King Apollo to him in turn replied:  
"Earth-Shaker, you'd not name me as having prudence  
true,

460

If I for wretched mortals engaged in war with you,  
Who to the leaves bear semblance, which at one time  
come forth

Transcendent in their splendour, and eat the fruit of earth;  
 Another time they wither in death. But rather far 465  
 Let us cease from the battle and let themselves make  
 war."

Thus saying, he turned backward; for shame's and  
 fear's commands  
 Restrained him from contending with his father's brother's  
 hands.

His sister chid him greatly, mistress of monsters dread;  
 [Diana, rustic virgin, who with reproaches said]: 470

"Then do you fly, Far-darting, and yield all victory  
 To Neptune and thus give him the glory easily?  
 Why do you thus, O Foolish, possess a useless bow?  
 Nor let me hear in future you boasting as you go  
 Within our father's mansions, as 'mid the gods before, 475  
 That you against Posidon would go to meet in war."

Thus she; but naught Far-darting to her in answer said.  
 Yet Zeus's revered consort was moved by anger dread;  
 [And chided Shaft-rejoicing with words of injury]:

"Bold dog, how are you able to stand here now 'gainst  
 me? 480

For I am hard in combat for you with strength displayed,  
 Though you a bow may carry, and Zeus a lion made  
 'Mid women, and has granted you to slay them as you will.  
 In truth, 't is better for you the mountain beasts to kill,  
 Or rustic stags than battle in might with stronger foe. 485  
 Yet if you wish for conflict, come on, that you may know  
 How much I am the stronger; since you with force with-  
 stand."

Thus she, and with her left hand the wrists of either  
 hand  
 Seized on, but from the shoulders with right hand took  
 the bow,

And o'er the ears of Dian delivered many a blow  
 And smiled, though Dian struggled, and the swift shafts  
 fell out.

Then fled the weeping goddess, as pigeon flies in rout,  
 Which flies from hawk pursuing, a hollow rock to gain,  
 For shelter; since fate willed not that she should thus be  
 ta'en;

Thus, leaving bow and arrows, the weeping goddess  
fled. 495

The slayer of Argus,\* messenger, then to Latona said:  
"Leto, I will not fight you, for it were toil profuse  
To battle with the consorts of cloud-compelling Zeus;  
But be most prompt and ready to boast in your discourse  
Amid the gods immortal that you quelled me by  
force." 500

Thus spoke he; and Latona the bow and arrows truss-  
ed,  
Which here and there had fallen amid a whirl of dust.  
Then she, the arrows taking, followed her daughter home,  
Who now had reached Olympus and Zeus's brass-floored  
dome.

The weeping maiden sat down before her father's  
knees; 505  
Her robe ambrosial trembled round her, and Kronides,  
Her father, drew her to him, and questioned while he  
smiled:

"Who now of the Celestials has wrought these deeds,  
my child?

[Rashly, as if some evil you openly arrayed?]

To him then answered Dian, well-crowned, Tumultuous  
Maid: 510

"Your consort, white-armed Hera, O sire, has injured me;  
From whom to the immortals discord and battle be."

And thus the conversation between the godheads run.—  
But now Apollo Phoebus came to sacred Iliou;  
For he was watching over the well-built city's wall, 515  
Lest that day the Danaans raze it, though yet undoomed to  
fall.

But the other gods immortal went to Olympus high,  
And some were glorying greatly, some, raging angrily,  
And by Zeus, veiled in darkness, sat.—But Achilles slew  
At once the Trojan warriors and their whole-hoofed horses  
too. 520

As when the smoke ascending from city wrapped in fire  
Reaches the spacious heaven, sent by the godheads' ire,  
And gives to all dire labour, to many, sorrows sore;

\*Hermes.



Thus Achilles to the Trojans labour and sorrows bore.

Old Priamos was standing upon the sacred tower, 525  
And saw immense Achilles; 'fore him the Trojan power  
Fled in confounded tumult; nor any strength had birth.  
And he, lamenting greatly, came from the tower to earth,  
Commanding the illustrious gate-keepers by the wall:

" Hold in your hands the portals wide, till the people  
all 530

Come, flying to the city; for Achilles certainly  
Is near us and makes tumult; and I think dire need  
will be.

But when within the ramparts enclosed, they breathe  
from pain,

The firmly fashioned portals put in their place again.  
For I fear this man destructive will rush within the  
wall." 535

Thus he; they oped the portals and let the cross-bars  
fall;

Thus spread, they offered safety. But Apollo leapt with-  
out

To meet the flying people and guard the Trojans' rout.  
Yet they straight to the city and the lofty wall amain,  
Parching with thirst and dusty, were flying from the  
plain. 540

With spear he madly followed; and fury's powerful flame  
Aye in his heart was raging, while he sought to conquer  
fame.

Then the sons of the Achaians high-gated Troy had won  
won,

Had not Apollo Phoebus urged divine Agenor on,  
Antenor's son, a hero blameless and strong and good. 545  
He in his heart cast courage, and by the warrior stood,  
That he might ward the Keres of heavy death and blight,  
Leaning against a beech-tree and folded in much night.  
But when he\* saw Achilles, waster of cities fair,  
He stayed, though darkened greatly his heart while he  
stayed there, 550  
And said, though sighing deeply, in his great-hearted  
mind:

\*Agenor.

" Ah met!—If from Achilles mighty, with impulse blind,  
I fly as do the others confused in tumult high,  
E'en thus will he seize on me and slay me as I fly.

But if I let these warriors be driven confusedly 555

By Achilles, son of Peleus, elsewhere my feet may flee  
From the wall by Ilion's prairie, till I at last attain  
The woody glens of Ida, and its close-set thickets gain.  
Then, washing in the river, when Hesper's watch-fires  
burn,

And cooled from perspiration, I may to Troy return. 560

But why does thus my spirit run o'er these matters vain?

For he may see me leaving the city for the plain;

Then he may rush upon me and seize on rapid feet,

And from black death and Keres there'll be no more  
retreat,

For he is much more powerful than any man below. 565

But if against this warrior before the town I go—

For surely now his body sharp brass may disarray,

And he has but one spirit and he can die, men say.

[Though Zeus, the son of Kronos, surpassing glory gave]."

Thus saying, he gathered courage to wait Achilles  
brave, 570

And in his valiant spirit for war and combat glowed.

As when a panther rushes from thicket deep and rude

Upon a stalwart hunter, who in no way appears

Disturbed in mind, nor flies it, though he the wild yell  
hears;

For e'en if erst he wound it or strike with javelin  
bright, 575

Or pierce with spear brass-pointed, it will not cease to  
fight;

But with its foe will grapple before it is subdued;

Thus the son of famed Antenor, divine Agenor good,

Wished not to fly Achilles before his strength was tried;

Yet held before his buckler, equal on every side, 580

And aimed at him with javelin, and to him loudly cried:

" Illustrious Achilles, in sooth, you hope in mind

To raze to-day the city of the glorious Trojan kind.

O fool!—Yet many sorrows will from this goal debar.

For in the city many and valiant warriors are, 585

Who for their cherished parents, children and wives debate,  
Defending sacred Ilion; but here will you find fate,  
Though terrible, and warrior transcendent with the brand."

Thus he, and sent the javelin forth from his heavy hand.  
It struck (and did not miss him) 'neath the knee, upon  
the shin, 590

And terribly resounded the greave of new-wrought tin.  
The brass flew from the stricken, nor pierced; the god's  
gift quelled.

But on Agenor godlike the son of Peleus held,  
The second; nor did Phoebus let him gain glory bright,  
But snatched away Agenor, and veiled in dusky night, 595  
And let him go in quiet from the battle and the toil.

But he turned back Achilles from the people by a wile.  
For 'gainst him Hekaergos, Agenor-like to view,  
Stood in the way before him; he rushed on to pursue.  
And he kept on, pursuing, o'er the plain where cornlands  
sweep, 600

And turned toward the river of Skamander eddying deep;  
Running a space before him, Apollo by deceit  
Beguiled him who hoped ever to reach him on his feet.  
Meanwhile the other Trojans fled on, with pleasure  
thrilled,

In concourse to the city, and all the city filled. 605  
For none outside the city and wall dared to remain  
For others, or to find out who fled or who were slain  
In warring; but, rejoicing, into the town they raved,  
Whoever of the flying their feet and knees had saved.

## BOOK XXII

## THE SLAYING OF HEKTOR.

Thus they through all the city, like fawns, in swift  
 flight burst,  
 Respired from perspiration, and drank, and slaked their  
 thirst,  
 And leaned 'gainst the fair bulwarks, while th' Achaïans  
 closer came  
 To the wall, and from their shoulders\* inclined their  
 shields of flame.

But Hektor there was fettered by the destroying Fates 5  
 To stay before high Ilion and the wide Skaian gates.  
 And thus Apollo Phoebus said to Pelides fleet:

"Why do you, son of Peleus, pursue with rapid feet,—  
 Yourself, though only mortal, a deathless god like me?  
 You do not know my godship, but rage incessantly. 10  
 You care not for the Trojans who fled from you in fear;—  
 They now have gained the city while you are erring here.  
 Nor can you hope to slay me, for I shall never die."

To him foot-swift Achilles, much angered, made reply:  
 "You've injured me, Far-darting, most baleful god of  
 all, 15

Turning me from the rampart; or many now withal  
 Had seized the earth with gnashing ere they to Troy had  
 come.

You robbed me of great glory and saved them from their  
 doom

With ease, and had no fear that thereafter pain should be.  
 But I'll wreak vengeance on you if there is power in me." 20

Thus saying, toward the city, thinking great thoughts,  
 he bare,

Rushing like race-horse winning a victory with the car,  
 Who lightly o'er the prairie speeds with full energies;  
 Thus Achilles moved, in running, with speed his feet and  
 knees.

\*To protect themselves from missiles from the wall.

But first the old man, Priam, beheld him with his  
 eyes, 25  
 Rushing upon the prairie like bright star in the skies,  
 Which rises in the autumn and pours its splendid blaze  
 Among the many clusters of night's transcendent haze,  
 Which by the appellation, Orion's dog, they call;  
 And this is most resplendent, but a sign of ill to all. 30  
 To miserable mortals its fierce heat brings unrest;  
 Thus the brass o' the hero running flamed dire around his  
 breast.

The ancient then lamented and struck with hands his  
 head,

Then lifted high to heaven and ululations sped,  
 Praying to his son cherished, who stood before the gate, 35  
 Who wished with fiery impulse to fight Achilles great.  
 The sire, with hands extended, called out in piteous tone:

"Hektor, dear son, await not this warrior thus alone,  
 Without the help of others, lest fate too quickly mar,  
 O'ermastering by Pelides, since he is better far. 40  
 The wretch! Would he were cherished by the gods as now  
 by me;

Full soon the dogs and vultures would eat him greedily.  
 Then, truly, from my bosom a dreadful pain would go;  
 For many sons and strenuous I lost by this dire foe,  
 Who slew or sold in bondage to islands far from shore. 45  
 And even now, two children, Lykaon and Polydore,  
 I see not in the city of the Trojans now confined  
 (Those whom Laothoë bore me, the best of womankind).  
 Yet if they live in bondage, with store of brass and gold  
 I will in future ransom; I have it in my hold; 50  
 Since famous, aged Atles much on his child bestowed.  
 But if they're dead already and in Hades' dread abode,  
 Pain holds me and their mother, who gave to life the  
 twain.

But to the other people shorter would be the pain  
 If you, too, do not perish, by fleet Achilles slain. 55  
 Yet come within the rampart, my son, that you may save  
 The Trojan men and women, nor give Pelides brave  
 Great glory, nor your spirit of its dear life deprive.  
 And pity me unhappy, ill-fated, yet alive,

Whom Kronides, the Father, destroys with harshest  
fate 60

Upon old age's threshold, giving me evils great:  
My sons destroyed in battle, my daughters captive borne,  
And all their chambers plundered, my children weak and  
lorn,

Amid the dreadful warring, flung out upon the sands,  
My daughters-in-law dragged captive by the Danaans'  
baneful hands. 65

And when one with sharp weapon has struck me, or has  
cast

'Gainst me the spear and taken life from my limbs at  
last—

Raw-eating dogs will drag me (whom in my house and  
yard

I nurtured with all kindness to be my table guard)  
And drink my flowing life-blood and, frenzied in their  
mood, 70

Will lie before the portals. For youth in war subdued  
'T is well and is beseeching to fall by sharp brass torn.  
He finds, when dead, all honour whatever fate is borne.  
Yet when the beard is hoary, and the head is hoar in pain,  
And dogs defile the members of an old man who is  
slain,— 75

'T is pitiable for mortals, who many sorrows bear."  
The ancient spoke, while tearing with hands his hoary  
hair,

Plucking from his head, but changed not by this great  
Hektor's mind.

On the other hand, his mother her groans and tear-drops  
joined,

And bared her breasts and held up in either hand a  
breast. 80

And weeping and lamenting, with winged words ad-  
dressed:

"Hektor, my child, respect these, revere and pity me,  
If e'er my breast I gave you to bring felicity,  
My son, keep in remembrance; avoid this foeman grim  
By entering the rampart, nor stand opposed to him. 85  
The wretch!—For if he slay you, in nowise shall I mourn

You on the couch funereal, dear youth whom I have borne;

Nor will your rich-dowered consort; but far from our retreat,

The swift dogs of the Danaans beside the ships will eat."

And thus the two, lamenting, their cherished son addressed,

Praying with many speeches, but changed not Hektor's breast;

Thus stayed he for Achilles immense who nearer pressed.

And as a sylvan serpent, on evil poison fed,

Waits by his den a hero and swells with anger dread,

And glares with gaze malignant and coils around his den;

Thus Hektor, filled with valour, did not go back again,

But 'gainst a jutting turret his glittering shield inclined.

And, filled with wrath, he spoke to his own great-hearted mind:

" Ah me!—If once I enter the portals and the wall, Polydamas will blame me, and be the first of all,

Who bade me lead the Trojans within the city's close,

Beneath the night destroying before Achilles rose.

Yet I did not obey him, though it were better far;

Now, since I lost the people by rashness in the war,

The Trojans and their consorts, who trail their robes, I fear:

Lest someone less than I am say with reproach severe:

'Proud of his own force, Hektor has lost the folk in war.'

Thus will they say; but ere this it would be better far

To go against Achilles and slay him with renown,

Or be destroyed with glory by him before the town.

Should I my bossy buckler upon the earth let fall,

And eke my heavy helmet, and lean against the wall

My spear; and thus 'gainst blameless Achilles boldly fare,

And promise to give Helen and all the wealth with her

(All—all, which Alexander on the hollow vessels bore

To Troy, which was beginning of the miserable war),

For th' Atreidae to take with them; and to th' Achaians besides

To deal out other possessions which yet the city hides.

Then I would force the Trojans to take a mighty oath  
 To nowise hide their treasures, but halve all true for  
 both— 120

[As many as the loved city within its walls confines].  
 Yet wherefore does my spirit discourse of these designs?  
 I fear if I should meet him he would not pity me,  
 That he would not respect me, but slay, though I should  
 be

Defenceless as a woman, when I my arms unlock. 125  
 In nowise is it fated from oak-tree nor from rock.  
 To hold a conversation as maid and youth converse.  
 [And maid and youth together between themselves dis-  
 course].

Better to meet in combat that we may quickly know  
 On which of us th' Olympian the glory will bestow." 130  
 Thus pondered he while waiting; Achilles came near  
 him,

Equal to Enyalios, helm-shaking warrior grim,  
 And shook on his right shoulder the Pelian ash-tree dire.  
 Around the brass gave flashes like the bright glow of fire,  
 Sparkling in radiant splendour, or like the rising sun. 135  
 But fear seized Hektor, seeing, he dared not meet alone,  
 Yet left the gates behind him and fled with fear replete.  
 Pelides then pursued him, trusting in his swift feet.  
 As falcon in the mountains, the swiftest bird of air,  
 Sweeps lightly in attacking a timid pigeon there, 140  
 Which flies away obliquely; he nears with piercing shriek,  
 And darts upon it often, and his mind commands to take;  
 Thus eagerly he rushed on; but trembling Hektor fled  
 Before the Trojan ramparts, with rapid knees he sped.  
 And they beside the lookout and the wild fig wind-  
 swept, 145

Yet aye beneath the rampart and the road for wagons,  
 kept,  
 And reached two founts fair-flowing, where the two  
 springs profound

Of eddying Skamander break from the fertile ground.  
 One flows with tepid water, and all around it steam  
 In full abundance rises as if from fire's bright gleam. 150  
 The other spring in summer like hail in coldness flows,



Or ice congealed from water, or like the chilling snows.  
 And near them there were basins, wide, beauteous and of  
 stone,  
 Where the wives and comely daughters of the men of Ilion  
 Washed their bright robes of splendour, erewhile when  
 peace was there, 155  
 Before th' Achaïans' children came from Achaïa fair.  
 They passed by these, one fleeing, while one behind him  
 bare;  
 First came a brave man flying, pursued by better far  
 With speed; for neither victim nor ox-hide would they  
 gain,  
 Which are the wonted prizes won by the feet of men; 160  
 Yet for the life of Hektor, tamer of steeds, they run.  
 As when entire-hoofed coursers, who many a prize have  
 won,  
 Run lightly round the race-course, and a great gift is  
 spread—  
 A tripod or a woman—for some high warrior dead;  
 Thus both round Priam's city three times their course im-  
 pelled 165  
 With rapid feet in circuit; and all the gods beheld.  
 'Mid them the Sire of godheads and men discourse began:  
 "Ye gods, with eyes I gaze on a dearly cherished man  
 Pursued around the ramparts; my heart is touched by pain.  
 For Hektor, who full many fat thighs of oxen slain 170  
 Has burned upon the summits of many-valleyed Ide,  
 And in the highest city. Now, round Priam's city wide  
 Divine Achilles follows him close with rapid feet.  
 Yet come, ye gods, and ponder; consider counsel meet:  
 Whether from death we save him, or whether we sub-  
 due 175  
 By Achilles, son of Peleus, though he be brave and true."  
 In turn fierce-eyed Athena, the goddess, him addressed:  
 "O Sire, White-Lightning-Sender, in gloomy storm-  
 clouds dressed,  
 What said you? Would you loosen from evilly-echoing  
 death  
 A man who is but mortal, long since condemned to  
 scath? 180

Do so; but we, the godheads, would not like this decide."

To her Zeus cloud-compelling in answer then replied:  
 "Be strong in mind, Tritonia, not earnestly dear child,  
 Did I just now address you, but wish to be full mild;  
 Do now, without delaying, whate'er your mind in-  
 spired." 185

Thus saying, he urged Athena, who erst had much de-  
 sired;

And, from Olympus' summits, with rapid rush she fled.

But fleet Achilles ever close after Hektor sped.  
 As when dog in the mountains chases a fawn of deer  
 Through glens and wooded passes when he drives it from  
 its lair; 190

And if it hides in terror behind a thicket blind,  
 He runs and tracks securely till he the quarry find;  
 Thus Hektor could not 'scape from old Peleus' rapid son.  
 And as often to the portals of the Dardans he would run,  
 In rapid flight towards them, beneath the well-built  
 towers, 195

That thus he might be guarded by descending missiles'  
 showers,

So often he\* preceded and turned back to the plain;  
 But Hektor to the city fled ever, though in vain.  
 As in a dream pursuer attains not him who flies;  
 One cannot 'scape the follower, nor the other gain the  
 prize; 200

Thus Achilles could not take him, nor the other flee the  
 scath.—

How then did Hektor fly from the fates of sable death  
 Unless Apollo aided with his last subsidies  
 Anear, and in him roused up his strength and rapid knees?

Divine Achilles nodded to the people with his head, 205  
 That none upon great Hektor their bitter shafts should  
 shed;

So none by shaft win glory, and he be next in fame.  
 But when they for the fourth time upon the fountains  
 came,

The Father lifted upward the golden scales of wrath,  
 And in them placed two keres of long-extending death; 210

\*Achilles.

One for horse-tamer Hektor, one for Achilles lay.  
 He raised it by the middle, and Hektor's fatal day  
 Inclined and sank to Hades; then Phoebus turned from  
 him,

And fierce-eyed Athena, goddess, came to Achilles grim  
 And, standing close beside him, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed: 215

"I hope we twain, Zeus-cherished, Achilles manifest,  
 Will give to the Achaians by the ships great fame and fair  
 By slaying valiant Hektor, though insatiable of war.  
 No more to him 't is fated refuge from us to gain,  
 Not if far-darting Phoebus should suffer many a pain 220  
 And bend before the feet of Sire aegis-bearing Jove.—  
 But now, stay and recover your vigour, while I move  
 Toward him and persuade him to meet in battle joined."

Athena thus; he heeded, rejoicing in his mind,  
 And stood at rest, supported by ash spear with brass  
 entwined, 225

There, then, she left him standing, to Hektor divine was  
 borne,

In aspect like Deiphobos, and with his voice unworn,  
 And, standing close beside him, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

"My brother, swift Achilles, in truth, has sorely  
 pressed

You round the city of Priam, chasing with rapid feet; 230  
 But come, and let us stand here, and make resistance  
 meet."

Then great helm-glancing Hektor to him this answer bore:

"Deiphobos, the dearest to me were you before  
 Of brothers, whom to Priam and Hekuba were born.  
 Now more and greater honours you in my soul adorn, 235  
 Who dared to leave the rampart for me and dare the din,  
 With your own eyes beholding, while the others stay  
 within."

To him in turn the goddess, fierce-eyed Athena, said:  
 "My brother, much my father and honoured mother  
 prayed,  
 In turn my knees embracing, and my companions  
 round, 240

That I should stay; for greatly all shook with fear profound.

Yet my mind within was wearied by grievous pains and fears.—

Now, let us fight him fiercely, nor be there lack of spears,  
That we may see full quickly if Achilles both will slay,  
And to the hollow vessels bear both our spoils away; 245  
Or if by spear we master him by dire frenzy fed.”

Thus saying, Athena Pallas with deft deception led.  
And when they came together, upon each other pressed,  
Great helmet-glancing Hektor, the first, his foe addressed:

“No more, O son of Peleus, will I fly as before. 250  
Thrice round the mighty city, divine, of Priam I bore,  
Nor dared to wait your coming; but now my spirit high  
Drives me to stand against you, whether I slay or die.  
Yet come, let gods be witness between us, who will be  
Best witnesses as viewers of pacts and harmony: 255  
That I will not dishonour you, if the victory  
To me by Zeus is given, and I take away your life;  
Yet when your glorious armour I have despoiled in strife,  
I'll give back to th' Achaians your corse; thus treat me  
dead.”

But, gazing on him grimly, foot-swift Achilles said: 260  
“Hektor, most curst of heroes, speak not of pacts to me.  
As 'twixt the lions and hunters no faithful truce can be,  
And equal mind the lambkins and wild wolves never  
thrills,

Yet aye to one another they meditate dire ills;  
Thus love is not between us, nor any truce at all 265  
Shall be to us twain heroes, ere one of us shall fall  
And sate with black blood Ares, warrior with bull's-hide  
shield.

Remember all your vigour; there's need for you afield  
To be a valiant spearman and warrior stout and true.  
There is no further refuge; Athena will subdue 270  
You soon beneath my javelin; and you shall now pay here  
All sorrows of my comrades whom you slew with raging  
spear.”

Thus he and, after shaking, his spear long-shadowed  
sent.

But noble Hektor saw it, and shunned it as it went;  
 For, seeing it speed, he crouched down, and the brass  
     spear o'er him flew, 275

And fixed in earth; but Pallas Athena backward drew  
 And gave it to Achilles; yet Hektor, chief of folk,  
 Saw not. But now to blameless Achilles Hektor spoke:

“ You erred, divine Achilles, and nowise did you know  
 From Zeus my fate impending, though you have spoken  
     so. 280

But you are apt in speaking and in deft speech delight,  
 That I by this may fear you and forget my strength and  
     might.

Not in my back, while flying, shall you infix your spear,  
 But drive it through my bosom while I rush on you here,  
 If this a godhead gave you; but now my brazen spear 285  
 Avoid; would in your body you might receive it all.  
 Then lighter on the Trojans the rage of war would fall,  
 If you are slain; for 'mid them you are the greatest bane.”

Thus he and, after shaking, sent his long spear amain,  
 And the middle of the buckler of Peleus' son engaged. 290  
 Far from the shield the javelin was flung; but Hektor  
     raged

Because the rapid missile in vain fled from his hand;  
 He stood with downcast visage, nor ashen javelin spanned.  
 Deiphobos, white-shielded, he called with mighty cry,  
 And asked him for long javelin; but he was nowhere  
     nigh. 295

Then Hektor knew in spirit, and said with bated breath:

“ Ye gods, 't is firmly fated the gods call me to death.  
 For, sooth, I thought that hero Deiphobos near would be;  
 Yet he is in the rampart, and Athena cheated me.  
 Now evil death is near me, nor is it far away, 300  
 Nor can it be avoided, since this for many a day  
 Was dear to Zeus and Phoebus, his son, who willingly  
 Before this time defended; now Fate has come to me.  
 Yet not without great glory, nor basely will I go,  
 But will high deeds accomplish which coming men shall  
     know.” 305

Thus now, when he had spoken, he drew his trenchant  
     blade,

Which, mighty and all-valid, was by his loins displayed.  
 He rushed with strength collected, like eagle flying high,  
 Who sweeps down to the prairie from dark clouds of the sky  
 To seize a tender lambkin or hare by terror stirred; 310  
 Thus Hektor brave rushed onward and shook his trenchant sword.

Achilles, too, rushed forward, fierce strength his spirit thrilled.

He held before his bosom his beauteous, dedal shield,  
 And nodded with bright helmet, round which four cones were rolled;

And round about were shaken the beauteous crests of gold, 315

Which Vulcan thickly gathered around the summit bright.  
 And as the star of Hesper goes 'mid the stars of night  
 Untimely, which in heaven stands forth the fairest star;  
 Thus the sharp spear-point glittered which Achilles shook afar

In his right hand, devising evil for Hektor divine, 320  
 Gazing on his fair body, so best the wound to join.

Yet well the fair brass armour was o'er his body dight,—  
 The armour which he ravished when he slew Patroklos' might.

But there appeared where shoulders and collar-bone control

The neck, a place for quickest destruction to the soul. 325  
 There, while he rushed on fiercely, divine Achilles flung  
 His javelin, and the spear-point sheer through the soft neck sprung.

The ash-spear, brazen-heavy, cut not the voice away,  
 So that he yet, replying, some answering words might say.  
 He fell in dust; Achilles, boasting above him, said: 330  
 "Perhaps you thought, O Hektor, spoiling Patroklos dead,

You would be saved, nor feared me, since I was far away.  
 Fool!—By the hollow vessels, though distant from the fray,

I yet was left behind him, an avenger better far,  
 Who now have loosed your members; you dogs and birds of air 335

Shall tear with foul dishonour; the Achaians will deck his urn."

Helm-glancing Hektor, fainting, to him replied in turn:  
"By your life and knees and parents, I pray with suppliant lips:

Let not the dogs Achaian devour me by the ships.  
You shall sufficient ransom of gold and brass receive, 340  
Which you my honoured mother and father old will give,  
But send my body homeward that the funeral pyre be spread,

And the Trojans and their consorts may honour me when dead."

But, gazing on him grimly, foot-swift Achilles said:  
"Dog!—do not supplicate me by parents or by knees. 345  
Would that my strength and spirit incited me to seize  
Your raw flesh and devour it; such thing on me you led;  
So there is no one living to ward dogs from your head;  
Not if they brought a ransom and here before me set  
(Tenfold or twenty, measured), and offered others yet; 350  
And not if Dardan Priam should pay your weight in gold,  
Not thus would your high mother on funeral couches hold,  
And bend, lamenting, o'er you whom she herself has borne;

Yet you by dogs and vultures shall be entirely torn."

Helm-glancing Hektor, dying, to him in answer said:

"Sooth, knowing you, I knew well that I could not persuade; 355

An iron soul you harbour within your bosom dire.  
Think now if I become not source of the godheads' ire  
That day Apollo Phoebus and Paris bear you fate  
(Though you are strong and valiant) before the Skaian gate." 360

And, while he thus was speaking, the end of death o'er-spread;

The soul flew from his members and down to Hades fled,  
Its destiny lamenting, from youth and vigour borne.

But there divine Achilles addressed the dead in turn:

"Die you; and I will promptly receive the Keres dire, 365

Whene'er the gods immortal and Zeus my end desire."

Thus he, and from the body the brazen javelin bore.  
Then laid it down beside him and from the shoulders tore  
The bloody arms; and the other Achaïans' sons ran round  
And wondered at the stature and form great and  
renowned 370

Of Hektor; none stood by who gave him not a wound.  
Thus one such words would utter, gazing on another near:

"Ye gods, it is far easier to deal with Hektor here  
Than when he burned the vessels with brightly-burning  
flame."

Thus would he say and, nearing the corpse, would mar  
and maim. 375

But when divine swift-footed Achilles spoiled the dead,  
He stood among the Achaïans and winged words conveyed:

"O friends, ye Argive leaders and every prince of clan,  
Since now the gods have granted me to subdue this man,  
Who wrought us many evils, and more than all the  
rest;— 380

But come, around the city let us with arms contest,  
Till we find out the spirit the other Trojans hold:  
Whether they leave the fortress when he is fallen and cold,  
Or if they burn to meet us when Hektor is no more.  
Yet wherefore does my spirit such things as these explore? 385

A corpse lies by the vessels, unburied and unwept,  
Patroklos, unforgotten by me, while I am kept  
Alive among the living, and while my knees are moved.  
But if in Hades others forget the dead they loved,  
Yet I my dear companion will hold in memory there. 390  
Come now, and, singing peans, youths of th' Achaïans,  
fare

We to the hollow vessels and Hektor's body bear.  
For we have won great glory by slaying Hektor brave,  
Whom, like a god, the Trojans, through the city, honour  
gave."

Thus he, and foul dishonour to Hektor great designed, 395  
And pierced both of the tendons of both his feet, behind,



From heel up to the ankle, and strap of ox-hide bound,  
 And fastened to the chariot to drag the head aground;  
 Then went upon the chariot, in it the arms he threw  
 And scourged the horses onward; they, not unwilling,  
 flew, 400

Dust rose while he\* was dragging; his azure hair was  
 thrust

Around him on the prairie; the whole head lay in dust,  
 Graceful before; Zeus Father gave to the hostile band  
 To treat him with dishonour in his own fatherland.  
 The head was thus polluted by dust; his mother tore 405  
 Her hair now, and cast from her the splendid veil she  
 wore,

And wailed with dire lamenting as she looked on her  
 child.

His father groaned in sorrow; the folk around made wild  
 Lament and ululation throughout the city withal;  
 Thus it had most resemblance to what would be if all 410  
 Of lofty Troy were blazing from topmost height with fire.  
 The people hardly held back the old man, torn by ire  
 And pain, who sought in frenzy to pass the Dardan wall;  
 And, while in filth he groveled, he supplicated all,  
 Each by his own name calling and naming each with  
 groan: 415

“Hold, friends; though grieving sorely, yet suffer me  
 alone

To go forth from the city, to th’ Achaians’ ships to go,  
 To supplicate this hero pernicious, working woe,  
 That he my age may reverence, or pity my old age.  
 For even now, his father has reached an equal stage, 420  
 Peleus, who got and bred him to be the Trojans’ bane;  
 But most of all he wrought me transcendent grief and pain.  
 So many of my children in blooming youth he killed.  
 Not so did I lament all, though pain and sorrow thrilled.  
 As this, for whom sharp anguish will bear to Hades’  
 bands, 425

Hektor; would he had perished at home within my hands.  
 Thus both of us were sated by tears and sorrow sore,  
 Myself and his dear mother, ill-fated one who bore.”

\*Hektor.

Thus spoke he in his weeping; the people's groans were  
blent.

But, 'mid the women, Hekuba began her long lament: 430

"My son, why should I, wretched, suffering dire dis-  
array,

Live now since you have perished? Who for me night  
and day

Was glory though the city, a benefit bestowed

To all Trojans and their consorts, who honoured you like  
god.

For while you yet were living you were a glory great 435

To them; but now are victim of sable death and fate."

Thus spoke she in her weeping; but Hektor's wife knew  
naught,

For no trustworthy messenger had tidings to her brought  
That her husband was yet staying without the city's walls.

Thus she a web was weaving in the depths of her high  
halls: 440

A double vest of purple with works of pictured grace.

She bade her well-haired maidens within the dome to  
place

On fire a mighty tripod, that there already dight

Warm baths should be for Hektor when he returned from  
fight.

The foolish one! who knew not that baths for him were  
vain, 445

Since fiery-eyed Athena by Achilles' hands had slain.

From the tower she heard the wailing and the shriek of  
pain go forth,

And her members shook with terror, and the shuttle fell  
to earth.

She to her well-haired maidens at once her words begun:

"Come here; let two maids follow; I would see what  
deeds are done. 450

My honoured mother's accents I heard; and in my breast  
To my mouth my heart uprises; my knees are sore op-  
pressed.

Sooth, to the sons of Priam some evil must be near.

Ah, were the words unspoken!—Yet very much I fear

That now divine Achilles has from the city riven, 455

Alone, audacious Hektor, and to the prairie driven,  
And made him from that fatal, destructive mood abstain,  
Which held him; since he never stayed in the crowd of  
men,

But aye ran much before them, yielding in strength to  
none."

Thus saying, she, like mainad, from the high palace  
run, 460

Striking upon her bosom; her maids went with the dame.  
But when to the high turret and crowd of men she came,  
She stood upon the rampart and looked around and knew  
Him, dragged before the city. The rapid coursers  
drew

Him to the hollow vessels of th' Achaïans with despite; 465  
Then settled o'er her eyelids the shades of densest night,  
And she fell backward, helpless, and breathed her spirit  
forth.

Afar her splendid headdress fell from her head to earth,  
The garland and the network, the twisted head-band fair,  
The veil which golden Venus herself had given her 470  
That day helm-glancing Hektor led to the bridal bower  
From great Eetion's palace, and gave a priceless dower.

And round her many sisters and sisters-in-law stood by,  
Who held her in her stupour, as if she were to die.

When she revived a little, and life her spirit fed, 475  
She sobbed with frenzied pauses and, 'mid the women,  
said:

"Hektor, and I unhappy!—Both born with but one  
fate:

You born in lofty Troja, in Priam's domes elate;  
But I in sacred Thebè, 'neath Plakos' woody wall,  
In the palace of Eetion, who nurtured me when small,—480  
Ill-fated by ill-fated; would that I ne'er had birth!—  
Now you to Hades' mansions, beneath the folds of earth,  
Will go, and you will leave me by hated grief beset,—  
A widow in your dwelling; your son, an infant yet,  
Whom you and I, ill-fated, gave life. Nor will accrue 485  
Your aid to him, O Hektor, when dead; nor his to you.  
For if th' Achaïans' warring, of many tears, he flee,  
To him e'er after labour and heavy cares will be.

For others will deprive him of fields by landmarks changed.  
His orphaned days will render from other youths es-  
tranged; 490

He goes with look dejected, the tear his cheek descends.—  
In want the hapless orphan goes to his father's friends,  
And pulls one by the tunic, another's cloak takes up;  
And someone of them, pitying, may give a little cup.

His lips by it are moistened, his palate does not taste, 495  
For a child with living parents will drive him from the  
feast,

While with his hands he strikes him and whelms him with  
abuse:

'Begone, O wretch!—Your father shares not the feast with  
us.'

Then tearfully the orphan to his widowed mother flees,  
Astyanax, who erstwhile upon his father's knees 500  
Ate as if but of marrow and the rich fat of sheep.

And when he ceased his playing, o'ercome by dulcet sleep,  
He slept on well-wrought couches or in a nurse's arms  
And in a bed most yielding, and his heart was filled with  
charms.

Now will he suffer evil, wanting his father dear, 505  
Astyanax, whom the Trojans named with this surname  
clear;

For you\* alone defended the gates and lofty walls.—  
Now by the curve-bowed vessels, far from your parents'  
calls,

The writhing worms will eat you, when the dogs you sat-  
isfy,

Naked; but still your garments in the palaces will lie, 510  
Fine and of grace surpassing, well-wrought by women's  
hands.

But, truly, I will burn them amid fire's glowing brands,  
Since they will profit nothing, nor you in them will lie,  
Yet let them with the Trojans your memory glorify."

Thus spoke she in her weeping, while mourned the  
women nigh. 515

\*Hektor.

## BOOK XXIII.

## THE GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROKLOS.

Thus they mourned throughout the city; but when th'  
Achaian band

Had come upon the vessels and Hellespontos' strand,  
Each went to his own vessel, dispersing o'er the land.  
But Achilles did not suffer the Myrmidons to go,  
Yet said to his companions, who loved the battle's glow: 5  
"Ye swift-horsed Myrmidonians, companions dear to  
me,

Let us not from the chariots the whole-hoofed horses  
free,

But with the very horses and chariots nearer tread,  
Lamenting for Patroklos; for 't is honour for the dead.  
But when we are well sated with lamentation drear, 10  
We all will loose our horses and take our supper here."

Thus he; and all together mourned, and Achilles led.  
They drove their well-maned horses three times around  
the dead

In grief; and 'mid them Thetis desire for weeping set.  
The sands were wet beneath them, and the arms of men  
were wet 15

With tears, desiring sorely so great a lord of fear.

Among them, then, Pelides began the mourning drear,  
Upon his comrade's bosom placing his slaughtering hands:

"Hail from me, O Patroklos, e'en though in Hades'  
bands,

For I shall now accomplish what I pledged you ere this  
hour: 20

I have dragged great Hektor hither to give dogs to devour,  
And twelve high sons of Trojans to slay before your pyre,  
Since your untimely slaughter has roused in me such ire."

Thus he, and planned for Hektor deeds full of shame  
and fear

While prone in dust extended before Patroklos' bier. 25  
Then each among the heroes took off his warlike weeds,

Brazen and glittering brightly, and loosed his echoing  
steeds,

And sat down by the vessel of Aiakides foot-fleet,  
Ten thousand; but he gave them abundant funeral meat.  
And many snowy oxen the iron spread around, 30  
Slaughtered; and sheep full many and bleating goats  
were found;

And many swine well-fattened, with tusks like shining  
snow,

Were stretched while they were roasted above Hephaistos'  
glow;

And all around the body abundant blood was shed.

But the lords of the Achaians fleet King Achilles led 35  
Before King Agamemnon, persuading him with pain,  
Since his heart was filled with anger for his companion  
slain.

But when they to the quarters of Agamemnon came,  
At once he\* bade the heralds, clear-voiced, place on the  
flame

A great and beauteous tripod; so, by entreaty sore, 40  
He might persuade Pelides to wash away the gore.

But he refused him strongly and swore an oath withal:

"No, not by Zeus, the highest and strongest god of all;  
It is by no means lawful that near my head should come  
Baths, ere I place Patroklos on pyre and pile a tomb, 45  
And shear my hair; since never again will come such pain,  
My sentient heart to torture, while I in life remain.

Now to the hated banquet let us be borne again;

But urge them on the morning, Agamemnon, king of men,  
To bring wood to have with us, as suitable and right 50  
For corpse which has to pass through the gloomy shade of  
night,

Till from our eyes all swiftly the tireless flame shall burn  
The corpse, and all the people to wonted work return."

Thus he; and with approval they heard him and obeyed  
And gladly each one feasted on the supper when ar-  
rayed, 55

And naught the soul found wanting after the equal feast.  
But when desire for eating and drink among them ceased,

\*Agamemnon.

Each one went to his quarters to find sleep's lethargy.

But Pelides on the shore of the many-sounding sea  
Lay with tumultuous groaning with many a Myrmidon, 60  
On clear spot where the billows washed the sea-coast as  
they run.

Then sweet sleep seized upon him, loosing his spirit's care,  
Was gently poured about him; for much his members fair  
Were tired by chasing Hektor by wind-swept Ilion.

Then came to him the spirit of Menoitios' wretched  
son, 65

Resembling him entirely in bulk and eyes all-fair,  
And voice, and such the garments which on his form he  
bare;

Above the head it hovered, bespoke him earnestly:

"Do you sleep here, Achilles, without a thought of me?  
You cared for me while living, but, dead, leave to the  
fates; 70

Yet bury me most quickly that I pass Hades' gates.

The spirits keep me distant, the shadows of the dead  
Do not let me pass the river that I with them may tread;  
So thus I wander widely through Dis' wide-gated dome.  
But give your hand, I pray you, for not again I come 75  
From Hades' ample mansions when you have given to fire.  
No more shall we in counsel from our dear friends retire.  
A hard fate has seized me, on me at birth bestowed;

To you, too, fate is given, Achilles like a god,  
To die beneath the ramparts of the well-born Trojans  
near. 80

Another thing I tell you, and bid you, if you hear:  
Let not my bones, Achilles, apart from yours be placed;  
But just as in your mansions our childish days were traced,  
When Menoitios from Opuns led me while I was small,  
A guest within your mansions for murder tragical, 85  
That day when I in folly Amphidamas' son slew,  
Not wishing, but in anger about the dice we threw.

Then horseman Peleus took me within his palace famed,  
And nurtured me with kindness, and your attendant  
named.

Thus let our bones be covered in but one place and  
grave, 90

In golden urn, the present your honoured mother gave.'

Then swift-of-foot Achilles to him in answer said:

"Why now, my honoured comrade, have you thus hither sped,

And, of these several mandates, each one upon me lay?

But all I will accomplish and, as you wish, obey. 95

Yet come now, and stand nearer, that so we may embrace  
Each other, though but little, and this dire woe efface."

Thus, with his hands extended, divine Achilles spoke,  
But grasped not; and the spirit beneath the earth, like  
smoke,

With gibbering descended. Amazed, Achilles rose 100  
And clapped his hands together and spoke this speech of  
woes:

"Ye gods, it then is certain there is in Hades' hall  
A certain soul and image; but body, not at all.  
For, all night long the spirit of poor Patroklos stood  
Beside me and lamented and grieved with grief re-  
newed, 105

And gave me a special order; and was like him withal."

Thus spoke he, and incited desire to mourn in all;  
And rosy-fingered Morning shone o'er them pale and sad  
Around the wretched body.—But Agamemnon bade  
That men and mules in number should bring together  
wood; 110

They came from all the quarters, and most, a hero good,  
Meriones, the servant of bold Idomeneus.

Thus, they went forward, holding axes for sylvan use,  
And cords and ropes well-twisted; the mules went on  
before;

And over hill and valley, and straight and cross they  
bore. 115

But when they reached the forests of many-fountained Ide,  
They cut the high-leaved oak-trees with brass of edges wide,  
Hastening in their labour; these fell with crash profound;  
Then the Achaians split them and all securely bound  
Upon the mules, who measured with eager feet the  
ground, 120

Wishing to reach the prairie through thickets stiff and  
close.



And all the choppers carried poles, for commanded thus  
 Meriones, the servant of bold Idomeneus.  
 They cast this all in order upon the Ocean's strand,  
 Where Achilles for Patroklos and himself a great tomb  
 planned. 125

But when in all directions the boundless wood was laid,  
 They sat in throngs expectant; but Achilles quickly bade  
 The warlike Myrmidonians to gird their brazen weeds,  
 And each one to his chariot to yoke his rapid steeds.  
 And they arose all eager and put on arms of war; 130  
 And charioteer and warrior ascended to his car.  
 A cloud of foot came after, ten thousand, and, before  
 Were horsemen; in the middle his friends Patroklos bore.  
 They covered all the body with hair which they resigned,  
 Shorn off; divine Achilles held up the head behind;— 135  
 Grieved for his blameless comrade he sent to Hades' home.

But when they reached the station Achilles chose for  
 tomb,  
 Then fleet divine Achilles thought of another care  
 And, from the pyre parted, shore off his yellow hair  
 (Which he for River Spercheios nurtured in splendour  
 free), 140  
 And said with moan while gazing upon the wine-dark sea:  
 "Spercheios, my father Peleus his vow all vainly  
 planned

For me, when I came homeward to my dear fatherland,  
 To shear for you my hair and make sacred hecatomb,  
 And offer fifty wethers beside the fountains' spume, 145  
 Where are your fragrant altar and field luxuriant.  
 Thus to you vowed the ancient, whose wish you did not  
 grant.

But now, since I return not to my dear fatherland,  
 I give my hair for hero Patroklos to command."

Thus saying, he placed the hair in his dear companion's hand, 150  
 And in them all excited desire for weeping yet.—  
 And now the light of Helios, while yet they mourned,  
 had set,

Had not Achilles quickly said to Agamemnon near:  
 "Atrides (for your bidding th' Achaian people hear

Most gladly), there's sufficient of weeping and despair. 155  
 Now from the pyre dismiss them, and bid at once prepare  
 Their supper. We will care for the things the dead needs  
 most;

But let remain among us the leaders of the host."

When now King Agamemnon heard this fall from his lips,  
 He soon dismissed the people among the equal ships. 160  
 The carers for the funeral remained and piled the wood,  
 And made a pyre a hundred feet long, a hundred broad,  
 And placed upon the summit the dead, with sorrow deep.—  
 And trail-foot, curve-horned oxen and many fattened  
 sheep

Before the pyre they cut up, when skinned; and from  
 them all 165

Great-souled Achilles took out the fat and veiled withal,  
 From head to foot, the body, and placed the bodies flayed  
 Around, and jars of honey and jars of oil arrayed,  
 Above the bier inclining; then on the pyre he threw,  
 Quickly, four high-necked horses, and sighed and groaned  
 anew. 170

By King Patroklos' table there were nine dogs erewhile,  
 And two of these he slaughtered and cast upon the pile.  
 And twelve sons good and strenuous of the Trojans  
 mighty-souled

With trenchant brass he slaughtered; in mind ill deeds  
 he rolled;

Then sent, that it might batten, the iron strength of  
 flame, 175

And groaned aloud and called on his cherished friend by  
 name:

"Hail, O my friend Patroklos, e'en though in Hades'  
 hall!

For what I promised erstwhile, I now perform in all.  
 For you the fire shall batten on twelve sons militant  
 Of the mighty-minded Trojans; but nowise will I  
 grant 180

That fire shall fed on Hektor, but rather dogs full grim."

Thus spoke he with dire menace, but the dogs toiled  
 not with him.\*

\*Hektor.

For Jove's child, Aphroditè, made all the dogs recoil,  
Both day and night, anointing with ambrosial, rosy oil;  
So that he should not mangle when he dragged forth the  
dead. 185

O'er him a cloud of darkness Phoebus Apollo led  
From heaven down to the prairie, and o'er the whole place  
spread

(Whate'er the body covered), so that bright Helios' force  
Might not dry nerves and members together with the corse.

The pyre of dead Patroklos as yet they kindled not, 190  
For fleet divine Achilles again had further thought:  
Since, from the pyre departed, he prayed to two winds  
there,

To Boreas and Zephyr, and promised offerings fair  
And, pouring many libations from golden cup, he prayed  
To come, that very quickly the flame might burn the  
dead, 195

That the wood should soon be kindled. Then rapid Iris  
sped,

Hearing the vows, a messenger, that she the winds might  
call.—

She found them all together in strong-breathed Zephyr's  
hall,

A banquet celebrating; but Iris, running, held  
Upon the stony threshold. When they with eyes be-  
held, 200

All rose in haste to greet her; and called her everyone.  
But she would not be seated, and thus her speech begun:

"No seat for me, since t' Ocean's wide currents I return,  
To the Aithiopians' country, where hecatombs they burn  
To the immortal godheads, that I share the offering. 205  
But Achilles prays to Boreas and Zephyr thundering  
To come, and makes a promise of beauteous sacrifice,  
If they the pyre enkindle whereon Patroklos lies;  
For whom all the Achaians lament with heavy woes."

Thus speaking, she departed; but they at once arose 210  
With an enormous tumult and drove on clouds before.  
With blast they reached the Ocean; the billows rolled  
ashore

Beneath their breath sonorous; to fertile Troy they came

And fell upon the death-pyre, and loudly roared bright  
flame.

And all night long, together, they fanned the fire's flame  
bright, 215

Blowing with shrill-voiced breathings. Fleet Achilles all  
the night,

Taking a double beaker, upon the earth poured wine,  
Drawing from golden crater, and wet the earth divine,  
And called upon the spirit of poor Patroklos gone;  
Thus father sorrows, burning the bones of his own son, 220  
Just wed, who his poor parents by death gives griefs and  
moans;

Thus Achilles sorrowed, burning his dear companion's  
bones,

Groveling beside the death-pyre and groaning ceaseless  
groans.

But when the star proclaiming the light came over  
earth,

Behind whom saffron-vested Aurora wanders forth 225  
Upon the sea, then withered the pyre and ceased the flame.  
Again the winds departed, to go back whence they came,  
Across the Thrakian Ocean, which groaned and rolled  
waves dire.—

On the other hand, Achilles, when parted from the pyre,  
Reclined by toil exhausted; and sweet sleep o'er him  
spread.— 230

But those around Atrides in thronging numbers sped;  
And him\* the noise and tumult of those approaching woke,  
And he was seated upright and to the concourse spoke:

“Atrides and ye leaders of all th' Achaian train,  
First with bright wine extinguish all of the pyre amain, 235  
As much as are those portions which strength of fire retain.  
Then let us take the bones of dead Menoitides,  
Collecting with good judgment (for they'll be known with  
ease,

Since they lie near the center; the others without the corse  
Burned at the edges mingled—the men and eke the  
horse). 240

Then put we in gold vessel, enwrapped with double caul,

\*Achilles.

Till I myself am hidden in Hades' gloomy hall.  
 Then I would have you fashion a tomb, not very large,  
 But such as is beseeeming; yet afterwards, I charge  
 You, make it broad and lofty, Achaians who yet stay 245  
 In the ships of many benches, when I have passed away."

Thus he; and they gave heed to Peleus' fleet son divine.  
 They first extinguished wholly the pyre with sparkling  
 wine,

As much as flame had seized on; and the deep ashes fell.—  
 While weeping, the white bones of his comrade lovable 250  
 They gathered in gold vessel and in a double caul  
 And, placing in the quarters, veiled well in soft flax pall.  
 They marked a circling barrow, and its foundations laid  
 Around the pyre; and quickly a mound of earth arrayed.  
 But when they'd heaped the barrow and had returned  
 again, 255

Achilles stayed the people and seated on the plain  
 In circle wide, and prizes out of the vessels led:  
 Cauldrons and tripods, horses and mules, and many a head  
 Of oxen, well-zoned women, and iron shining hoar.

First, for the rapid horsemen a splendid prize he  
 bore: 260

A woman to be taken (faultless, who labours knew),  
 With her, a well-eared tripod of measures twenty-two,  
 By the first; and for the second, he placed a mare of full  
 Six years, as yet unbroken and pregnant with a mule;  
 But for the third, a tripod untouched by fire he laid, 265  
 Fair, holding four good measures, and white, for newly  
 made;

And for the fourth, two talents of gold, he placed for stake;  
 The fifth a double vessel, untouched by fire, would take.  
 He stood amid th' Achaians and spoke in accents clear:

"Atrides and ye other well-greaved Achaians here, 270  
 The prizes for car-drivers upon th' arena lie.

But if, now, we Achaians for another man should try,  
 I'd take the highest prizes and to my tent bear hence.  
 You know how much my horses surpass in excellence,  
 For they both are immortal; and Neptune gave the  
 twain 275

To my Father, hero Peleus, who gave to me again.

But my entire-hoofed horses and I will tarry here,  
 For they have lost the glory of such a charioteer,  
 Gentle, who very often poured moist oil o'er their mane,  
 And washed them with clear water. Both stand and  
 grieve in pain; 280  
 Their manes to earth are hanging; both stand grieved at  
 the heart.

But let throughout the army the other heroes start:  
 Th' Achaians who of horses and well-joined cars dispose."

Thus spoke the son of Peleus; the rapid horsemen rose.  
 But king of men Eumelos rose first of all by far,— 285  
 The dear son of Admetos, well-skilled in driving car.

Next him rose strong Tydides Diomedes, who 'neath yoke  
 Led on the Trojan horses he from Æneas took;  
 Apollo saved the hero, Æneas himself, from foes.

Then, next to him Atrides, blonde Menelaos, rose, 290  
 Zeus-born, who led swift horses beneath the yoke all fair:  
 His own Podargos and Aithè, who was Agamemnon's mare.

Who was given Agamemnon by great Anchises' son,  
 Echepolos, for not going to wind-swept Ilion,  
 That he might stay rejoicing; since Zeus gave to his  
 hand 295

Great riches; and he dwelt in Sikyon's wide-spreading  
 land;

Thus 'neath the yoke he led her, who much the course  
 desired.

Antilochos, the fourth one, his well-named coursers tired  
 (The noble son of Nestor, the king of mighty mind,  
 Who was the son of Neleus); and steeds of Pylian kind, 300  
 Fleet-footed, bore his chariot. His father near him drew,  
 And gave him useful counsel, though he was prudent, too:

"Antilochos, Posidon and Zeus loved you, though  
 young,

And taught to you all things that to horsemanship belong.  
 Thus it is little needful to tell you as to these, 305  
 For well you know to circle around the boundaries.

Yet your steeds are slow in running; this is your bale,  
 I trow,

Since their coursers are the fleetest; but your rivals do not  
 know

More than yourself to counsel and use their thoughts with skill.

But come, dear one, your spirit with all invention fill, 310  
Lest you lose the prizes given to the victors in the course.—

The chopper is far better who uses skill, not force.

By skill, again, the helmsman upon the wine-dark sea  
Directs the rapid vessel, though tost by tempests free;

The charioteer surpasses by skill the charioteer. 315

Yet, he who puts reliance in cars and coursers here,  
Turns them with all imprudence full widely here and there;

The horses wander, racing, nor does he hold them fair.

But he who sees advantage, though with inferior steeds,  
Looks ever to the limit, turns near and closely heeds, 320

How he, the first, by pulling on ox-hide reins may turn.

He holds his car, while watching the man before him borne.

You'll see the goal I'll show you, for it is lightly found:

A dry wood pale, a cubit it stands above the ground;

'T is oak or larch, not rotted by rain's descending tide. 325

There two white stones are lying, one placed on either side,

Where the roadway narrows slightly, and the course is smoothly spread.

Either it is the monument of a mortal long since dead,  
Or a bourn which had been placed there in times of former men,

And fleet divine Achilles has made a goal again. 330

But drive on very near it with car and horses fleet,

And lean a little leftward in the well-joined chariot-seat,

And call to the right courser, and goad and give him rein.

But drive the left-hand courser close to the goal aplain,

So that the jointed wheel's nave appear to touch the block. 335

Yet take good care of striking the wheel upon the rock,

Lest you the horses injure and wreck the car apace,

And be a joy to others, and to yourself, disgrace.

Yet, my beloved, consider how you all this may fly.

For if beside the limits you pass your rivals by, 340

There is none who can pass you or who can e'en o'ertake,

Not if divine Arion he drove on in your wake

The fleet horse of Adrastos, whose race was from a god,  
Or proud Laomedon's horses, bred here and fit to laud."

Thus spoke Neleian Nestor and took again his seat, 345  
When he had well expounded to his son what was most  
meet.

Meriones, the fifth one, prepared his steeds well-maned.  
Then all went on their chariots and cast the lots ordained.  
Achilles shook the helmet; out leapt Antilochos' lot,  
And, after his, was chosen that King Eumelos brought; 350  
Atrides Menelaos, famed with the spear, next won;  
And after him Meriones was marked by lot to run;  
By far the best, Tydides, chanced for the latest turn.—  
They stood arrayed in order; Achilles showed the bourne  
Far on the level prairie; and near, as umpire, stood 355  
His father's armour-bearer, old Phoinix, like a god,  
That he might watch the races and tell the truth at need.

Then all of them together raised whip above his steed,  
And struck with reins, exhorting them with their words  
amain.

And swiftly from the vessels they ran along the plain 360  
With speed; the dust arising stood up beneath the breast,  
Like a dense cloud in semblance or whirlwind manifest;  
Their manes diffusedly floated on the breathing of the wind.  
Sometimes, in truth, their chariots on the fertile earth  
declined,

At others bounded o'er it; the chariot-drivers stood 365  
Upon their cars; and shaken was each of them in mood,  
Desiring much the conquest; each urged his steeds amain,  
Who, clouds of dust exciting, flew swiftly o'er the plain.

Yet when now, for the last time, the fleet steeds swept  
the course

Back to the hoary ocean, the strength of every horse 370  
Appeared, and soon was tested his speed; and swiftly bore  
The fleet mares of Eumelos their master to the shore.

Diomed's male Trojan horses came swiftly in their rear;  
They were not very distant, but they were very near,  
And warmed with breath Eumelos' back and his shoulders  
wide, 375

For they flew close behind him and their heads to him ap-  
plied.



Now he, in truth, were passed by or doubtful prize had  
won,

Had not Apollo Phoebus been wroth with Tydeus' son,  
And struck the whip resplendent out of his hands ab-  
horred.

The eyes of him, who angered, abundant tear-drops  
poured, 380

Because he saw them going faster upon the road,  
And his own coursers slackened, running without a goad.  
Yet not unknown t' Athena Apollo made the stroke  
To Tydides; very swiftly the pastor of the folk

She sought, the scourge she gave him and lent his horses  
force. 385

Then went against Eumelos in fleet and angry course;  
His horses' yoke she shattered; both of the mares ran  
forth

On each side of the roadway; the pole fell to the earth.  
Eumelos from the car-seat beside the wheel was borne;  
His mouth and nose and elbow were badly gashed and  
torn; 390

His forehead o'er the eyebrows was bruised, and both his  
eyes

Were filled with tears; his liquid voice stayed its energies.  
Tydides turned around him and his whole-hoofed horses  
drave,

Flying far before the others; for there Athena gave  
Great vigour to the coursers, and to himself high fame. 395  
Close after him Atrides, blonde Menelaos, came.

Antilochos exhorted onward his father's horse:

"Speed on, you two, endeavour to make your swiftest  
course.

In truth, I do not bid you to strive with these in aught:  
The steeds of bold Tydides to whom now Pallas brought 400  
The present of great swiftness, and fame to him assigned.  
But reach Atrides' horses quickly, nor drag behind;  
Nor let the female Aithè's reproaches be expressed:  
'Why are you thus deficient, O steeds who are the best?'  
For this I tell you plainly, which will fulfilment bear: 405  
Nestor, the people's pastor no more will give you care,  
But both you horses quickly with trenchant brass will slay,

If by your being sluggish we bear worse prize away.  
This I myself will manage and watch how it may be  
In the narrow road to pass him; nor shall it 'scape from  
me." 410

Thus he; and they in fear of their master's threatening  
run

A little time much faster; but after, very soon,  
Antilochos, strong in battle, saw the narrow hollow road:  
'T was where the earth was fissured where a wintry stream  
had flowed

And rent part of the roadway and hollowed all the  
place; 415

There Menelaos drove on, shunning the wheel's embrace.  
But Antilochos turned near him, and the whole-hoofed  
steeds impelled

Without the way, and, turning a little, onward held.  
But Atreus' son was fearful and to Antilochos cried:

"Antilochos, you drive rashly, yet your steeds with  
prudence guide;— 420

For narrow is the roadway; soon 't will be wider far,—  
Lest both of us you injure by striking on my car."

Thus spoke he; but Antilochos drove on, and faster far,  
And urged his steeds by scourging, like one who does not  
hear.

As far as from the shoulder the cast of quoit goes clear,  
When flung by stalwart hero, who tests his youthful  
strength;

So far abreast they ran on; but Atrides' mares at length  
Fell back; for he was willing at slower speed to ride,  
Lest the entire-hoofed horses should in the way collide  
And overturn the chariots well-joined; and they should  
fall 430

In dust while thus contending for victory with brawl.

To him with loud reproaches blonde Menelaos said:  
"Antilochos, no mortal viler than you was bred.

Begone!—For most untruly we Achaians called you wise.  
Yet not without oath given shall you bear off the  
prize." 435

Thus saying, he cheered his horses and spoke to them  
apart:

"Do not be thus prevented, nor stop, though grieved at heart.

The feet and knees of such ones will tire before your own;  
From both of them already the strength of youth has gone."

Thus he; the exhortation of their lord they heard with fear,

440

And ran on ever faster, and quickly came anear.

The Argives, who were sitting assembled, saw again  
The horses who were flying in dust upon the plain.

And first the Kretan leader, Idomeneus, knew them all,  
For he sat without the circus upon a watch-tower tall. 445  
He knew the first, though distant, hearing his shouts expressed,

And knew the stately courser who ran before the rest,  
Who, for the rest, was chestunt, but in his forehead shone  
A white spot shining brightly and round as the full moon.  
He rose up 'mid the Argives and with this speech addressed:

450

"O friends, ye Argive leaders and rulers manifest,  
Do I alone the horses, or do you, also, see?  
Yet other steeds seem foremost, as they appear to me;  
There seems another driver; those mares, which heretofore  
Were best of all in racing, aplain seem injured sore. 455  
For, sooth, I saw them turning the first around the goal,  
But now I see no longer; though everywhere I roll  
My eyes about the prairie of Troy that I may see.  
Truly the reins escaped from the charioteer, and he  
Could not turn well the limit, nor turned it happily. 460  
I think that there he fell out, and also, broke his car;  
And, when fear seized their senses, the two mares fled afar.  
Yet rise and look upon him; for well I cannot trace.  
He seems to me the hero, Aitolian by race,  
Who rules among the Argives—the powerful Diomed." 465

Then swift Oilean Ajax at him reproaches sped:  
"Idomeneus, why babble ere you just age attain?  
These lofty-stepping horses run far o'er ample plain.  
Nor are you thus the youngest of all the Argive train,  
Nor do your eyes look sharpest of all out of your head; 470  
Yet aye you babble stories. Nor is there any need

For you to be a prater; since better men are here.  
Eumelos' mares, as ever, run first in the career;  
Himself, the guide-reins holding, advances to the bourne."

To him the Kretan leader, in anger, spoke in turn: 475  
"Ajax, best in reproaches, reviler, for the rest,  
You're least of all the Argives, for your mind is harsh and  
stressed.

Come now, let us a tripod or cauldron lay for stake.  
Atides Agamemnon let us for umpire take,  
To judge which steeds are foremost; that, paying, you  
may learn." 480

Thus he; and rapid Ajax, Oilean, in his turn,  
In anger, rose to answer the King with speeches hard.  
And, truly, now the quarrel had greater passion stirred  
Had not himself, Achilles, stood up and said the word:

"No longer thus make answer with words hard and  
extreme, 485

Idomeneus and Ajax; since they do not beseem.  
You both would blame another who would perform such  
deeds;

Yet sit down in the circus and look upon the steeds;  
And they themselves, who swiftly press on to victory,  
Will soon come on before us; then everyone will see 490  
The horses of the Argives which first, which in the rear."

Thus spoke he; and Tydides in race came very near,  
And ever struck the shoulders with whip; and sprang on  
high

The lightly running coursers, reaching the limit nigh.  
And ever dust-drops spattered the charioteer within; 495  
And rolled with speed the chariot (adorned with gold and  
tin)

Close to the rapid horses; nor were the tires well traced  
In the soft dust behind them; but they flew on in haste.  
He stopped in middle circus; and copious sweat flowed  
forth

From both the panting horses and their necks and chests  
to earth. 500

Himself at once leapt earthward from the chariot shining  
fair,

On yoke his whip reclining. Nor was neglectful there

Sthenelos great and mighty, yet quickly seized the prize,  
 And gave to his companions the woman with bright eyes;  
 With her, the well-eared tripod; and loosed the horses  
 trim. 505

Antilochos Neleian drove his coursers after him,  
 Outstripping Menelaos by wile, not swiftness sheer;  
 Yet, e'en thus, Menelaos the rapid steeds drove near.  
 He was at such a distance as wheel is from a horse  
 Who draws his car and master, stretching aplain his  
 course. 510

The tail hairs which are longest upon the tire just touch,  
 And it rolls very near him; and there is nowise much  
 Of space between when running o'er a great breadth of  
 plain;—

So great was now the distance which lay between the  
 twain,

Though they at first were parted by quoit's full cast at  
 least. 515

He overtook him quickly, for the vigour was increased  
 In the mare of Agamemnon, good Aithè with fair mane.  
 But if a longer race-course before them both had lain,  
 He certainly had passed by, nor left things dubious.

But Merion, the servant of brave Idomeneus, 520

By famous Menelaos was left a cast of spear,  
 For both his fair-maned horses were slowest in career,  
 And he himself least skillful as racing charioteer.

The offspring of Admetos behind the others bore,  
 Dragging his beauteous chariot, driving his steeds before.

But fleet divine Achilles, seeing him, was distressed 525

And, standing 'mid the Argives, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

“The best man whole-hoofed horses drives in the last of  
 all.

But come now, we will give him the second prize withal,  
 As fit; but let Tydides the first and foremost bear.”

Thus he, and all applauded what he commanded  
 there. 530

Now he the horse had given (for the Achaians were won),  
 Had not Antilochos risen, great-minded Nestor's son,  
 And brought before Pelides the question of the right:

"I shall be very wrathful, Achilles, if this plight  
You keep; for you take from me the present which I  
bare. 535

Consider how he injured his rapid steeds and car,  
Though he, in truth, is skillful; he should have made a  
prayer

To the immortal godheads; then he came not behind.  
But if you pity sorely and he is dear in mind,  
There are within your quarters much gold and brass for  
you, 540

And cattle and eke maidens and whole-hoofed horses, too.  
From these, then, take and give him a more resplendent  
prize,

E'en now, that the Achaians approval signalize.  
But this I will not give him; and let him make demands,  
Whoe'er of heroes wishes to fight me with his hands." 545

Thus he; foot-swift Achilles, divine, smiled on him  
here,

Thus favouring Antilochos, for he was comrade dear,  
And, to him making answer, with wingèd words bespake:

"Antilochos, you bid me another present make  
Eumelos from my dwelling, that will I gladly do. 550

I'll give to him the corselet of brass which erst I drew  
From great Asteropaios; and round it runs a rim  
Of melted tin resplendent; 't is of much worth for him."

Thus he, and bade Automedon, his dear companion  
brave,

To bear it from his quarters; he went and to him gave. 555  
[He\* placed it in Eumelos' hands, who with joy re-  
ceived].

But 'mid them Menelaos rose up, in spirit grieved,  
Wroth at Antilochos greatly. Then a herald in his hands  
A scepter placed and silence bade 'mid the Argive bands.  
And then the godlike hero to those assembled spoke: 560

"Antilochos, erst prudent, what deed is this you  
wroke!—

You have my skill disparaged and hurt my steeds perforce  
By driving yours before them; and yours are much the  
worse.

\*Achilles.

Yet come, ye chiefs and leaders of all the Argive race,  
Judge now the twain before you, and not with any  
grace; 565

Lest it were said by someone of th' Achaians brazen-  
dressed:

'Menelaos by his falsehoods Antilochos has oppressed,  
And goes off with the courser, since his steeds are far the  
worse,

Though he himself is better in virtue and in force.'

But come, myself will judge it; and no one then, I  
trust, 570

Of the Danaans will reproach me, for the judgment will  
be just.

Antilochos Zeus-nurtured, come hither, as is fair,  
And stand before the horses and car, and, holding there  
In hand the whip shrill-sounding with which you erst  
drove forth,

And, touching both the horses, swear by encircling-  
earth 575

Earth-Shaker, that, unwilling, by wile my car you stayed."

In turn Antilochos, prudent to him this answer made:

"Hold now, for I am younger in years than you by far  
King Menelaos; older and better, too, you are.

You know what kind of errors to young men apper-  
tain, 580

For quicker is their judgment, their mind is weak and vain.

Thus, let your heart endure this; I yield the horse to you,

Which I received; if other and greater yet you sue

From home, that would I give you at once ere I would fall

From your esteem, Zeus-nurtured, through all the days  
withal, 585

And thus become transgressor before the gods perforce."

Thus he; the son of Nestor, great-minded, led the horse

And gave to Menelaos, whose soul rejoiced in turn.

As when the dew-drops falling are spread o'er ears of corn

Upon a growing harvest which bristling fields adorn; 590

Thus gladdened, Menelaos, your spirit in your breast.

And you, in turn bespeaking, with wingèd words ad-  
dressed:

"Antilochos, the anger, which erst I felt 'gainst you,

I cease; since neither foolish nor wavering in your view  
 You were; though youthful judgment has just obscured  
 your ken. 595

Abstain, then, in the future from cheating better men.  
 No other Argive hero had me so quickly moved;  
 Yet you great pains have suffered and many toils have  
 proved,

As well as your good father and brother for my due.  
 For this I hear you, praying, and give the horse to you, 600  
 Though it is mine in justice, that these around may see  
 That my mind is never haughty nor steeled relentlessly."

Thus he, and to Noemon, Antilochos' friend, gave  
 The horse to lead; himself took the cauldron shining brave.  
 Merion the two talents of glittering gold obtained— 605  
 The fourth, as he had driven. Still the fifth prize re-  
 mained—

The double bowl; Achilles, bearing it through the folk  
 Of th' Argives, gave to Nestor and stood near him and  
 spoke:

"Receive this now, O ancient, let it a keepsake be,  
 Patroklos' funeral relic. For you'll no longer see 610  
 Himself among the Argives; this prize for you I set,  
 For you fight not with cestus, nor do you wrestle yet,  
 Nor do you strive with javelin, nor with your feet pursue;  
 For old age, hard to combat, weighs heavily on you."

Thus saying, he placed the vessel in his hands; he took  
 with zest 615  
 And, when he had bespoken, with winged words ad-  
 dressed:

"Sooth, child, of all these matters you speak as fate  
 commands.  
 My limbs are firm no longer, O friend; no more my hands  
 Move nimbly from my shoulders, from either side im-  
 pelled.

Would that I now were youthful with all the force I  
 held 620

As when King Amarynkeus th' Epeian folk interred  
 At Bouprasion, and prizes the monarch's sons preferred.  
 There was no hero like me amid th' Epeians told,  
 Nor e'en among the Pylians, nor Aitolians great-souled.



I conquered at the cestus Klytomedes, Enops son; 625  
 In wrestling, from Ankaïos, the Pleuronian, I won;  
 With feet I passed by Iphiklos, though he was fleet and  
 good,

And Polydore and Phyleus in flinging spear subdued.

The sons of Aktor only with horses drove by me,  
 But went before by number, because the victory 630  
 They envied; since the greatest of the prizes came to me.  
 They, were in truth, twin brothers; the reins one firmly  
 held,—

One held the guide-reins firmly, and one with whip im-  
 pelled.

Thus was I once: at present let younger men engage  
 Such works, but I must yield me to sorrowful old age. 635  
 Then, sooth, I was distinguished among these heroes great.  
 But go, and your companion with contests celebrate.

This I receive with pleasure, my heart rejoices free  
 That you are ever mindful and aye remember me  
 With the honour which beseems me amid th' Achaian  
 race. 640

For these things may the godheads give you abundant  
 grace."

Thus spoke he; and Pelides went 'mid th' Achaïans'  
 crowd,

When he had heard the honour which Neleus' son avowed.  
 But next he placed the prizes for the cestus contest strong:—

Leading a mule enduring, he bound amid the throng 645  
 (Six years and still unbroken, most difficult to break);

He placed a double beaker for the conquered man to take:  
 He then stood up and accents amid th' Achaïans spoke;

"Atridae and you others, well-greaved Achaïan folk,

Let us now bid two heroes, who are well skilled in  
 blows, 650

To raise their fists in battle. On whom Apollo bestows  
 The victory with the cestus, if so th' Achaïans rule,

Let him go to his quarters, leading this sturdy mule.

But he who there is vanquished shall take the double cup."

Thus he; at once a hero, valiant and great, rose up, 655  
 Panopeus' son Epeios, in cestus-boxing skilled;

He seized the mule enduring and said to those afield:

"Come nearer, who would gladly the double cup convey  
I think no other Achaian will lead the mule away,  
By winning with the cestus; since I boast myself the  
best. 660

Is't not enough I'm lacking in battle manifest?  
In every kind of labour no man works skillfully.—  
And thus I tell you plainly what will accomplished be:  
I'll break his body wholly, I'll break his bones amain;  
But let his thronging comrades here on the spot remain, 665  
That they may bear the hero beneath my hands subdued."

Thus he; and total silence among them all ensued.  
Alone Euryalos rose up, a man like god divine,  
The son of King Mekisteus, born of Talaion's line,  
Who erstwhile went to Thebai, to games for Oidipus  
dead, 670

And conquered all Kadmeians who to the games had sped.  
To him spear-famed Tydides attended busily,  
Encouraging with speeches, for he wished him victory.  
He first girt on the baldrick, then next to him applied  
The strap-work deftly carven from a rustic ox's hide. 675  
When both were zoned, they went to the middle of the  
throng,

And each held up the cestus on hands robust and strong,  
Attacking, and together their heavy hands were set.  
And dire their jaws resounded, and freely flowed the  
sweat

From all parts of their members. Divine Epeios rushed  
on 680

His adversary gazing, and struck on the cheek-bone.  
Then he could stand no longer, his fair limbs 'neath him  
swayed.

As when beneath the ripples by Boreas' breathings made,  
Upon the weedy seashore a fish leaps and is rolled  
'Neath a great wave; thus leaped he when struck. But  
mighty-souled 685

Epeios seized and raised him; his dear friends round him  
came,

And led him from the circus, in feet inept and lame,  
Spitting thick blood and rolling his head from side to side.  
They led him forth among them, all stunned and stupefied,

Yet, ere they had departed, they took the double cup. 690

But now at once Pelides three other gifts put up,  
 Showing them to the Danaans, prizes for wrestling dire.  
 For him who won, a tripod, great, fitted for the fire,  
 Which the Achaians valued at full twelve oxen's worth  
 But for the vanquished hero he led a woman forth, 695  
 Well-skilled in many labours, of four good oxen's worth;  
 Then rose he 'mid the Argives and with this speech addressed:

" Rise up, who for this present desire to make the test."  
 Thus he; then great Telamonian Ajax rose up 'mid them,  
 And many-wiled Odysseus, well-versed in stratagem. 700

When they were zoned, they went to the middle of the throng;  
 Each took the arm of th' other with hand robust and strong,

As if they were the rafters of some great mansion high,  
 Wrought by some famous workman the winds' force to defy.

Their backs creaked, drawn with vigour beneath their powerful hands; 705

As they swayed in the struggle, moist sweat flowed to the sands.

And dense-set weals developed on ribs and shoulders hot,  
 Dyed by the blood deep purple; and ever much they sought  
 To gain the prize of victory, the tripod deftly wrought.

Odysseus could not trip him nor throw him to the ground, 710

Nor yet could Ajax, foiled by Odysseus' strength profound.—

When the well-greaved Achaians were wearied by the bout,  
 Great Telamonian Ajax at length to him spoke out:

" Zeus-nurtured Laertiades, Odysseus many-skilled,  
 Raise me or I will raise you; all this by Zeus is willed." 715

So saying, he raised; Odysseus forgot not stratagems,  
 But struck the ham behind him, and loosened thus his limbs.

At once he fell down backward; and prone upon his breast

Odysseus fell; the people looked on by wonder pressed.

Odysseus much-enduring, divine, raised him again, 720  
And moved from earth a little, but could not lift amain;  
Yet bent his knees beneath him; and both to earth were  
thrust,

One close beside the other, and both were fouled with  
dust.

Now, rising, they had struggled for the third time amain,  
Had not Achilles risen and bade the two refrain: 725

"Let not the strife go further; wear not in evil guise;  
The victory is to either, and, taking equal prize,  
Depart, that other Achaïans may strive for victory."

Thus spoke he; and they heard him and revered his  
decree,

And wiped away the dust stains and put their tunics on. 730

But Pelides other prizes, for swiftness, placed anon:  
A well-wrought silver crater, six measures full it drained,  
And much surpassed in beauty all which the earth con-  
tained;

Since skilled Sidonian workmen had wrought it cunningly,  
And Phenician men had brought it upon the shadowy  
sea, 735

And offered in the harbours, yet as a present gave  
To Thoas. Then Euneos, the son of Jason brave,  
A ransom for Lykaon, the son of Priam, gave  
To Patroklos; and Achilles placed as a present meet  
For whom should be the lightest to run with rapid feet. 740  
He placed an ox, the second, swollen with fat and vast;  
And half a golden talent he put there for the last,  
Then rose amid the Argives and with this speech addressed

"Rise up, who for this present desire to make the test."

Thus spoke he; and swift Ajax, Oilean, rose amain, 745  
And many-wiled Odysseus; the son of Nestor then,  
Antilochos; for he conquered the young men in the race.  
[They stood, drawn up in order; Achilles showed the  
place]

From which their course extended. Oileus' offspring  
here

Bore on with speed; Odysseus followed him very near. 750  
As when some well-zoned woman holds shuttle near her  
breast,

Which with her hands most deftly she sends upon its  
quest,

Drawing out the woof and putting within the warp in  
place,

Holding it near her bosom; thus Odysseus in the race  
Ran near him, and behind him trod in his footsteps'  
trace 755

With feet, before the dust-cloud rose from the spot be-  
neath.—

Divine Odysseus, running, aye lightly poured his breath  
Upon his head. Th' Achaïans shouted with outcry vast  
To him who burned for victory, and urged him, speeding  
fast.

When they the race were ending, at once Odysseus  
prayed 760

In mind to fierce-eyed Pallas to lend to him her aid:

“O goddess, listen to me, be to my feet good guard.”

Thus he in supplication; Pallas Athena heard,  
And made his members lighter, his feet and hands above.  
When they to gain the present with greatest effort  
strove, 765

Then Ajax slipped in running (for Athena did him wrong),  
Where the filth of slaughtered oxen, wide-bellowing, was  
flung,

Which fleet-of-foot Achilles had for Patroklos killed;—  
Thus with the filth of oxen his mouth and nose were filled.  
Odysseus, much enduring, divine, the crater takes, 770  
Since he came first in running; but great Ajax wins the ox.  
He stood and held the horn of the wild ox in his hands  
And, spitting slime and ordure, said to the Argive bands:

“Ye gods, a goddess injured my feet, who aye before  
Like mother by Odysseus stood and assistance bore.” 775

Thus he; and all th' Achaïans laughed in their pleasure  
vast.

Antilochos bore homeward the poorest prize, and last,  
Smiling, while he these accents amid the Argives cast:

“I tell you all who know well, my friends, that even  
now

Th' immortals older heroes with honours high endow. 780  
For Ajax is a little elder than I on earth,

And of an older lineage, from men of earlier birth.  
In crude old age he lingers, they say; 't is hard with feet  
For any Achaian to try him, except Achilles fleet."

Thus he, and swift Pelides in this way glorified. 785  
But then to him Achilles in words like these replied:

"Antilochos, not vainly your praises shall be told,  
But I'll add to your portion one half a talent's gold."

He placed in hand, thus saying; with joy he took the  
store.

Then Pelides to the circus a spear long-shadowed bore 790  
And stood, and placed beside it a helmet and a shield,  
Sarpedon's arms Patroklos had ta'en from him afield,  
And stood among the Argives and with this speech addressed;

"We ask two chiefs among you (whoe'er may be the  
best)

To don these arms and take up the body-cutting brass, 795  
And here before the concourse try which of you surpass.  
And who may first succeed in striking the body fair  
Through th' armour, and in touching black blood and  
entrails there,

To him this silver-studded falchion will I present,  
Thracian and fair, which erstwhile from Asteropaios I  
rent. 800

But let them both this armour in common bear away,  
[And for them in the quarters a banquet good we'll lay]."

Thus he; then rose great Ajax, the Telamonian dread,  
And rose the son of Tydeus, the powerful Diomed.

When they from either portion of the crowd in arms were  
dight, 805

They both met in the center, desiring much to fight;  
And dire each gazed; and stupour all the Achaians held.—  
When they were near together, upon each other impelled,  
Three times they rushed, and three times fought hand to  
hand afield.

Then Ajax struck him sorely through his all-equal shield, 810  
But did not reach the body; for the cuirass denied.

Above the mighty buckler then great Tydides tried  
Ever to reach the neck parts with the point of his bright  
spear.

And then, in truth, for Ajax th' Achaïans felt great fear,  
And bade them stop the combat with equal prize conferred.— 815

But the hero to Tydides carried the mighty sword,  
And gave him, with the scabbard and with the belt well-cut.

Then Pelides placed an ingot of iron all unwrought,  
Which once the mighty vigour of great Eetion threw.  
Yet even him swift-footed, divine Achilles slew, 820  
And brought this to the vessels with other goods infest.  
He stood up 'mid the Argives and with these words addressed:

“ Rise up, ye Danaan heroes who would this prize contest.

E'en though one's fertile acres stretch very far away,  
For full five years revolving 't will all his needs purvey. 825  
Nor need for want of iron shepherd or ploughman go  
To the city to obtain it, for this with all bestow.”

Thus he; then Polypoites, strong in hard warring,  
stood;

Then rose up the dire vigour of Leonteus, like a god;  
Then rose Telamonian Ajax, divine Epeios rose. 830  
And all stood there in order; divine Epeios chose  
The mass and sent it whirling; and laughed th' Achaïans all.

Leonteus, scion of Ares, the next sent it withal.  
Third, great Telamonian Ajax in turn the iron cast.  
[From his hand stout and valid, and all the marks o'er-  
passed]. 835

When war-strong Polypoites the mass of iron took,  
As far as some cow-herdsman flings from his hand his  
crook;

And that flies, while revolving, on through the oxen's  
crowd;

So far through all th' arena he cast; they shouted loud.  
Then rose up the companions of Polypoites strong, 840  
And bore the monarch's present the hollow ships among.

He\* placed then for the archers iron, for arrows good,  
And there ten battle-axes and ten half-axes stood.

\*Achilles.

The mast ta'en from a vessel kyanian-prowed he placed  
 Afar amid the sand-dunes; with slender cord he laced 845  
 By foot a timid pigeon to it, and bade them shoot:

"Who hits the timid pigeon may take the axes out  
 And bear them home; who misses the bird but hits the  
 cord,

For he is not so skillful, shall have the last award."

Thus spoke he; and there rose up King Teucer's power-  
 ful might, 850

And after him Meriones, Idomeneus brave knight.

The lots in brazen helmet they shook well to allot.

But Teucer first was lotted; at once a shaft he shot

With power, but did not promise to Phoebus in their  
 bloom

His firstling lambs to make him a famous hecatomb. 855

He missed the bird (for Phoebus envied him this award),

But by the foot he struck on the string which bound the  
 bird;

And by the bitter arrow the cord was wholly shorn.

The bird flew up to heaven, the string to earth was borne;

And the Achaians applauded. Meriones in haste 860

Snatched from the hand of Teucer the bow; but long held  
 placed

The arrow while he aimed it. His firstling lambs in  
 bloom

He vowed far-darting Phoebus, to make famed hecatomb.

He saw the timid pigeon close to the high clouds cling,

And shot her while she circled, 'neath the middle of the  
 wing. 865

The missile drove on through her, and back within the  
 earth

Before the foot of Merion was fixed; the bird flew forth

And settled on the high mast of the vessel kyanos-prowed,

But drooped her neck, and with it her close-drawn wings  
 were bowed.

Soon life flew from her members, and far from it she  
 fell. 870

The people gazed in wonder, enthralled by stupour's spell.

Then Merion all ten axes took to augment his store,

And Teucer the half-axes to the hollow vessels bore.



Next Pelides 'mid the concourse placed a long-shad-  
 owed spear  
 And fire-untarnished cauldron, the value of a steer, 875  
 With wrought flowers variegated. Then the men with  
 spears arose:

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, rose,  
 And, after him, Meriones, Idomeneus' squire dread.  
 But fleet divine Achilles among them stood and said:

“Atrides (for we know that you o'er the rest are  
 classed, 800

And are the best in vigour and in the javelin-cast),  
 Thus you, this present taking, to the hollow vessels go,  
 And I on hero Merion will this fair spear bestow,  
 If in your mind you wish it; for I advise it so.”

Thus he; nor disobeyed him Agamemnon, king of  
 men, 885

Who gave the brazen javelin to Merion, who then  
 To Talthybios, the herald, the fair prize gave again.

## BOOK XXIV.

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### THE RANSOM OF HEKTOR.

The concourse then was loosened; the folk dispersed  
 and fared,

Each, to their rapid vessels, and for th' enjoyment cared  
 Of banquet and sweet slumber. But still Achilles wept,  
 Remembering his dear comrade; nor sleep all-mastering  
 kept

Its sway o'er him; but ever he rolled, now here, now  
 there, 5

Desiring aye Patroklos' valour and vigour rare:  
 All which they had accomplished, and how they suffered  
 pain,

Their battles fought with heroes, tempting the dangerous  
 main.—

While he these things remembered, he wept abundant  
 brine;

Now on his sides he rested, and now again, supine, 10  
 Now prone he lay extended; then stood erect and bore  
 His path in saddened wanderings beside the Ocean's shore.  
 Nor 'scaped him Morning, shining o'er sea and shore afar.  
 But, afterwards, he harnessed his rapid steeds acar,  
 And bound the corpse of Hektor to drag behind the  
     wain, 15

And dragged thrice round the barrow of Menoitides  
     slain;

Then rested in his quarters, and left him in the dust  
 Upon his face extended. Phoebus Apollo thrust  
 All injury from the body, for he pitied the renowned,  
 Though dead, and with his aegis of gold encircled round 20  
 So Achilles in the dragging might not inflict a wound.

Thus, truly, he dishonoured in anger Hektor divine.  
 But the happy gods felt pity, while they saw his design,  
 And urged the watchful Slayer of Argus to steal him.  
 Though this pleased all the others, it pleased not Hera  
     grim, 25

Nor did it please Posidon, nor yet the fierce-eyed maid.  
 They were as erst, and hatred to sacred Troy displayed,  
 And to Priam and his people, for Alexander's shame,  
 Who the goddesses insulted when to his hut they came,  
 And chose the one who gave him lust, fraught with many  
     woes.— 30

But when now the twelfth morning from that at last arose,  
 Amid the gods immortal Phoebus Apollo said:

“You are cruel, gods, and noxious; did never Hektor  
     dead

Burn for you thighs of oxen and chosen goats all-brave ?  
 Him now you do not venture, though he is dead, to save, 35  
 That his consort and his mother and his tender son may  
     see,

And his father and the people; who him all speedily  
 Would burn in fire resplendent, and give funereal rites.  
 But, gods, you wish to favour Achilles who excites  
 Destruction, and whose spirit is lawless, and whose  
     mind 40

Bends not within his bosom, where savage thoughts are  
     shrined,

Like lion's who, when yielding to his high soul and strength,  
 Attacks the sheep of mortals that he may feast at length;  
 Thus Achilles has lost pity and every sense of shame,  
 Which, wanting, hurts men greatly, and present, profits them. 45

One may have lost some other most dearly cherished one,  
 The son of his own mother or even his own son;  
 E'en then, his grief and wailing he lays aside again,  
 For, sooth, the Fates have given a patient soul to men.  
 But he binds godlike Hektor to his car and round the tomb 50

Of his dear comrade drags him, since he has reft life's bloom;

This does not make him better nor of a loftier mood.  
 I fear lest we be angered at him, though he is good,  
 For he in rage dishonours the earth, to feeling dead."

To him white-elbowed Hera with grievous anger said: 55  
 "Your speech might be with reason, God of the silver bow,

If you like rank on Hektor and Achilles should bestow.  
 Yet Hektor is but mortal and sucked a woman's breast;  
 But Achilles is the offspring of a goddess manifest,  
 Whom I brought up and nurtured, and gave a man as bride, 60

E'en Peleus, whom the godheads cherish as none beside.  
 You all were at the bridal, O gods, and Phoebus, you  
 Feasted there, holding cithern, ill comrade, aye untrue."

To her Zeus cloud-compelling said in reply severe:  
 "Hera, be not so angered with all the godheads here. 65  
 Their rank shall not be equal; but Hektor was most dear  
 To godheads of the mortals who are in Ilion;  
 And thus to me, since ever his cherished gifts were shown.  
 And at no time my altar wanted the banquet true,  
 Nor incense nor sweet savour; for this honour is our due. 70

Dismiss the thought of stealing the corpse of Hektor bold,  
 And 't is not fate the secret from Achilles to withhold,  
 For his mother stays beside him, both night and day aye near.

Yet let one of the godheads call Thetis to me here,  
That sound advice I give her, and great Achilles thus 75  
May take the gifts of Priam and Hektor's body loose."

Thus he, and storm-foot Iris rose up for messenger.  
And in the midst 'twixt Samos and rugged Imbros bare  
To the dark sea and leapt in; the Ocean groaned around.  
But she sank like a plummet within th' abyss profound, 80  
Which, in the horn of wild bull involved, down swiftly goes  
To the raw-eating fishes and bears them fate and woes.  
Thetis in hollow cavern she found; and round her sate  
Densely the Ocean goddesses; and in their midst the fate  
Of her blameless son she sorrowed, whom cruel fate had  
banned 85

To die in fertile Troja, far from his fatherland.

Then, standing close beside her, swift-footed Iris said:

"Thetis, arise; Zeus calls you, whose counsels do not  
fade."

Then silver-footed Thetis to her this answer made:

"Why does this great god bid me? A sense of shame  
I find 90

To mix with the immortals, and I have much grief in mind.  
But I will go; not idle shall be the words he spoke."

Thus saying, the heavenly goddess her veil kyanean took,  
Than which no blacker garment was hoarded in her store.  
She went; swift wind-foot Iris went in the path before; 95  
And round about their footsteps the Ocean's wave was  
riven.

They went upon the seashore and hastened on to heaven.  
They found Zeus widely-thundering; and round him  
thickly sate

All the other happy godheads who know not death and  
fate.

She sat by Zeus, the Father, Pallas made place for her; 100  
And Hera in her hand put a golden goblet fair,  
And with her words consoled her; and Thetis drank and  
then

Returned. And next addressed them the Sire of gods and  
men:

"You come now to Olympus, Thetis, though worn by  
woe,

Having within your bosom grave grief, as well I know ; 105  
Yet I will tell you plainly why I have called you here.  
Nine days among th' immortals has raged contention drear  
About Achilles, waster of towns, and Hektor's corse.  
And some incite spy Hermes to steal 't by ways perverse.  
Yet I give to Achilles this high illustrious fame, 110  
Keeping by this, hereafter, your friendship and acclaim.  
But go quick to the army and tell your son withal:  
Say that the gods are angry; that I the most of all  
Th' immortals am indignant, because with frenzied  
thought,

By the curve-bowed vessels Hektor he holds and ransoms  
not; 115

If anywise he fear me let him for presents loose.

But to great-hearted Priam I will send Iris thus:

That to th' Achaians' vessels he go to loose his son,  
And bear Achilles presents his soul will gladly own."

Thus he; and silver-footed Thetis did not dissent, 120  
But from th' Olympian summits with rushing impulse  
went.

She soon approached the quarters of her son, and found  
him there,

With frequent groans lamenting; his dear friends round  
took care

With zeal of what was needful and were on banquet bent.

A great fleeced sheep was offered by them within the  
tent. 125

His revered mother sat down beside him disarrayed  
And, with her hand caressing, she spoke the word and  
said:

" My child, how long lamenting and worn by sorrow  
rude

Will you devour your spirit, remembering naught of food  
Or bed ? But to remain with one fondly loved is good; 130

For you'll not live much longer, yet near and obstinate

Already stand beside you death and a violent fate.

But quickly hear! A messenger from Zeus I come withal.

He says the gods are angry, and he the most of all

Th' immortals is indignant; because with frenzied  
thought 135

By the curve-bowed vessels Hektor you hold and loosen  
not.

But come now, loose the body, take ransom for the dead."

Then swift-of-foot Achilles to her in answer said:

"So be it; who bears ransom may loose the corpse's bands  
If, with desiring spirit, th' Olympian's self commands." 140

Thus by the ships together, the mother and the son  
With wingèd words to each other on many subjects run.

But Kronides sent Iris to sacred Ilion:

"Go quickly, rapid Iris, and leave Olympus grand,  
And mighty-hearted Priam in Ilion command 145

To seek the ships Achaian to loose his cherished son

And bear Achilles presents his mind will gladly own;

And with no other Trojan, but let him go alone.

Some herald old may follow who may direct the track

Of the mules and well-wheeled chariot, and help him  
carry back, 150

Toward the town, the body divine Achilles slew.

Yet let not any terror of death his soul imbue;

For in the Slayer of Argus I'll give him such a guide

To lead him till he reaches hero Achilles' side.

But when the god has led him within Achilles' tent, 155

The hero will not slay him, and will the rest prevent.

For he is not imprudent nor rash nor outlaw rare;

Yet he will shield the suppliant with the extremest care."

Thus he; and storm-foot Iris rushed forth a messenger.  
She came to Priam's palace where woe and wailing  
were. 160

The sons, around their father, were seated in the hall,

And wet with tears their garments; the old man 'mid  
them all

Was wrapped up in his vestment; and round about the  
head

And neck, too, of the ancient abundant filth was spread,

Which with his hands he gathered while in the dust he  
rolled. 165

His daughters in the palace and daughters-in-law con-  
doled.

While they thought of the heroes (who were both many  
and good,)

Who lay bereft of spirit by Argive hands subdued.  
Then stood beside King Priam Jove's messenger and  
spoke,  
Speaking with softest accents; his\* limbs a tremor  
took: 170

"Be strong, O Dardan Priam, in spirit, do not fear;  
Not meditating evil, have I come to you here,  
But, thinking kindly counsels, I come Jove's messenger,  
Who pities you, though distant, and guards you with great  
care.

Th' Olympian commands you to ransom Hektor di-  
vine 175

And bear gifts to Achilles which may his soul incline,—  
Alone, nor other Trojan may in the journey join.  
Some herald old may follow who may direct the track  
Of the mules and well-wheeled chariot, and help you carry  
back,

Toward the town, the body divine Achilles slew. 180

But let not any terror of death your soul imbue;  
For the great Slayer of Argus will go with you as guide,  
To lead you till you come to hero Achilles' side.  
But when the god has led you within Achilles' tent,  
The hero will not slay you and will the rest prevent. 185  
For he is not imprudent nor rash nor outlaw rare;  
Yet he will shield the suppliant with the extremest care."

Saying this, swift-footed Iris departed on her way.

But next King Priam commanded his sons around to  
array

His well-wheeled mule-drawn chariot, and bind on it a  
chest. 190

Himself went to his chamber, of fragrant scents possessed,  
Cedar and high arched over, where many rich stores were  
spread.

He called his consort Hekuba within, and to her said:

"Unhappy one, a messenger from Zeus to me has sped:  
To seek th' Achaians' vessels to ransom my dear son, 195  
And bear gifts to Achilles his soul will gladly own.  
Yet come and tell me truly what in your breast you know;  
For direly strength and spirit have bidden me to go

\*Priam's.

Thither upon the vessels 'mid th' Achaians' army wide."

Thus he; his wife lamented and with these words replied: 200

"O me, where then has vanished that prudence which before

Was famous, e'en 'mid strangers and men whom you ruled o'er?

Why do you wish the vessels of th' Achaians to seek alone Before the eyes of hero who for you has overthrown

Both many and valiant offspring? Like iron is your heart. 205

For if this fierce and faithless should seize you thus apart, Or with his eyes behold you, he would not pity you,

And nowise would he reverence. Now let us weep anew, Sitting within the palace; let him\* bear what of yore

Fierce Fate spun in his life-thread, when I myself erst bore: 210

To sate the dogs swift-footed far from his parents eld,

Before that violent hero. Would I his† liver held,

To eat, while I clung to it!—Such deeds might then requite

My son, who bore him bravely when Achilles slew in fight.

Yet he before the Trojans and their wives deep-breasted stood, 215

And had no thought of flying nor shunning in his mood."

To her in turn the ancient, Priam divine, replied:

"Hinder me not in going, who wish it; nor, beside,

Be bird of evil omen within my mansions wide.

You will not thus persuade me; if another man had told, 220

Though he had been soothsayer, a priest or prophet old, I had said it was a falsehood, and were the more repelled.

Now (for I saw the godhead and face to face beheld)

I go, and speak not vainly. If 't is my fate infest

To die beside the vessels of th' Achaians brazen-dressed, 225

I wish it; for Achilles will slay me speedily

With my son in my embraces,—in tears' satiety."

\*Hektor. †Achilles.



Thus spoke he, while he opened the fair lids of the chest,  
 And took from it twelve mantles, of beauty manifest,  
 Next them, twelve cloaks made single, as many tapes-  
      tries, 230

As many cloths all-beauteous, and tunics twelve with these.  
 He weighed out ten whole talents of purest gold, and bore,  
 And two brightsparkling tripods, and with them cauldrons  
      four,

And an all-beauteous beaker, which Thrakian heroes gave  
 Him, going on legation—a mighty gift to save! 235  
 But now the old man spared not; for much he wished in  
      mind

His cherished son to ransom. But all the Trojan kind  
 He kept back from the corridor, chiding with speeches due:

“ Begone, ye ill reproaches, is there no grief for you  
 At home, that thus you vex me and come where I  
      remain, 240

Or do you think it little that Zeus has given me pain,  
 By slaying my best offspring? Yet you yourselves will  
      see,

For now to the Achaians it will much easier be  
 To slay you, since he perished. But I, before I see  
 The city waste and ruined, will go to Hades’ rout.” 245

Thus he, and drove the heroes with staff, and they went  
      out

Before the ancient driving. He called to his sons nine,  
 Reproaching Paris and Helenos and Agathon divine,  
 Antiphonos and Pammon, Polites, good in war,  
 Deiphobos, Hippothoos, and Dios famed afar. 250

These nine the old man ordered with his reproachful  
      call:

“ Hasten to me, ill children, shameless, would that you  
      all

Were by the rapid vessels, rather than Hektor, slain.  
 O me, the most unhappy!—Since none, I say, remain  
 Of all the bravest children whom in wide Troy I had: 255  
 Troilos, chariot-fighter, and Mestor, like a god,  
 And Hektor, who a god was ’mid mortals and seemed not  
 Child of a mortal hero, but one whom god begot.  
 All these were slain by Ares; but all the vile remain:

The liars and the dancers, the best in chorus vain, 260  
And eke the public robbers of kids and lambkins fair.—

Will you not now my chariot most rapidly prepare,  
And place all these things on it that I may go my path?"

Thus spoke he; and they dreaded their sire's reproach-  
ful wrath,

And lifted from its storehouse the well-wheeled mule-  
drawn car, 265

Beauteous and newly-fashioned, and bound the hamper  
there.

And from its peg they took down the mule-yoke there  
assigned,

Box-wood, adorned with bosses, with many rings well  
joined;

With it they bore the yoke-strap, which was nine cubits  
long,

And skillfully arranged it on the well-polished tongue, 270

At its extremest portion (then the ring on bolt they cast),

Thrice round the boss they brought it, and duly made it  
fast;

But then they bound it deftly and 'neath the end part  
passed.

They bore out of the chamber, on the car well-polished  
spread

The priceless riches given to ransom Hektor's head. 275

The strong-hoofed mules they yoked up, well skilled to  
draw the car,

Whom Mysians gave to Priam—a splendid gift to bear.

Beneath the yoke for Priam the horses next they led,

Whom erst at polished manger himself had freely fed.

Both steeds in the high palace were now by yoke con-  
fined 280

By Priam and the herald, both of a prudent mind.

But Hekuba went near them with an afflicted soul,

And held in her hand dexter sweet wine in golden bowl,

That they might make libation ere they the journey sped.

She stood before the horses and spoke the word and  
said: 285

"Take, libate Zeus, the Father, and pray to come once  
more

Back from the hostile heroes, since your spirit urges sore  
 To go upon the vessels, while I oppose you thus.  
 Yet supplicate devoutly dark-cloud-collecting Zeus,  
 Idean, son of Kronos, who holds all Troy in sight. 290  
 Ask for a bird, swift messenger, borne forward on the right,  
 Which one to him is dearest and has the greatest might;  
 That you may gaze upon it with your own eyes and know,  
 And, trusting this, to the vessels of the swift-horsed  
 Danaans go.

But if Zeus widely-thundering gives not this messenger, 295  
 Then I would not exhort you in any way to fare  
 Upon the Argive vessels, though your desire be high."

To her then godlike Priam said as he made reply:  
 "O wife, I will obey you, who counsel earnestly.  
 'T is good to hold my hands up for Zeus to pity me." 300

Thus spoke he, and the ancient bade the attendant maid  
 Pour o'er his hands pure water; and she with speed obeyed,  
 Holding at once a basin and ewer eke in hand.  
 He washed and from his consort took the goblet which she  
 spanned;

Then stood 'mid the enclosure and prayed while wine he  
 poured, 305  
 And gazed on heaven and, raising his accents, spoke the  
 word:

"Zeus Sire, from Ida ruling, most glorious and most  
 great,

Let me reach Achilles' quarters, let him commiserate;  
 But send a bird, swift messenger, borne forward on the  
 right,

Which one to you is dearest and has the greatest might, 310  
 That I may gaze upon it with my own eyes and know,  
 And, trusting this, to the vessels of the swift-horsed  
 Danaans go."

Thus spoke he, supplicating, and Zeus all-prudent  
 heard.

He sent at once an eagle, most surely auguring bird,  
 Whom men name Sable Hunter and, also, Perknos call. 315  
 As large as is the portal made for a lofty hall  
 Of one with many possessions, well-bolted and well-  
 joined,

So large was either pinion; he to the right inclined  
 As he rushed o'er the city. They saw with joy confest,  
 While the spirit which inspired them rejoiced in every  
 breast. 320

The old man then ascended his chariot in haste,  
 And from the echoing porches and vestibule drove fast.  
 The mules dragged on the wagon (which had four wheels)  
 before,

And wise Idaios drove them; behind the horses bore,  
 Whom the old man incited, urging them with the whip 325  
 Rapidly through the city; all of his fellowship  
 Followed with lamentation, as if he went to bane.  
 But when they left the city and came upon the plain,  
 The rest, in truth, turned backward and went to Ilion.  
 His sons-in-law and children. The two 'scaped not the  
 scan 330

Of Zeus wide-thundering, seeing, he pitied the old man,  
 And quickly then to Hermes, his cherished son, began:

"Hermes, for 't is most pleasing and grateful to you still  
 To be some man's companion, and you hear who'er you will,  
 Go!—to the hollow vessels of th' Achaians, lead Priam  
 so, 335

That none of the other Danaans may see him or may  
 know,

Before he to the son of Peleus his way has made."

Thus he; and Argus-Slayer, the messenger, obeyed.  
 Beneath his feet he quickly bound fast his sandals fair,  
 Ambrosial and golden, which o'er the Ocean bear, 340  
 And o'er the earth wide-spreading with the winds' roving  
 sighs.

He took his rod enchanted with which he soothes the eyes  
 Of mortals when he wishes, and wakes from sleep anew;—  
 With this in hand the potent Slayer of Argus flew,  
 And soon reached Hellespontos and eke the Trojan  
 earth, 345

And hastened on, resembling a youth of royal birth,  
 In the first flower of manhood, in fairest youthful bloom.

When now the two were driving by Ilos' massive tomb,  
 They stopped the mules and horses in the stream that they  
 might drink;

For even now the twilight began o'er earth to sink. 350  
 The herald saw and noticed Hermes who near them  
 pressed,  
 And, speaking to King Priam, with winged words ad-  
 dressed:

"Consider now, Dardanides, and prudent counsel show.  
 I see a man, and quickly he'll slay us both, I trow.  
 But either let us fly from the chariot, or, thus, 355  
 Let us entreat, while clasping his knees, to pity us."

Thus he; the ancient's spirit was tost; dire was his  
 fright,

And on his bending members the hairs arose upright.  
 He stood there in amazement; but Hermes nearer pressed,  
 And took the hand of th' ancient, and asked him and ad-  
 dressed: 360

"Where, father, are you guiding through night am-  
 brosial, deep,

These mules and eke these horses, when other mortals  
 sleep?

Do you not fear extremely th' Achaians, breathing night,  
 Who, enemies and hostile, are near, though not in sight?  
 If one of them should see you in the swift sable night, 365  
 Who lead so many possessions, what mind were then to  
 you?

You are in nowise youthful, nor this old man I view.  
 You could not ward a warrior if one should erst molest.  
 Yet I will work no evil, but anyone infeat  
 I'll ward, for I compare you to my own father dear." 370

Then ancient godlike Priam to him made answer here:  
 "My cherished son, these things are as you say truthfully.  
 Howe'er, one of the godheads extends his hands o'er me,  
 Who has sent forth to meet me such guide through all the  
 harm,

So fortunate and beauteous as you in shape and form, 375  
 And with a mind so prudent, of happy parents born."

Then Slayer of Argus, messenger, to him replied in turn:  
 "All of these things, O ancient, you fittingly unfold.  
 Yet come and tell this plainly, and be it truly told:  
 Whether you send these treasures, many and good to  
 view, 380

To men of foreign countries to keep them safe for you?  
Or do you all already leave sacred Ilium  
In fear? For such a warrior has died, the best, your son,  
Since he lacked naught in battle with the Achaian train."

Then ancient godlike Priam to him replied again: 385  
"Who may you be, best hero, what parents do you own,  
Who speak well of the death of my evil-fated son?"

Then Slayer of Argus, messenger, to him in turn began:  
"You ask of godlike Hektor, and try me thus, old man.  
I saw him in the battle, which glorifies men's name, 390  
With mine eyes very often, when to the ships he came  
And slew the Argives by them, slaying with the sharp  
brass.

And we stood there and wondered; but Achilles let not  
pass  
On to the din of battle, at Agamemnon wroth.  
For I was his attendant, and one well-made ship bore  
both. 395

I'm of the Myrmidonians; Polyktor is my sire.  
And he, in truth, is wealthy and old, as you are here.  
He has six sons now with him, and me, the seventh, begot;  
And, when the lots were shaken, I followed here by lot.  
But now I left the vessels for the plain; with morning  
bright 400

The glancing-eyed Achaians will round the city fight.  
For they are wroth with waiting; nor can the kings debar  
(Who rule o'er the Achaians) the men who long for war."

Then ancient godlike Priam to him in turn began:  
"If you, in truth, are servant of Achilles, Peleus' son, 405  
Come now and tell me truly the whole, however grim;  
If yet beside the vessels my son is, or if him  
Achilles cast to wild dogs, tearing him limb from limb."

The Slayer of Argus, messenger, to him in turn said  
there:

"O ancient, in no manner do dogs and vultures tear. 410  
Beside Achilles' vessel he lies as he was borne  
Amid the quarters erstwhile; and now 't is the twelfth  
morn

Since he has lain; the body rots not, nor do the worms  
Eat him, though they eat heroes slain in the battle's harms.

'T is true that he will drag him in scorn around the tomb 415

Of his beloved companion when morn divine shall come,  
But he does not dishonour; it would amaze your mood  
To see how fresh he lies there, entirely cleansed from blood,

And in no part polluted; and all his wounds are closed,  
As many as were inflicted; for many the brass imposed. 420  
Thus have the happy godheads cared for your cherished son,

Though but a lifeless body; for he their love had won."

Thus he; the old man gladdened and answered with the word:

"O son, 't is good and noble to offer gifts preferred  
To the immortal godheads; since my son, while life was told, 425

Ne'er slighted in his mansions those who Olympus hold;  
And thus they yet remember, even in death and fate.

Yet come now, and take from me this cup elaborate.

And keep it and conduct me, if gods their favour show,  
Till to the tented quarters of Peleus' son I go." 430

The slayer of Argus, messenger, to him this answer made:

"Old man, you tempt one younger, but you will not persuade,

Who bid me take your presents when Achilles does not know.

For very much I fear him and feel in heart the glow  
Of shame when I defraud him, lest evil come to me. 435

But e'en to famous Argos I'd your conductor be,

Careful in rapid vessel, or footman by your side;

And none would care to fight you, despising me as guide."

Thus he, and Hermes leapt on the horses and the car,  
And with his hands seized quickly the whip and guide-  
reins fair, 440

And animated horses and mules with vigour good.

Yet when they reached the turrets of the ships, and fossa  
broad,

The watchers were much busied about their banquet  
board,

And Slayer of Argus, messenger, o'er all sweet slumber  
poured,

And oped the portals quickly and pushed back every  
bar, 445

And led within King Priam and the fair gifts on the car.  
Yet when now to the quarters of Pelides they had come,  
Lofty and which the Myrmidons made for their monarch's  
dome,

Hewing the beams from fir-trees, arching the roof above,  
And mowing in the meadow the roof in thatching  
wove,— 450

For their king, a spacious paling around the whole they bore  
With thickset stakes; a single fir bar held fast the door,  
And three of the Achaians were wont to fix the spar,  
And three were wont to open the portals' mighty bar,  
Three of the rest; Achilles could close it, though alone, 455  
Then Hermes, bounteous giver, opened for the old man,  
And for foot-swift Pelides the famous presents led,  
And to the earth descended out of the car and said:

“Old man, a god immortal, I came here by your side,—  
I'm Hermes,—for my father sent me to you as guide. 460  
But I will come back surely, although I will not go  
Before Achilles' vision; it were unworthy so:  
That an immortal godhead should care for mortals' pleas.  
Yet go within his quarters and take Pelides' knees  
And supplicate by father and well-haired mother kind, 465  
And by his dear son pray him; that you may touch his  
mind.”

When Hermes thus had spoken, at once he hastened  
forth

To great Olympus; Priam leapt from his car to earth,  
But in it left Idaïos who there remained alone  
To guard the mules and horses, while the old man went  
straight on 470

To the tent where sat Achilles, Zeus-loved. He found  
him in;

His friends sat at a distance; with him were but two men,  
Alkimos, scion of Ares, and Automedon, hero good.

Both served him, standing near him; he had just ceased  
from food:



From eating and from drinking, and the table yet stood  
by. 475

Great Priam came unnoticed and stood there very nigh,  
And with his hands he seized on Achilles' knees; amain  
He kissed the hands destroying which many sons had slain.  
As when remorse has seized on a man, who in his home  
Has killed another hero and to strange people come 480  
Into a rich man's mansion, and the seers gaze with awe;  
Thus did Achilles marvel when godlike Priam he saw.  
The others also wondered and on each other gazed.  
But Priam, supplicating, addressed him, thus amazed:

"Be mindful of your father, Achilles, like the gods, 485  
Who, like me, on the threshold of grim old age corrodes.  
And those who live around him, perhaps, with ill assail,  
And there is none beside him to ward off war and bale.  
And, it may be that, hearing that you are yet alive,  
He gladdens in his spirit, and all the days revive 490  
The hope that he may see you from sacred Troy returned.  
But I, of all unhappy, whom the bravest sons adorned  
In ample Troy, believe that no one is left of them.  
Yet fifty sons, I boasted when th' Achaians' children came,  
And nineteen of these heroes were of a single breast; 495  
And women in my palace bore to me all the rest.  
Though rushing Ares loosened the knees of many of these,  
Yet there was one who watched o'er ourselves and palaces,  
Whom lately you have slaughtered, guarding his father-  
land,

Hektor, for whom I come to the ships of th' Argive band,  
That I from you may ransom; I bear a boundless fee.  
Yet fear the gods, Achilles, respect and pity me,  
Remembering your own father; more wretched I than he.  
For I have borne what mortal of earth has ne'er defiled:  
To take the hand and kiss it of him who slew my  
child." 505

Thus he; but wish for father brought tears and disarray;  
Taking the hand of th' ancient, he\* gently pushed away.  
And both, recalling memories, wept tears sad and replete:  
One, for man-slaying Hektor, rolled at Achilles' feet;  
But Achilles mourned his father, another time, again, 510  
\*Achilles.

Patroklos; and their wailing rose in the house amain.  
 But when divine Achilles was satiate of moan,  
 [And from his breast and members desire to weep had  
 gone],

He left his seat directly, th' old man by hand upbore,  
 Pitying his head all-hoary, pitying his beard all-hoar. 515  
 Then when he had bespoken, with wingèd words ad-  
 dressed:

“O wretched, many evils you’ve suffered in your  
 breast!

How dared you thus the vessels of th’ Achaïans singly view  
 Before the eyes of hero who erst had slain for you  
 Full many and valiant offspring? Your heart is iron sure. 520  
 But come, sit down beside me and let these pains obscure  
 Subside within your spirit, though torn by deepest grief.  
 For, not in sad lamenting does there appear relief.  
 For this the gods have fated for wretched men to share:  
 To live amid dire sorrows, while themselves are free from  
 care. 525

For there are by Jove’s threshold two jars of presents still,  
 Such as he gives—one holding the good, and one, the ill.  
 On whom Zeus, thunder-joying, bestows a mixture rude,  
 That man has sometimes evil and, at another, good.  
 To whom he gives the evil, on him all ills combine; 530  
 And evil chance pursues him upon the earth divine;  
 He goes, but is not honoured—neither by man nor god.  
 So, even thus, on Peleus the gods high gifts bestowed  
 From birth; for he was famous amid all mortals’ sons,  
 For riches and possessions, and ruled the Myrmidons; 535  
 They gave for wife a goddess, though he was mortal born.  
 With all a god gave evil, for in his halls forlorn  
 No sons of royal lineage were borne to cheer the pair.  
 One son, too early fated, he got.—I cannot care  
 For him now he is aging, since I am now in Troy, 540  
 Far from my native country—your sons’ and your annoy.  
 We heard that you, O ancient, erst joyed in wealth replete;  
 And in the land surrounded by Lesbos, Makar’s seat,  
 And Phrygia above it, and Hellespontos wide,  
 They say that erst, O ancient, your sons and wealth out-  
 vied. 454

But when the gods celestial brought on you this dire bane:  
 Around your city ever fights and the slaying of men,—  
 But hold, and let not ever your mind to weeping run.  
 You will accomplish nothing by grieving for your son,  
 Nor will you resurrect him ere further ill is sped." 550

Then ancient godlike Priam to him in answer said:  
 " Givemeno seat, Zeus-nurtured, while Hektor thus will lie  
 Uncared for in the quarters, yet loose most speedily,  
 That with my eyes I see him; but take these ransoms now,  
 Full many, which I bear you; may you enjoy enow 555  
 And reach your father's country, since you have let me go.  
 [To live myself and gaze on the light of Helios' glow].

Then, gazing on him grimly, foot-swift Achilles said:  
 " No longer rouse me, ancient, for I by thought am led  
 To ransom to you Hektor. A messenger to me, 560  
 My mother came, the daughter of the ancient of the sea.  
 I know you, Priam, in spirit; you do not hide from me  
 That to th' Achaians' swift vessels some god led you, in  
 sooth.

No mortal would have ventured, though in the bloom of  
 youth,

To come amid the army; he could not 'scape the  
 guards, 565

Nor easily unfasten our portals' bars and wards.

Thus now, excite no longer my mind by sorrows rent,  
 Lest, ancient, I might harm you, e'en here within my tent  
 (Although you are a suppliant), and break Jove's man-  
 dates laid."

Thus he; the old man feared him and his commands  
 obeyed. 570

Pelides from the doors rushed, like lion from his den,  
 Not sole, for two attendants followed him closely then:  
 Automedon, the hero, and Alkimos; both had  
 From Achilles greatest honour after Patroklos dead.  
 Then from the yoke the horses and mules they loosed  
 within, 575

And led the clear-voiced herald of the ancient monarch in,  
 And placed upon a settle and, from the polished wain,  
 Took down the priceless ransom for the head of Hektor  
 slain.

But left a well-wove tunic and two cloaks in its room,  
That it might wrap the body when they should bear it  
home. 580

They ordered maids to wash him and oint when that was  
done,

Taking apart; that Priam might not see thus his son,  
Lest he check not the anger felt in his grieving heart,  
Seeing his son, and fury to Achilles' soul impart,  
And he should slay the ancient, and Jove's commands  
turmoil. 585

But when the maidens washed him and ointed him with  
oil;

They put about the body fair pall and tunic sheer;  
Himself, Achilles, raised him and placed upon the bier;  
With him his comrades raised it upon the polished wain.  
He called by name his comrade and sighed and groaned  
amain: 590

"Be not irate, Patroklos, if you, perchance, may know,  
E'en though in Hades' dwelling, that I let Hektor go  
To his dear sire, who gives me the ransom which is due.  
But I, in turn, will render a seeming share to you."

Thus he, and to his quarters divine Achilles hied. 595  
He sat on couch well-fashioned, which stood by the other  
side,

Whence he had just arisen, and to old Priam said:

"Your son is really ransomed, O ancient, as you pled,  
And on the bier reposes; with Morning in the East,  
Yourself shall see and bear him; now, let us think of  
feast. 600

For even well-haired Niobè bestowed her thoughts on food,  
Although twelve children perished within her mansions  
good;

And six of these were daughters, six sons in youthful glow.  
But these Apollo slaughtered with his bright silvery bow<sup>\*</sup>  
For he was wroth at Niobè. The maids Shaft-Joying<sup>\*</sup>  
marred 605

For Niobè to Leto fair-cheeked herself compared,  
As bearing but two children while she in many joyed;  
Yet these, although two only, the multitude destroyed.

\*Diana.

Nine days in gore they lay there; and there were none with  
moans

To bury, for Kronion turned all the folk to stones; 610

But the celestial godheads buried on the tenth day.

Yet she of food was mindful, when weeping wore away.

Now 'mid the rocks terrific on desert mountains' heads,

In Sipylos where, they tell us, the goddess nymphs have  
beds,

Who Archeloos' currents with frenzied dances span,—

There, though she is stone only, she feels the god-sent  
ban. 615

But come now, let us think of the food, divine old man;

Then you may your dear offspring with copious tears  
bedew,

And take to sacred Iliou, to be much wept by you."

Thus spoke foot-fleet Achilles and, leaping up, he slew  
A snowy sheep; his comrades skinned it and duly  
dressed, 620

And cut in pieces deftly and pierced with spits as best;

Then with all care they roasted and from the fire withdrew,

Automedon o'er the table distributed the bread

In baskets fair; Achilles, the meat distributed;

And they their hands extended upon the food out-  
spread. 625

But when desire for eating and drinking had expired,

Dardanides, King Priam, Achilles great admired:

Such as he was, how mighty; for like a god he dazed.

In turn on Dardan Priam Achilles looked amazed,

Gazing on his fair visage and hearing what he said. 630

But when, by seeing each other, the twain were satiated,

The old man, godlike Priam, was first to speak and said:

"Put me to bed most quickly, Zeus-nurtured, that we  
steep

Our senses in the solace of sorrow, dulcet sleep.

For ne'er beneath my eyelids have my two eyes been  
closed, 635

Since my dear Hektor perished beneath your hands op-  
posed.

Yet I am always weeping while cares unnumbered burn,

Rolled in my halls' enclosures, and filth and dust in turn.

But food I now have tasted, and sparkling wine's bright  
store

Has passed my throat, which, truly, I tasted not  
before." 640

Thus spoke he; and Achilles his maids and comrades  
bade

Place couches 'neath the portico, and ordered them be  
clad

With beauteous purple coverings and carpets spread  
withal;

And shaggy cloaks were furnished to draw up over all.

The maids went from the dwelling, holding a torch in  
hand, 645

And quickly spread two couches to answer his command.

Then swift-of-foot Achilles bespoke him with a jest:

"Sleep you outside, dear ancient, lest here you be dis-  
tressed

By those Achaian counsellors who always by me sit,  
And there discuss what counsels may serve us and be  
fit. 650

If in the swift night sable someone should on you look

And tell to Agamemnon, the pastor of the folk,

There might be a delaying of the ransom of the dead.

But come and tell me plainly and let the truth be said:

How many days are needed to bury Hektor slain? 655

So long will I cease warring and eke the folk restrain."

Then ancient godlike Priam to him in turn replied:

"If, then, you wish me Hektor's funeral to provide,

You do for me, Achilles, a grateful thing and good.

For you know we are surrounded in the town, far from  
the wood, 660

Which we must bring from mountains; and much the  
Trojans fear.

Nine days within the palace we'd mourn with grief austere,

The tenth day we would bury and feast the people there;

And for him on the eleventh a sepulchre prepare,

And battle on the twelfth day, by necessity infest." 665

Divine foot-swift Achilles him, then, in turn addressed:

"As you say, ancient Priam, so shall these matters stand;

For I will stop the warring as long as you command."

While thus he spoke, the ancient he grasped by the  
right hand,  
Close by the wrist, that terror should nowise touch his  
mind. 670

Then in the dwelling's vestibule both in sweet sleep re-  
clined,

The herald and King Priam, both with a prudent mind.  
But Achilles in the alcove of his well-made quarters slept,  
While beauteous-cheeked Briseis the place beside him  
kept.

The other gods immortal and men, who horses keep, 675  
Slept on through all the night-time, o'ermastered by sweet  
sleep.

Yet sleep seized not on Hermes, giver of aid at need,  
Revolving in his spirit how he might safely lead  
King Priam from the vessels and shun the sacred guards.  
Above his head he hovered, addressing with these  
words: 680

"Old man, you fear no evil, such slumber you pursue  
Among these hostile warriors, since Achilles suffered you.  
Your dear son you have ransomed and given a boundless  
price;

Your children left behind you might give such ransom  
thrice

To rescue you yet living, if Agamemnon knew, 685  
And all of the Achaians that you were here in view."

Thus he; th' old man was frightened and woke the  
herald soon;

And Hermes yoked the horses and mules for them anon,  
And drove them through the army; and no one was aware.

Yet when they reached the passage of the river flowing  
fair, 690

[The Xanthos, filled with eddies, whom deathless Zeus  
begot],

Then Hermes turned and left them and great Olympus  
sought.

The saffron-vested Morning spread over all the earth,  
While they drove on the horses to the city, and sent forth  
Deep groaning and lamenting; the mules the body  
bore. 695

And no fair-girdled woman or man knew it before;  
But now *Kassandra*, like to gold *Venus* to the view,  
Ascending lofty *Pergamos*, her cherished father knew  
Standing upon the chariot with the herald of the town,  
And on the mules saw *Hektor* upon the litter thrown, 700  
Then called to the whole city, wailing tumultuously:

“Go forth, ye men and women of *Troy*, and *Hektor* see,  
If ever, while yet living, you joyed at his return  
From war; for to the city and folk great joy was borne.”

Thus she; nor in the city was left a man withal, 705  
Nor woman; but a sorrow, too heavy, came o’er all.—  
But they met near the portals the man who brought the  
dead,

And first his cherished consort and revered mother  
shred

Their hair, while they were rushing upon the well-wheeled  
car,

Touching the head; the concourse stood weeping round  
him there. 710

And now, in sooth, the people till the sun sank in the main  
Had wailed before the portals and wept for *Hektor* slain,  
Had not the old man spoken to the people from the wain:

“Yield, so the mules may pass you; but afterward,  
indeed,

You shall be sate with weeping, when home the dead I  
lead.” 715

Thus he; and they departed and yielded to the wain.  
They brought to the famed mansions, and placed the body  
then

Upon a couch well-laboured, and placed the singers nigh,  
The leaders of the dirges, who chanted drearily

Dirge mixed with lamentations; the women wailed  
beside. 720

With them white-armed *Andromachè* began the wailing  
wide,

Holding in hand the head of great *Hektor* homicide.

“My lord, in youth you perished and left me in your  
house

A widow weak, behind you and son yet tender thus,  
Whom you and I, unhappy, gave life; and he, I trow, 725



Will ne'er attain his manhood ere the city is laid low,  
From its height. For you, its guardian, are dead who kept  
in ward,

And o'er its honoured consorts and children small held  
guard.

But to the hollow vessels these women soon will fare,  
And I with them; you, offspring, will go beside me  
there, 730

And there unseemly labour yourself must undergo,  
Working for a hard master; or some Achaian will throw,  
Seizing you, from a turret to ruin sad and sore,  
In anger for a brother whom Hektor slew before,  
Or son, perchance, or father; since many Achaians in  
death 735

Beneath the hands of Hektor seized broad earth with their  
teeth.

For your father was not gentle in the destructive fray;

Thus the people in the city lament for him to-day.

You brought upon your parents unmeasured grief and woe,  
Hektor; but bitter sorrows chiefly upon me flow. 740

You did not reach in dying your hands from bed to me,

Nor told me words of solace, which aye in memory  
I might retain with weeping through every night and day."

Thus spoke she, and lamented; the women wailed  
dismay.

Amid them next Queen Hekuba her boundless wail  
begun: 745

"Hektor, within my spirit most loved of every son,

While you for me were living, the gods approved your  
path,

And they, in truth, watched o'er you even in fate and  
scath.

For fleet-of-foot Achilles my other children sold

Beyond the barren Ocean (whoe'er his might con-  
trolled), 750

To Samos or to Imbros or Lemnos harbourless,

He afterwards deprived you of life with long-edged brass,

And dragged you very often around his comrade's tomb,  
Patroklos', whom you slaughtered; this saved him not  
from doom.

Now in the halls before me, fresh-slain, with ruddy  
glow, 755

You lie like one whom Phoebus, lord of the silver bow;  
With gentle shafts attacking, has slain among his foes."

Thus spoke she in her weeping; and boundless wailing  
rose.

The third among them, Helen, began the cry of dole:

"Hektor, of all my brothers-in-law the dearest to my  
soul,— 760

True, godlike Alexander by marriage is allied,  
Who led me here to Troja—would that ere this I died!  
And now for me already the twentieth year is spanned,  
Since I came here among you and left my fatherland.

I never heard you speaking a harsh or evil word; 765

If in the halls some other opprobrious speech preferred,—

A son or daughter of Priam, or son's wife in fair attire,

Or Hekuba (for Priam was ever mild like sire),

Then you restrained them ever by speeches which you  
made,

And by your manly kindness and gentle words con-  
veyed. 770

Thus, grieved at heart, I mourn you and myself unfor-  
tunate;

For none else is kind and gentle to me in Ilion great;

Yet all look on me harshly, and all abominate."

Thus spoke she in her weeping; in groans the great  
crowd broke.

Then to the folk old Priam these wavering accents  
spoke: 775

"Draw wood now to the city, Trojans, nor fear in mind  
The Argives' dense-set ambush, for Achilles thus en-  
joined,

When from the sable vessels he sent me to my home:

That there should be no warring till the twelfth morn  
should come."

Thus he; and mules and oxen they yoked to wagons  
great, 780

And brought them all together before the city's gate.

Then for nine days they gathered unbounded wood for  
flame;

But when upon the tenth day light-bearing Morning came,  
They bore forth daring Hektor, with weeping, to the pyre,  
On the lofty pyre the body they placed and cast in fire. 785

While rosy-fingered Eos, the Dawning's daughter,  
flamed,

So long the people gathered round the pyre of Hektor  
famed.

[But when they were assembled in multitude entire],  
They first of all extinguished those portions of the pyre  
(With dark wine) which the vigour of sparkling flame  
yet vexed. 790

His brothers and companions his white bones gathered  
next,

With grief, and tears abundant rolled down their cheeks  
forlorn.

But, gathering, they placed them within a golden urn,  
Wrapped in soft cloths of purple, entwined in many a fold.  
Then placed in excavation and quickly o'er it rolled 795  
Many a stone gigantic to guard the fosse profound,  
And piled the barrow quickly, and stationed spies around,  
Lest the well-greaved Achaians too soon should make  
attack.

But when they'd heaped the barrow again they hastened  
back,

And, when they were assembled, a splendid feast they  
made, 800

Which in the halls of Priam, the Zeus-bred king, was laid.

Thus were the funeral honours to horse-taming Hektor  
paid.

## **APPENDIX.**



From the Persian.

GHAZEL.

Every night on earth before thy palace lying,  
Every day beholds me prostrate, for thee sighing;  
Cherished girl, desert not since my heart is broken;  
Long, O long I loved thee—on my hope relying;  
Though my bones be shattered in my waiting,  
Still my wounded heart retains its love undying.

EMIR CHOSRU.

From the Hindustani.

LIFE.

What is the semblance, the form which you wear, Life?  
Like a bubble you seem wherever you fare, Life,  
You pass in our eyes with the speed of a vision,  
The changeable face of the waters you bear, Life;  
From you come pain and distress and disaster,  
Venomous waters you were, but being you share, Life,  
Calling with voice sounding loud a thousand of changes  
Long do you suffer and wither with cankering care, Life.

From the Arabic.

How fair the dainty natal gifts of thy possessing,  
O thou whom with his breath the North Wind sways—  
Drunken with love, moved by thy lover's glance caressing—  
So in the gentle breeze the tender floweret plays;  
Thou dost not speak, yet words thine eyes are gleaming,  
O thou—with whom I must in love wage bitter strife—  
O who can fathom all their mystic meaning?  
O would that I might win thy love with life!

BOHARADDIN.

From the Hebrew.

PHARAOH'S HORSEMEN.

There is tumult afar on the land,  
An uproar and humming and cry,  
And the eye cannot measure the band  
Whose like is not seen 'neath the sky.

The throng is dispersed, and the lords  
Are destroyed while the men call in prayer;  
There is death without clashing of swords,  
And wailing and want and despair.

I am filled with desire to depart,  
To wander abroad through the land,  
To forsake all most dear to my heart,  
Though fleeing with staff in my hand.

Mine eyes have been cleansed so I gaze  
On the noisy destruction of men;  
All trembles and melts in the maze,  
And the mighty are weaklings again.

The sands roll above them and lave,  
Their bodies are white in the spray;  
This answers their call, and the wave  
And distress and despair disarray.

Who are they who thus feast on the sand?  
Go, ask of the orators wise,  
The seers who this vintage command,  
Though the lotions of death fill their eyes.

The horseman laments for his might,  
The gray-haired is raised and secure,  
The hand of the feeble is light,  
And the living are faithful and pure.

I gazed on the horsemen with fear,  
They were many and sought objects vain,  
Want and wounds in their vision appear,  
When the Lord proclaims glory or bane.

The people of Israel sigh  
 Till the horsemen are smit by the Lord;—  
 Heap the altar with sacrifice high,  
 Sing salvation and safety restored.

L. G.

From the Turkish.

LINES.

Her frenzied love—a mirrored world—  
 It did not need,  
 A ruling mind from chaos hurled  
 It did not need;  
 My love had cast the only spell  
 Which she would heed,  
 To triumph over Ismael  
 There was no need.  
 Her glance like arrow at bird's heart  
 Was sent with speed,  
 For curl to take the arrow's part  
 There was no need;  
 The first king o'er his kindred swayed  
 Ere more would heed,  
 Of ruler whom none had obeyed  
 There was no need.  
 Her constancy was flaming sighs,  
 Let others heed;  
 No stranger could her worth apprise,  
 There was no need.

SABRI SHAKIR.

From the Hungarian.

SONG OF REPROACH.

Daughter of a noble line,  
 Tall in form, in face divine;  
 Pearls and raiment lend her grace,  
 Fairer yet than all her face;—  
 What avails it, if untrue?



Eyes like sloes, with starry rays,  
 Love's signs building as they gaze;  
 In her glances flames arise,  
 Like the lightning of the skies;—  
     What avails it, if untrue ?

Neck like alabaster spread,  
 Parted lips and rosy red,  
 Dainty chin like marble's glow,  
 Shoulders purer than the snow;—  
     What avails it, if untrue ?

Fair at rest, in motion fair,  
 With a laugh or with a tear,  
 Fair when sitting, fair when biding,  
 Bending knee or gaily riding;—  
     What avails it, if untrue ?

Jesting, talking, when she flatters,  
 When her honeyed words she scatters,—  
 Smiling much with smiles to greet,  
 She is each and all complete;—  
     What avails it, if untrue ?

FALUDI.

From the Finnish.

### SERPENT INCANTATION.

Mama, serpent mixed with venom,  
 Earthly salmon, slippery salmon,  
 Golden flaming, ground-a-going,  
 At Love's leaflet's foot a-lying,  
 Whiplash under ruins lying,  
 Roll at root of tree stumps lying!  
 Tangle art thou, tangle truly,  
 Roll thou art, a roll assuredly,  
 Such as suits smooth-handed striking,  
 Such as fitting found for finger.  
 Molten-mouthed, head-hidden mama,  
 With the tongue retracted quickly,  
 Woolly mouthed and woolly headed,

Little locks of wool thy venom,  
Little lock of wool thyself art;  
Withered with a head all swollen,  
Venomed with a head envenomed;  
Head upraised in all directions,  
With a head resembling Ukko,  
With a cloud of drops a-dripping,  
With a hail of iron hailing.

KANTELE.

From the Greek.  
We are such as the leaves which start in the many-flow-  
ered springtime,  
Suddenly quickened they grow, forced by the rays of  
the sun.  
Like these for a span we rejoiced in the flowers of our  
youth and our pleasures,  
Knowing naught of the gods, neither for good nor for ill;  
But ever the Fates, black-clad and abounding in care  
stood beside us,  
This holding out for a bourne age and the sorrows of  
age;  
The hands of another held death, and the fruit of our  
youth was the smallest,  
While with his billows of light Helios passed over the  
earth.  
But, when the bound of this age is attained and past in  
the changing,  
Better is death and an end, better than life with its cares;  
Evil and evil corrode till the soul bears illy the burden,  
Wealth is gone in the wear, poverty comes bringing pain;  
One of the children is lacking, the best one of all and the  
dearest,  
Leaving the earth, he goes down, dwelling in Hades'  
abode;  
Another is smitten, his mind struck by disease bearing  
madness;—  
No one of mortals there is whom Zeus strikes not with  
evil amain.

MINNERMUS.

From Modern Greek.

THE LAST DRYAD.

A thousand wasting winters have mocked my ringlets  
    green,  
Yet when the spring is smiling again my buds are seen,  
    I bloom once more.  
So far the earlier seasons from those which later came  
Are lying that I know not if I am still the same  
    I was of yore.  
Who calls aloud with greeting? Do I yet hear the strain  
Of one of my loved sisters? No; 't is the wind's refrain,  
    My oak-tree sighs.  
O wretch! You have forgotten you have outlived your  
    fate  
Unlawfully; the breezes your hoary years debate  
    And ill devise.  
Once when men's generations rose high in power and  
    pride,  
Hunters and rustic woodmen ruled o'er these forests wide  
    With woven snare.  
Then from his dusky cavern the beast made timid way,  
Since not so brave and mighty Apollo was as they,  
    So fleet to fare.  
The conquering youth no quarry but inoffensive knew,  
And all the wounds he suffered concealed from human  
    view,  
    Whate'er shaft wrought.  
And for the breathless dryad who ambushed there might  
    be—  
Alas!—for such the puissance of her divinity  
    Availed her naught!  
When such beneath my shadow with keen desiring stayed  
To feel the breeze refreshing, out of my leafy shade,  
    I fanned the while!  
He was for me more pleasing than rude Tituri are,  
Who with unseemly prating my sense of hearing jar,  
    That they defile!

J. KARASSUTSAS.

From the Dutch.

Friend! You who stand this ditch beside,  
For you it seems a bit too wide;  
And now before you take the spring,  
Consider well about the thing,  
Consider if you know the ground,  
Consider well the water's bound;  
But, worthy man, before the whole,  
Look to the measure of your pole,  
For great attempt with little thought  
And, without measuring, to vault,  
And things above one's power to search—  
That leaves full many in the lurch.

CATS.

From the German.

### AMALIA'S SONG.

Fair as angel full of Valhal's rapture,  
Fairer yet than any youth was he,  
Heavenly mild his glance like sun in Maytime  
Back reflected from the azure glassy sea.

His embraces—rapturously burning!—  
Fiery throbs by heart to heart were given,  
Mouth and ear were fettered—night before our vision—  
And the dizzy soul was swept to heaven.

Kisses which he gave me—heavenly feeling—  
Like two flames which inter-grasping rise,  
Like harp tones which harmonize together  
With their concord filling Paradise.

Bounded, flew with frenzy soul and soul together,  
Lips and cheeks were trembling as they burned,  
Spirit ran in spirit—earth and heaven  
Swimming, melting round the lovers turned.

He is gone—in vain, alas! how vainly  
Sounds the pallid moaning of reply;  
He is gone and all of life and gladness  
Quavers out in a despairing sigh.

SCHILLER.

From the Swedish.

### THE EVENING.

Be welcome, be welcome, bright even,  
Thou silent and joy-giving guest,  
Let my cares to the zephyrs be given,  
Thou mak'st me so glad and so blest.

An angel with glittering winging,  
Thou floatest from heaven below,  
Thou peace to the living art bringing,  
And coolness on earth dost bestow.

Thou stand'st 'twixt the day and the shadows  
And speakest the words which ally,  
And, fair in the mirroring waters,  
Thou meltest the earth and the sky.

Thou sow'st thy gold o'er the oaks' bosoms,  
Where the blue-tinted mountains appear,  
Mildly quicken'st the bud of the blossoms  
With the dew-drop's balsamical tear.

And the birds glad and free in the even,  
Whom hoping yet never belied,  
They warble their praises to Heaven,  
In the vale, mount or wood where they bide.

What matter that Twilight is bearing  
Her veil? She is friendly to lore.  
What matters the sun's disappearing?  
He will come on the morrow once more.

On the purple-hued cloud he is shining;  
'Tis the hope of the dead to arise;  
For, after his western declining,  
He floats through the Orient skies.

Now our cares to the zephyrs be given,  
Our hut by thy watching is blest,  
Be welcome and welcome, bright even,  
Thou silent and joy-giving guest.

NICANDER.

From the Danish.

BARCAROLA.

Tossing billow, though thou seemest  
Limpid, liquid, clear or blue,  
Heaven's choir of tints thou borrow'st,  
But thou hast no proper hue.  
Heaven, no, but Heaven's image  
Dwells within thy darkling breast;  
Never is thy longing quiet,—  
'Tis eternal—like thy unrest.

Billow, where thou run'st most clearly,  
Heaven is mirrored in thy tides,  
But thy longing brings to memory  
What relentless Fate divides.  
Heart, thou must not yield to sorrow  
Even Nature owns its claim;—  
Comfort take if there is left thee  
But an image and a name.

HEIBERG.

From the Icelandic.

THE BATTLE IN HAFURSFJORD.

Heardst thou how in Hafursfjord a heavy battle  
Fought the kin-great king with Kjot, the Wealthy ?  
Ships sailed from the eastward, seeking battle,  
Having gaping beaks and graven carving.

Head-bands had the crews and whitened bucklers,  
Having warlike Welsh and Western falchions;  
Barked and yelped berserkirs, blithe in spirit,  
Howled those in wolf hides and gold-hid iron.

Far the foremost fought those flying from them,  
Th' all-strong king of th' Eastmen dwelt at Utstein;  
Still they stood a space, a truce in warring,  
Helms and shields were hewed when Haklangur fell.

Then the king was led 'fore Lufa land to seize on,  
Pierced through throat, the battle field was buckler,  
Slain beneath the row-seats were the wounded,  
Slain by rear-keel, stabbed by forward portion.

Shone on shore the lofty cliffs stone-shining,  
Odin's arching hall of shields they augured;  
Stung in soul, they ran forth from the sea-shore  
Home from Hafursfjord and high mead drinking.  
SNORRO.

From Anglo-Saxon.

THE SONG OF SIMEON.

Let now, O Lord, let now thy servant  
Out of this world wander,  
As thou hast promised, and die in peace;  
Now let me die, without delay;  
Here came in sight full clearly

Thy Saviour Christ on earth  
That, through thee, mercy be wrought  
Among all peoples,  
To heathen lands the light and life  
Of righteousness eternal.

ORMULUM.

From the Spanish.

THE BRIEF DURATION OF LIFE.

Declare, O Spring, where are thy graceful blossoms,  
Where are the fruits by burning Summer given?  
Who has the favours ripe from Autumn's bosom,  
Her tributes, riven?

The changes of such seasons—born for parting—  
In gulfs of nothingness have hid their faces;  
Time flies and, with his precious gifts departing,  
Leaves scanty traces.

The tender bud kissed by the chilly morning,  
At noon, whose course hastes on with moments flying,  
A rose shines forth but, with the night returning,  
Already dying.

How swiftly go the sorrows laid by duty,  
How quickly passes on all joyance fleeing!  
Such is, O youth, such is all grace and beauty,  
Such is our being.

MELCHIOR DIAZ DE TOLEDO.



From the Italian.

TO MYSELF.

Now shalt thou rest forever,  
 My wearied heart; the last deceit has perished  
 Which made me seem immortal. It died,  
 And well I feel the dear deception in me,  
 Not that the hope, the wish has gone.  
 Repose forever; enough  
 Thou palpitatedst. Nothing worth  
 Thy motions are, nor has the earth the value  
 Of sighs; and life is bitterness, annoyance,  
 Never was more; the world is dust.  
 Now be thou still. Despair  
 This time, the last. Fate gave our kind  
 No gift but this—to die. At length  
 Nature, who rules for common injury,  
 That brutal hidden force, despises thee,  
 And th' infinite vanity of all.

LEOPARDI.

From the French.

THE WINDOW OF MY ANCESTRAL HOME.

About the roof which saw us born  
 A grape vine spreads its branches fair;  
 Its fruit around the window borne  
 Enticed the little birds of air.

My mother stretched her hand of snow  
 And seized the grapes of honied leaven,  
 And her small children sucked the bough  
 They offered to the birds of heaven.

The bird is not, our mother died,  
 The vine is yellow, old and sere,  
 And winter's herbs the portal hide—  
 I think of all with many a tear.

'T is that the vine has been enlaced  
 With memories of my cradled home,  
 And on my soul a thought has traced  
 That it should cluster o'er my tomb.

LAMARTINE.

From the Provençal.

DANCE OF LOVE WITH A REFRAIN.

For which the floral prize was adjudged to Master Peyre  
 Vilamar, Bachelor of Laws, 1465.

Night and day, within my spirit  
 I can curb my joy in naught,  
 When I think upon the merit  
 Of the flower which wakens thought.

In my youth my love began  
 Mortal joyance to inspire;  
 I was burned so by the fire  
 That I suffered grievous pain  
 Mortal dolour and disdain,  
 And no other thinking sought,  
 Than that of the gentle chain  
 Of the flower which wakens thought.

He, alas! cannot take part  
 Who is not by dolour thrilled  
 With which love is ever filled,  
 Who sees not my wounded heart,  
 Feeling woe and full of anguish,  
 Which in grieving ceases naught,  
 So its wishes fail and languish  
 For the flower which wakens thought.

Praying humbly, head inclined,  
 Listening fain to my desire,  
 Better means I do not find  
 For my joy to be entire;  
 There's no being who has known,  
 Better means has ever sought  
 Or surpassed the princess lone  
 Of the flower which wakens thought.

My white blossom is the best,  
 O'er all others near her brought;  
 Give me th' aid and guidance blest  
 Of the flower which wakens thought.

PEYRE DE VILAMUR.

From the Portuguese.

#### ANACREONTIC.

O lovely Marilla,  
 Thou model for Graces,  
 Who thousands of raptures  
 Inflam'st and enlapest,  
 The one whom thy tenderest  
 Charm animates,  
 Is the terror of lovers,  
 But loved by the Fates;  
 If flattered thou hear'st him  
 When he breathes a sigh,  
 To the Heaven of lovers  
 Delay not to fly.  
 Dost thou know not the wandering  
 Spirit of men,  
 That he who has loved much  
 Loves not much again?

BARBOSA DU BOCAGE.

From the Roumanian.

RODICA.

Bearing a jar filled with radiant water  
On her white shoulders whose dimples enchain,  
Maiden Rodica with smiling and laughter  
Goes through the groups of young sowers of grain.

Running in haste on her footsteps they follow,  
Crying: "Rodica, thou lily-flower dear,  
Sated with fulness be all of thy wishes,  
As now with full vessel thou com'st to us here.

"Soon as a bride, mayst thou revel in gladness,  
Many a flower o'er thy pathway be strewn,  
Homelike, thy house, and thy table, well covered,  
Thy bosom, a cradle for child of thine own."

While thus they call, grains of corn they fling o'er her,  
Drinking the water abundant and fair;  
Laughs then the maiden and goes on her pathway,  
Shaking the kernels of corn from her hair.

V. ALEXANDRI.

From the Latin.

CATO AT THE ORACLE OF JUPITER AMMON.

Full of the god whom he swayed in the depths of his echo-  
less spirit,  
He poured from his bosom these words, well worthy of  
shrine and of altar:

"What do you bid me then seek, Labienus? Should  
I in battle

Seek like a freeman to fall or gaze on a despot's do-  
minion?

Is there, then, nothing in life, e'en if long? Can one's  
age be protracted?

Is there a power which injures the good? Does Fortune  
destroy when

Virtue opposes her menace? Is't enough to desire what  
is noble?

Does the right never grow with success? We know well,  
and Ammon

Never will give to us loftier counsels than these. We all  
worship

Heaven above! and e'en if the temple is silent we venture  
Nothing when God is unwilling; He never lacks voices  
to teach us.

Erst to his children the Author disclosed what was fit for  
their knowledge;

Nor did he gather the sands of the desert to sing to few  
only,

Covering truth with this dust. But God has his throne  
where is ocean,

Heaven and the earth and the air and high virtue. Why  
do we seek for

Gods who are higher? Jupiter is whatever you see,  
whatever you touch."

LUCAN.

From the Russian.

#### IN SIBERIA.

In caverns of Siberian mines  
Ye, haughty sufferers, abide;  
Your grievous labour ne'er declines,  
Your lofty souls lose not their pride.

The faithful sister of your sufferings,  
Hope, in the subterranean austere,  
Courage and virtue gives and brings  
The longed-for time of freedom near.

Friendship and love draw near to you,  
E'en through the darkness of your bars,  
As my free voice the ward breaks through  
Which from your lodge of toil debars.

Your heavy chains will fall, the shade  
 Will fly, and Liberty restored  
 You joying to the gates will aid,—  
 Your brethren give to you a sword.

PUSHKIN.

From the Polish.

CUPID.

Once with hand in gauntlet dressed  
 Cupid sported on my breast ;  
 Then upon my neck he hung,  
 Showed to me two shafts divine ;  
 What is there they have not stung,  
 Be the bosom mine or thine ?

There's no need of shafts for me,  
 Boy, too many twain would be ;  
 There's another for thy wile ;  
 When the cruel passes by  
 I will stop by her awhile ;—  
 Strike me mirrored in her eye.

TREMBECKI.

From the Ruthenian.

SONG OF THE SPRING.

A very small flower  
 To its mother made moan  
 Early in springtime :  
 "O mother, my own,  
 Answer my wishes,  
 My fate do thou heed :  
 So that I blossom  
 And deck all the mead ;  
 So I become like  
 The sun shining clear,  
 Like a star in its beauty,  
 And all earth appear  
 Around me in love."

"My daughter, my dove,  
Now thou bring'st me distress,  
O beautiful love,  
For the cold will oppress,  
The storm will bring wrack,  
And thy beauty will go,  
Thy face will be black,  
And thy head will bend low,  
Thy leaves will be lost,  
And thy heart by pain tost."

SHASHKEVITCH.

From the Slavonic.

BY MOONLIGHT.

Moon, so dearly cherished,  
Where did she depart ?  
Where is now the dear one,  
Mistress of my heart ?

Does she think upon me,  
Or did she o'ersee  
That she promised fairly  
But to live for me ?

Waken, Love, awaken,  
To thy window go,  
Blithely look upon me,  
Waken, waken, ho !

She is at the window,  
Gazes smilingly,  
Gives to me a rosebud,  
Gathered but for me

VILNAR.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE.

The lands of sun and summer to-day are themes for song,  
And shapes evolved in beauty, defiled by hate and wrong ;  
Where isles—their only equal—caressing waves enfold,  
So diamonds flame and sparkle through links of flashing  
gold.

Greed broke the ocean's portal and traced the pathless  
main,

And led to crimes immortal the ruthless hordes of Spain ;  
And far and wide her banner o'er vanquished earth they  
bore,

And stamped her crimson title upon the sea and shore,  
And left their heirs a portion, boundless in pride and sway,  
Not fearing foeman's menace—untouched by foul decay.

Decay and shame o'ershadow the holds of tyranny,

The foe will come unbidden, whoe'er the warder be ;

And, binding triple fetters, the web is drawn in vain,

For, tangled in the meshes, the slave will break the chain ;

And newer stains will darken the banquet floors of old,

Where brutes their frenzied revels in fiery ruins hold ;

The shackle's deadly canker has left a poisoned scar,

And brow and bosom branded have made them what  
they are ;

Look not for festal joyance, but woe, and death, and bane,  
When, mangled by his lashes, the bondman bursts his  
chain.

And land by land to freedom was gained by years of war,  
By men who proudly followed the lead of Bolivar ;

Though still the timid islands the Spanish sceptre bore—

A weight of vast oppression—till man could serve no more ;

And, springing from its scabbard, the sword of war was  
dyed,

And flame consumed the valley and scarred the mountain-  
side,

And life and death commingled in ghastly dreams passed  
by,

As death were pause in battle, and life were doomed to die



The year brings back the summer, and May with spring  
returns,  
But war the mountain darkens, and to the ocean burns ;  
The cry of anguish rises, the clouds return the call,  
For man, in crime forgetting, heeds not the weak who fall;  
And hunger, vulture-hearted, the faint and feeble tears,  
And pestilence, undying, with yellow visage glares ;  
And man, by tortures shaken, begs life with failing breath,  
And woman, shame-polluted, calls out to heaven for  
death ;  
And where the sword avails not, the dagger's lurking blow  
Smites in the dusky shadow the bravest of the foe ;  
And through the din and clamour is heard the clanking  
chain,  
Stilled when they hasten homeward—the baffled wolves  
of Spain.

The Maine swung at her moorings—lit from the sky and  
wave,  
Clad in the lavish splendour the tropic moonlight gave ;  
The waters rose and rippled, caught by the vagrant air,  
And sparkled in the motion as love and peace were there ;  
The sound of song and laughter came from the misty  
shore,  
And Moro's mossy arches their joyous echoes bore ;  
The silver hours in passing were tied with cords of gold ;  
Night slumbered—but her visions no brooding ill foretold.

They woke in flame and havoc—but not the brave who  
died—  
The battle sword ungirded, the battle stroke untried ;  
Death flamed in fiery arches, death lit the crater's glow,  
Death blazed upon the surges which broke the deeps  
below ;  
Night and the darkness lighted—the shades returned  
again,  
And from their bosom sounded the sobbing shriek of pain,  
The voice of frantic terror borne from the wave and sky,  
A wail wrenched from the dying—from those who could  
not die ;

A moment courage wavered, by icy doubt enthralled,  
The blood flowed faint and faltered, in deep amaze  
    appalled;  
Then sounded through the tumult their leader's calm  
    command,  
And silent in the shadows their sinking decks they  
    manned;  
As cool as when the sunlight o'er stormless ocean smiles,  
In night, in death, in horror, they ranked their meas-  
    ured files;  
Not life—the trust and duty entailed to human power,  
They struggled for and guarded in that tremendous hour.  
The debt to priceless valour no nation's treasure pays,  
When gold is weighed with honour, a people's life decays;  
The fervour soaring onward has passed the zenith line,  
The hopes of youth have parted to waste in base decline;  
Our fathers answered outrage in accents stern and  
    bold,  
And blow with blow resented, nor bartered blood for gold;  
Do we delay and balance the cost of good or ill,  
While rust corrodes in slumber the sword of Bunker Hill,  
And winds and waters scatter the shreds of brothers  
    slain,  
Torn by the foul assassins—the craven brood of Spain?  
Call to the Judge of Battles! Till then no tear be shed,  
Strike for the nation's honour! Avenge the murdered  
    dead!

### THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

Heirs to the sea-kings' might  
    Under the burning sky!  
Death fires flare out through the night,  
    And death-stars sparkle and die;  
Storm wreathes float out from the land,  
    Fire gusts break in from the sea,  
And the waves shiver back from the strand,  
    And the shore shudders stark as they flee.

Night echoes in sound, and the ships  
Flame fierce in tumultuous glow,  
Fast and hot from the cannon's red lips  
Fly their shots to the ranks of the foe;  
And the gale sweeps apace from the main,  
Fort and ship answer loud to the call,  
Flash crowding on flash as they wane,  
Bolt pressing on bolt as they fall.

Vast reaches of ocean in vain  
The lands of sworn foemen divide,  
Hot vengeance will traverse the main,  
And hatred will pass o'er the tide;  
The hour and the path may be long,  
By Time in his windings delayed,  
But requital will follow the wrong  
While the sunlight is followed by shade.

And the storm breaks in anger once more,  
A whirlwind of death in its sway—  
And destruction bursts prone o'er the shore  
And sweeps wreck and wreckage away;  
And a fire clears the deck, and the flood  
Yawns wide for the bark battle-scarred,  
And the gushes of flame tinged by blood  
O'er the swart silent corpses hold guard.

And Ruth has no accents for prayer,  
And Mercy no pleading to hold,  
For the shades of dim Furies are there—  
A remembrance of forms dank and cold—  
A remembrance of shadow and night  
Illumined by havoc and flame,  
And tablets of ruin and blight  
Engraved by the finger of Shame.

No stay but despair's frantic cry,  
 No aid but the suppliant hand,  
 And the fire of the forts waste and die,  
 And the ships dash in wrack on the strand;  
 Yet the stars in the bright banner glow  
 Far out o'er the wild eastern main  
 With the luster they shed long ago  
 O'er the shards of the slave's shattered chain.

High deeds! and the heroes of old  
 Never gathered more fairly won bays,  
 And the songs which their valour has told  
 May well be attuned to such praise;  
 And lays shall be sung for this deed  
 While songs of remembrance shall be,  
 And man to high daring bears meed,  
 And men go in ships on the sea.

### THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

Time moves in mystic cycles! No sage or seer could show  
 What gems the future guarded one hundred years ago;  
 The shadowy germ was hidden which, fed by light and air,  
 For other days and nations transcendent fruit would bear.  
 The miser's golden talent, wrapped by the fruitful earth,  
 Exists, though lost in slumber, but knows no future birth;  
 The desert's withered reaches in death's occlusion lie,  
 Till floods of living water revive and vivify.

A warrior, vexed by battle where crown and realm were  
 lost,

Sold for a mess of pottage this pearl of countless cost.  
 What though the fertile acres lay waste in solitude,  
 And silent rivers wandered through barren plain and  
 wood?

The wealth bestowed by Nature on vale and mountain  
 lone

Awaited but a master to claim and make his own;  
 Thus in their rocky chambers the limpid waves abode  
 Till Moses smote the granite, and streams of water  
 flowed.

This is the land we purchased, and fair and wide it lies,  
Where clouds obscured by Winter float in the leaden skies  
Down to the lands of Summer whose throne is ever near,  
Where'er the changing Seasons may guide the fickle  
Year.

Far to the west it stretches upon the Ocean's shores,  
Along its eastern border an ample river pours.  
No man can count the treasures its mountain caverns  
lock,

The gems and shining metal hid in the stubborn rock,  
The wealth of garnered harvests which other lands sustain,

The many herds which wander upon the grassy plain,  
The towns and cities builded where'er the need may be,  
The farms which stretch from mountain to river and to sea.

This is not all I pledge you! There is a nobler birth;  
Man has an earthly nature, but is not all of earth;  
Though sunk in sordid pleasures, debased by low desire,  
His soul is yet illumined by sparks of deathless fire;  
The wealth of earth must perish—enjoy it as we may—  
But Virtue does not lessen and will not pass away,  
And Truth and sacred Freedom, who to her will defer,  
Will offer boundless honour to those who honour her.

Now, as the varied picture with searching eyes you scan,  
Forget the gold and treasure and turn your gaze on man.  
This is the wealth we cherish—though all but this be  
lost—

They bear the torch of freedom till day by night is  
crossed;

They guard the nation's altars, the nation's honour keep,  
And if they fail from weakness, there will be tears to weep.  
The men who till the prairies or scale the mountains bold  
Abuse resplendent treasures or turn the dust to gold;  
A country blest by Nature with every charm and grace  
Becomes an arid desert, curst by a servile race;  
But wrong and lies are fleeting, though decked with splendid  
lure,

And Virtue, born of Freedom, and Truth alone endure;

Gold, won by Fraud, brings foulness and poison where  
it bides,—  
Though pomp and flowers conceal it, it cankers where it  
hides,  
It stains the snowy marble and rots the sculptured scroll,  
And saps the strength of manhood and blights the loftiest  
soul.

Then scorn such passing treasures, ill kept by bolts and  
bars,  
And lift your eyes to heaven and gaze upon the stars;  
Take heed that men are worthy to dwell in lands like  
these,  
That they are wed with women, pure as the circling seas,  
That Love and Truth and Honour are comrades by the  
way,  
And that their path is upward till night is lost in day.

These be your blazing jewels, and never diadem  
Flamed with a richer luster nor held so fair a gem.  
What wealth from earth you ravish will not repay your  
trust,  
Its bonds are earth and earthy and fall to slime and dust;  
Carve not your lasting message on metal nor on stone,—  
These stand a space, then perish, for Earth will claim her  
own.

Let all your high endeavours to human hearts be told,  
And let them hoard the secrets prophetic lips unfold;  
And Memory's deathless tables will hold them while the  
light  
Sweeps back the crowding shadows of old eternal night,  
And keep the fiery traces while night and storm flit by,  
For man was born immortal, and spirit does not die.

THE END.















